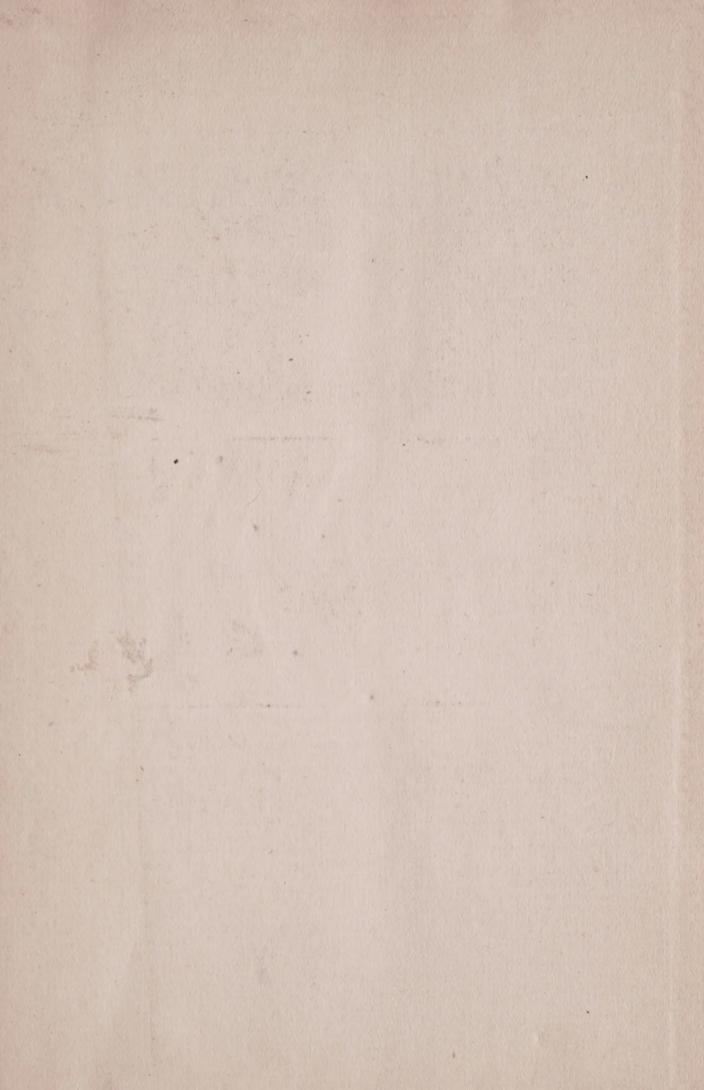
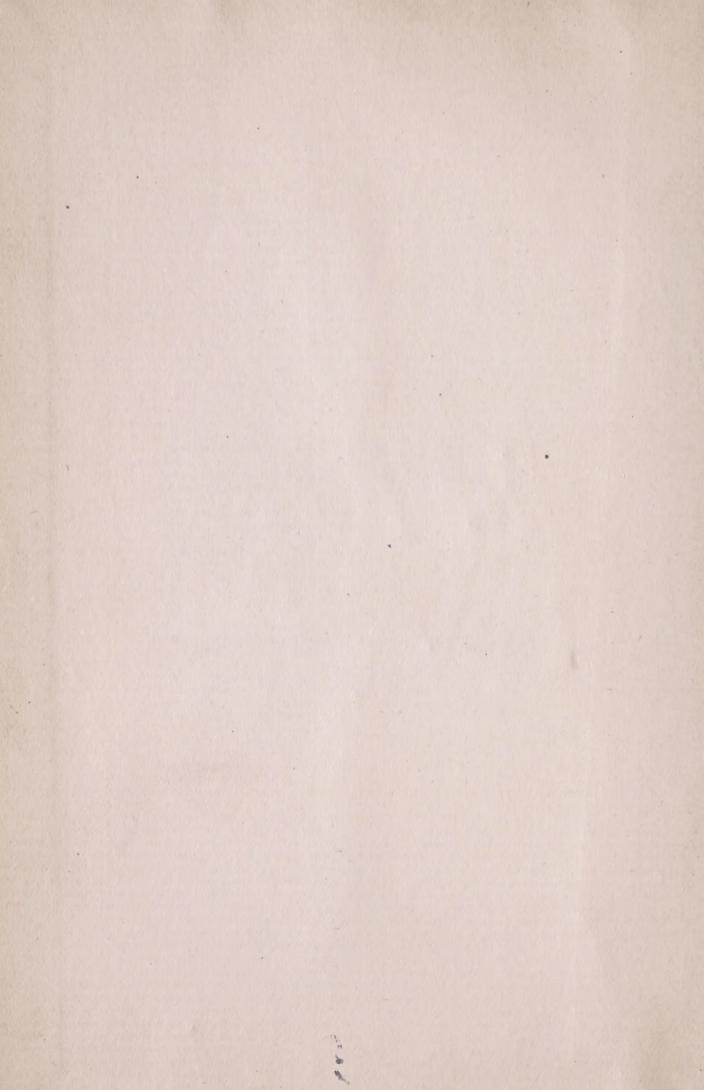


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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





ANNIS WARDEN,

-OR-

A Story of Real Life,

-BY-

JULIA FLANDER WHEELOCK.

"As feathers to the arrow's flight
A surer course impart;
So truth, when winged by fancy light,
May sooner reach the heart."

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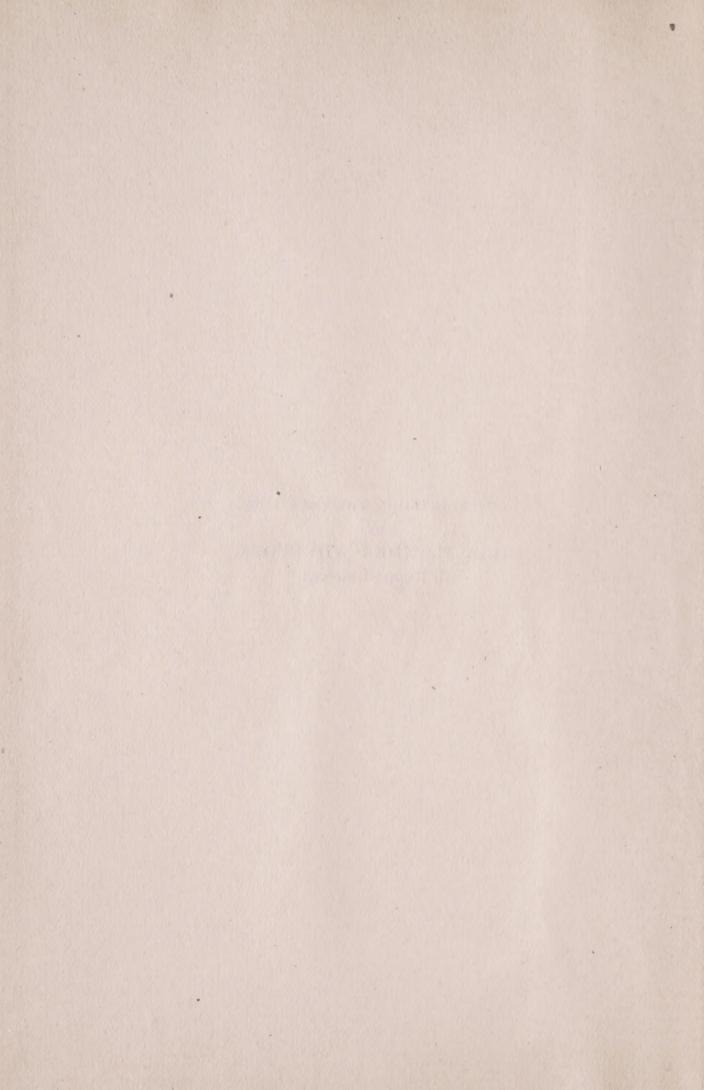
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THIS BOOK

IS

LOVINGLY DEDICATED

TO

THOSE WHO MOST LOVE ME.

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PREFACE.

My preface is simply to give my object in writing. My aim in life is improvement and benefit to the human family. Being a wife and mother, I can speak to comparatively a few, except through the medium of the pen.

Therefore, I write, hoping to reach many and to say something that shall do some, if not all, good.

Having trusted Jesus to aid me in the arrangement, I still trust Him to use it for His own Glory and good to His creatures.

J. J. F. WHEELOCK, Mannsville, Jefferson County N. Y. We the state of th

CHAPTER I.

OFF TO THE WAR.

"Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more!"

-Cowper.

1813. "I think I shall put in a good day's work to-day," he continued, "so I hope you will have breakfast by the time I have finished milking."

So saying he left the house, and as the weather was warm, proceeded with bare feet to the pasture.

The above conversation took place at the home of Franz Ausman, situate in the town of P———.

Mr. Ausman was a tall, square shouldered man of twenty-five, with a strong will and great activity.

Mrs. Ausman was a gentle lady of medium size. Both she and her husband were of German ancestry but were reared in the Mohawk Valley. Herr and his frau were married young, and immigrated to P—— from the town of Minden, Montgomery county, in the year 1811; bringing with them two bright, active, little boys by the name of Andrew Jackson and Franz Jr.

Since making their home in the new lands of P——, dame fortune had given them another charge in the form of baby Maggie; so at the time of their introduction to our readers, they had three children.

As our beloved country was, at that time, suffering from British outrages, and war seemed inevitable, a band known as the "minute men" had been organized.

These men were obliged, in case of emergency, to start at the instant of warning for the place to which they were ordered.

Herr Franz was just returning from the pasture, when he saw an officer on a bold charger, dashing along the road at a fearful rate.

Being a minute man, he anticipated the order, which was shouted by the officer as soon as he was within hailing distance.

"Hie to Sacket's Harbor, with all possible speed. The British are there!"

Instantly he obeyed. No time to dress his feet, no time to say farewell. But, with a love of country and home to bear him onward, he alternately walked and ran until, with feet bleeding and sore, he reached B——e; entering a shoeshop he purchased a pair of shoes, placed them on his aching feet and hastened on to Sackets.

Having traveled on foot fourteen miles without tasting food since the previous day, Herr took his place among the fighting heroes of that battle, to assist in the defense of his loved home and cherished family.

To poor Anna the day was fraught with labor and anxiety. She attended her household duties, took care of the children, looked after the forsaken cows, and all necessary out door work with care and precision; but ever and anon, her heart gave a great thud, then almost ceased its beating as the booming of the guns fell on her listening ear.

Their home being located on one of the branches of Black River, the sounds plainly echoed along their liquid depths and she was continually reminded of the progress of the battle.

Night came but it brought no rest to the frau of Ausman. Weary with the cares and excitement of the day; anxious lest her husband should never return and worn by the severe tension of her nerves, she could not but indulge the gloomy thoughts, which recurred with each successive boom of the guns.

"Perhaps," she would say, "that discharge sent my Franz to his eternal home. Perhaps he is dead before this and perhaps he is wounded and dying."

Then in the agony of despair and uncertainty she would cry out, "Oh Franz! what shall I do?" As if to mock her grief, silence alone replied.

Before her arose the phantom of helplessness and she realized, to the fullest extreme, her absolute inability to

assist or protect her loved ones, and felt that life's cares were overwhelming.

But, just then the ministering angel of mercy spoke to her, and she felt rather than heard, the softest, gentlest whisper, as the breathings of a zephyr, and she caught the words "Come to me."

And she knew its meaning and remembered the passage, "Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

There, in the twilight of a May evening, Anna Ausman poured out her soul to God, in prayer. The Father and Protector of All, the Author of all good, heard her pleadings, and there according to the promise of Jesus, she received the Comforter; even the Spirit of truth, whom the world could not receive because it saw him not, neither knew him.

And with the Comforter came Peace, such as the world could not receive because it received not its author.

Anna was a believer in the plan of salvation, and had accepted Christ as her Savior, but like the most of us, at times forgot the admonition to continue in prayer; however, when she bethought herself and returned to the Throne of Grace, the blessing came: and so it will to us, if we go in faith.

Although anxiety still dwelt in Anna's bosom, after the form of prayer had ceased, yet the great agony had given place to trust, and she felt strong and reconciled, resting on the strength and care of Jesus.

The boys were in bed and the babe slept in it's cradle; while Anna, with a sad heart and tearful eyes, sat by the open window gazing at the beautiful stars as they peeped out, one by one, in the blue etheral sky; listening with unnatural acuteness to the steady canonading, which told of the continuation of strife.

Occasionally she arose, looked at her little sleepers and again returned to continue her lonely night-watch.

At last the stars began to wane and light faintly to dawn in the east; the sounds of the battle grew fainter and fainter and finally, as the great orb of day flashed his glorious light over this, most lovely of earths, they ceased. Victory was won; but who were the victors?

Ask one of the brave soldiers of 1812 whether we or the Britons were successful at the battle fought in Sacket's Harbor, on the 29th of May, 1813; and with a smile he will tell you Uncle Sam's boys gained the laurels of that field.

Aye, we were victors: but the old controversy is ended; the sword lies buried in its sheath and mouldering with decay, as are the forms of nearly all who participated in the strife.

> To-day we are friends, So God let us be; Friends upon earth, Friends in eternity.

Prayer is the sincere desire of the heart, and although Anna had not framed her prayer in words, at all times, yet she had continued in prayer through the night and been sustained, as we all may be in times of trial, and as undoubtedly many another was during the same night.

The morning's sunshine appeared to refresh our weary watcher somewhat, yet her aching heart was not at rest but still wrestled with anxiety and suspense.

The children were early awake, and not being old enough to realize the cruelties of war, were as happy as lambs skipping about the yard, playing boo-peep with little Maggie, and practising all the antics of early childhood.

Occasionally they would say, "Mother, will father be home to-day?" and she would reply, "I cannot tell, my lear children," and away they would run to their play.

The day was passing and the sun nearing the western norizon, when Anna caught the sound of a step, and glancing up she saw Franz coming up the walk.

With a cry of delight she sprang to the door exclaiming, 'Thrice welcome home, dear Franz,' and putting her arms round his neck she placed upon his cheek a hearty kiss.

He returned the salutation, greeted the little ones and sat to rest himself, while his now happy frau hastened the evening meal.

How happy they were to be again safe and well in each other's society. Anna did not forget to thank the Heavenly Father for His kind, watchful care over hers and to ask a continuance of that care in the future. That night sleep was a welcome visitor at the home of Franz Ausman.

Oh, beautiful valley, as eye e'er hast beholden! Rich are thy hues of red, green and golden,

Arranged in fine display, on your bold palisades Where nature, alone, blended those various shades. Behold! adorer of artist's work, grand yet fine, And bend a low knee at Nature's fair shrine: Where's the artist dare compete in sculpture or paint With nature's fair forms, grotesque or quaint? Ah, he is not here, nor elsewhere, he doth not live; His work's exquisite, but lacks what he cannot give. As we look down this valley, with autumn ablaze, The varied beauty of scene enhances our gaze. Can it be, this once was a forest vast and wild, Where the dusky hunter, in chase, his hours beguiled? Yes, and these high barricades and dark rolling river, Together with the hunter, his bow and full quiver, Form a picture, to our eyes pleasant, strange and new, While he glides from sight in a narrow birch canoe. Another hastens onward, and it is our quick belief That one so gavly dressed is the Mohawk indian chief. The Mohawks once were noted as warriors rash and brave. But none now tread the banks, which Mohawk's water lave. Once, red men's wigwams dotted o'er this pleasant vale; Instead of "New York Central," was the well-worn indian trail. Here, in time of war, loud the echoing war-whoop rung, And in time of peace, gently the songs of peace were sung. But, the wiley white men came, with purpose fixed and strong, And forced them from this, their valley, whether right or wrong. Now they, who lived in these dark aboriginal ages, Form a subject of conjecture on histories' broad pages. Let them rest! while we give thanks to the Most High, giver Of this Beautiful Vale of the Mohawk River.

-The Author.

"Hush!" and the word was accompanied by the upraising of a taper finger belonging to a more than ordinarily handsome young lady. Her style of beauty was that of a brunette, with dark hair, eyes sparkling and flashing, com-

plexion clear, cheeks rosy and a form perfect and well rounded. And as she listened, with her red lips slightly parted, they disclosed a beautiful set of ivory like teeth. She was standing on that side of Diamond Hill, at Little Falls, which commands a view of "lover's leap." By her side stood a tall, slight man of agile movements and strongly developed muscles. He appeared a man of middle age, and as he listened, his keen, grey eyes rested admiringly, for a moment, on his fair companion; then followed the indication of her finger.

There, on a point of rock, jutting out over rocks and river, stood a maiden, clad in loose, flowing robes. Her hair fell in waves about her shoulders, and in her hand was her bonnet, gently swinging, as she looked about her, appearing to drink in the beautifu scenery; while she sang, in a voice sweet and clear, of her dearly beloved for whom she would die. The picture was one never to be forgotten, so full of beauty, so resonant with sweetness; while the singer sang her plaintive air with such feeling and tenderness that the hearts of her unknown listeners were deeply touched, both by sentiment and sympathy; for surely the girl must sing from the heart, else, she could never express so much feeling in her song. They still listened spell-bound, for all natural sounds seemed lulled to catch the words as she sang, "And now, my dear one, for thee I die--." As the last word floated away like an echo, she leaped into space, then pitched head foremost into the river below.

Oh, horror! what a tragical ending to the beautiful drama of a moment before. Yes, she had died, as she

said, for her beloved. And since, the point has borne the name of Lover's Leap.

"Well, Charity dear, would you do as much for me?" said the gentleman as our two friends walked homeward in the evening twilight.

"No, Augustus Warden, not in that way; for her act was nothing short of madness. She has destroyed the life God gave her, and gone to eternity a murderess; while her death can in no way, possibly, benefit her beloved. No, Gustie, I could never do that for any one, so long as I am sane: but I love you sufficiently to do all in my power to make you happy; is not that quite sufficient?"

"Yes, dear, quite; and far more practical than dashing out your brains to no purpose. Do you know, Charity, this day week we begin our new life, and then you will no longer be Charity Doxtater but Charity Warden. All mine to cherish, love and make mind," he added, laughingly.

"Not the latter," she said playfully, "except absolutely by the rule of love."

And thus they chatted on, as young people will, complete in each other's happiness.

That day week they were married and a few years thence saw them settled in the town of P——, within a couple of miles of our friend Ausman. Mr. Warden was a native of Herkimer, while his wife came from St. Johnsville; both of German ancestry as well as the Ausmans.

The Wardens now have four children; the third of whom is a manly little lad, who promptly answers to the name of John, and whom we shall meet again.

CHAPTER II.

A FIRE.

"Fire is good, but it must serve:
Keep it thralled—for if it swerve
Into Freedom's open path
What shall check its maniac wrath?
Where's the tongue that can proclaim
The fearful work of curbless flame?
Darting wide and shooting high,
It lends a horror to the sky;
It rushes on to waste, to scare,
Arousing terror and despair."

- Eliza Cook.

IT is the eve of April 1st, 1829, a dark, dismal night; the wind sighs through the trees, the great, black clouds obscure the sky, and the sleet is falling thick and fast. It is impossible for sight to penetrate the gloom, which surrounds the home of Ausman.

Morpheus has cradled in his arms the entire household, who sweetly sleep in ignorance of the demon-like work now robbing them of a home.

Franz, Jr., suddenly awakes and finds the chambers above a mass of flame. Leaping from his bed he shrieks, "Fire!

fire!" "Where?" asks his father. "The entire chamber," Franz replies.

Herr and his frau leap from their bed and confusion ensues. Seizing the water-pail, Anna empties its contents on the flames, which lick it up with a hissing sound and continue on their way of destruction. A moment suffices to convince them of the utter uselessness of warring with the flames and they turn their attention to saving the children.

No time is to be lost, every moment is precious: the timbers already crackle and threaten a speedy fall.

Fortunately all were sleeping on the first floor, but in the fright Franz, Jr., throws the four younger children out of a window near by, little year old Amelia alighting upon her father's shoulder, as he was passing, thus providentially being saved an untimely death by falling upon a stone heap.

Apparently all are out, but Mr. Ausman, coming to his wife, says, "Anna, are you sure the children are all out?"

The roll is called,—but eight respond and it is found that Susie, a girl of fourteen, is missing.

Inhaling his lungs full of air, Herr rushes into the house which is now completely enveloped in flames; bounding to her bedside, he sweeps his hand over the bed and dashes through a window near at hand. To seek her farther in the house is impossible.

"My God! my money, I must have that," exclaims Ausman.

"For heaven's sake, Franz, you must not go in again," screams his frau, siezing him by the arm.

"If I could but put my hand on that desk, I would fetch it," he replies.

"But father, you certainly must not go into that house again," says Andrew Jackson, and stepping to Herr's side, takes the other arm.

Another instant, the timbers creak and sway—and then, with a mighty crash the building comes to the ground.

"Oh, my child, my child!" wails the agonized mother, as she thought of her child in the burning ruins of her home.

At this several of them call, "Susie, Susie!" when, lo! from the ground cellar, a few rods at the rear of the ruins, came she forth clothed (in her night apparel) and in her right mind, although very much frightened.

On being aroused at the discovery of the fire, hearing the confusion and becoming bewildered, Susie had hidden away in this cellar; but on hearing her name called had reappeared, to the inexpressible joy of the entire family.

But now that the fright is somewhat subsided, and all are saved, they begin to realize their truly pitiable condition.

Here, at midnight, are eleven houseless beings with naught save their night clothes, and those partly burned away, to protect them from the sleet and cold.

The nearest house is a quarter of a mile distant but it is a brother's and to this they repair.

With open arms, John Ausman receives his brother's homeless family and contributes all in his power to their comfort; but it is with unfeigned astonishment that he and his family heard the facts of the disastrous fire.

Herr Franz was in a sad plight; by trying to save his supposed burning child, he had been badly burned from head to foot; his hair and eyebrows were wholly gone, his flesh sore and blistered from fire and sleet.

The following morning the neighbors were duly apprised of Ausman's misfortune, and they willingly bestowed such attentions and kindnesses as were within their means.

Notwithstanding all these, the burned man suffered excrutiatingly, and death seemed inevitable. Herr's parents and a physician were quickly summoned.

Grandfather and grandmother Ausman arrived as soon as possible. Grandmother bethought herself of the excellent power of saffron, and making a strong decoction of it gave Herr frequently to drink.

Soon a change was perceptible, and when the physician arrived, he said grandmother's prompt action was in reality the means of saving Herr's life, as at his arrival it would have been too late. The remedy was simple but effectual.

After weeks of unrelinquishing care both of nurses and physicians, Herr began to convalesce and in a few months was again able to attend to business.

The money which was burned was to have paid the last of the mortgage on Ausman's farm and make him a free man to debt. He had received it, the day of the fire, for his surplus grain, and was to have paid off the debt the next day. "Man proposes, but God disposes."

Monsieur De LaRay took no advantage of Ausman; but told him to first provide his family with all necessaries and pay the balance on his farm when he could conveniently; thus Monsieur set an example worthy imitation. Always, when possible, be lenient. Do not crowd a person already cramped, but rather—

"Do your best for one another
Making life a pleasant dream,
Help a worn and weary brother
Pulling hard against the stream."

Previous to the burning of the old house, Ausman had intended to build in a few years and build well; but now he must build immediately and cheaply.

Consequently he decided to have erected a frame house, sufficiently large to accommodate them for a few years until he could "pick up a little."

Accordingly, that summer he had erected the said house, several rods from the old site on which he anticipated building more elegantly in the future.

The new structure was quite comfortable, although unpainted and plain, and they lived in it nearly eleven years.

In 1840, Herr Franz had succeeded in paying for his farm and lain sufficiently by to erect the house so long contemplated.

The following is a description of the new house, as copied from one of Ausman's granddaughter's journals, years after its erection.

CHAPTER III.

THE MANSION.

There are mansions eternal, above
Perfected by a God of love,
And they never spoil with decay;
But earthly ones, though made of stone
With rock foundation, when left alone
Moulder and crumble away.

- The Author.

"The Ausman mansion, as grandfather's house was styled, is situate from the main road some little distance, but communicates with it by a fine drive, shaded by stately elms.

In front of the mansion is a handsome lawn made romantic by its secluded appearance.

The mansion is made of blue limestone, cut in oblong blocks; the building is more than one hundred feet in length, fifty feet in width. It has two stories above and one below ground.

Inside, the rooms are finished in the best style those times afforded, being handsomely wainscotted and hard finished in various designs. A spacious hall occupies the center and the rooms on each side are arranged similarly; being built in the form of a double house.

The main portion is fifty feet long, and at each end is a wing, twenty-five feet in length, and to each wing is attached a capacious and neatly finished woodshed. Each wing has two verandas, one on the east and one on the west side, supported by great, heavy pillars, and inclosed by balustrades except where steps descend to the ground.

The greatest novelty of this mammoth house is its cellar, which contains ten rooms; it has an outer wall and entire bottom of solid limestone rock; the stones for building the house having been excavated from it by blasting.

An air of stately grandeur and precision pervades the entire place. The mansion with its accompanying carriage-house, barns, sheds and so forth, are nearly surrounded by trees, many of which were primitive trees of the forest, and others were planted by my grandfather's hands.

How pleasant, oh, how pleasant was the home of my mother's youthful days!"

When the new house was completed Herr Ausman transferred his family from the old to the new home, with pleasure and satisfaction.

Five of the children were married and four of them gone to other homes; yet those remaining were happy, enjoying good health and the fruits of their father's and mother's labor.

There was one great drawback to Herr Franz's happiness: his fond and loving Anna, when little past the meridian of

life had lost her eyesight. All the skill of that locality had been employed but to no avail: she was doomed to darkness; oh terrible thought!

Yet God can be a light to the blind, and so it proved in her case. He gave her an humbleness and patience to bear her affliction uncomplainingly, and at the time she entered her new home she was quite accustomed to the dark, for she had already been blind four years.

Franz, Jr., was married and occupied one-half of the mansion, working the farm for a share of its products.

Here we must pass over some ten years, at the end of which time we find the little Amelia has grown into a handsome, propossessing young lady of twenty-one; she has already made her debut into society and is the acknowledged belle of the neighborhood.

She is fond of society, and her merriment and good looks are sufficient to make her courted by the "lords of creation." Among them is a wealthy, young gentleman, who is very enthusiastic over her charms, entirely blind to her faults, and who puts forth every endeavor to secure her affection.

But entirely unknown to the world, she has set her heart on a youth, who, not possessing a wealth in money and lands, yet possesses a mine of good principles, fed by a fountain of love and sympathy.

Notwithstanding this youth had often taken frauline Amelia into society and oftener visited her at her home, to the world he appeared to be paying his most marked attentions to one of the frauline's sisters.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MOONLIGHT PROMISE.

"And love, the common link, the new creation crowned."

—Dryden.

One beautiful, moonlight evening in June, Amelia thought she would enjoy a little, solitary stroll out in the grounds, which were spacious and thickly shaded, a few rods from the mansion.

Throwing a shawl about her shoulders, she strolled leisurely about for some time, until walking became monotonous, and she seated herself on a rustic seat beneath a stately elm, to commune within herself.

She sat there some moments oblivious to all around; building castles in the air, dreaming of her beau-ideal, the oak around which she was wont to cast her tendrils and cling through life. At last a sigh heaved her breast, and with it came the words "Dear John!"

"What is it, Amie?" said a voice not far distant. In affright she started to her feet and would have proceeded to the mansion, although, on looking about, she saw no one.

"Not so fast, my love," and the same instant a strong arm was thrown around her and she was gently forced back into the rustic seat, when she found herself by the side of John Warden.

"Why John, how you have frightened me! how came you here?" "Tell me first," said John, "what right you have to use my name in vain, when you think me absent, and then I will answer your question."

"I did not use your name in vain," she replied, blushing crimson. "If not in vain may I then have the privilege of thinking that the John referred to me."

"I suppose you will take the privilege, the same as you did of coming here unobserved and listening to what you had no right to hear," she retorted in rather a vexed tone, fearing he should trap her into an avowal before he had made one. "However," she added, "it is possible you may be deceived if you take that privilege."

A shadow flitted across John's face as he thought of another obtaining the prize he so much desired, and which he had almost considered his own. So perceptible was the change, that Amelia relented, and in gayer accents remarked, "But, look here, young man, you have not yet explained your mysterious presence in this dramatic scene."

"And I hardly know whether it is best to do so," he added slowly. "Well, you had better make known your biz or I'll pretend I think you a prowler," she said gayly.

He looked at her an instant, trying to divine her thoughts. At last he said, "Amie, I have a secret to entrust with you, providing you will keep it sacred. I have known you since childhood and respect you as a sister, but before I go farther, answer me one question. Can I trust you?"

"Most assuredly, John, you can," she replied. "Very well, then I'll begin."

"Several years ago, when away from home for a short time, I met a girl of whom I became enamored, but I was almost a lad then and she a year or two my junior; as the years have passed, my ideal has grown into womanhood and holds over my heart a powerful sway, although probably unknown to herself."

"She has had many suitors but, as yet, has received no one into her heart's kingdom, to my knowledge. A few times I have had the undefinable pleasure of her company to places of amusements; at such times she was very gracious and appeared pleased with my society. Her station in life, perhaps, is above mine, as her father is considered wealthy and mine is not. Now the advice I wish is this, how shall I find out whether she returns my affections or not?"

John had been watching Amelia very scrutinizingly during his little narrative and noticed how she paled and appeared a little nervous, spite of all her endeavors to the contrary. Naturally he concluded that her heart was not so indifferent as she endeavored outwardly to appear.

Amelia's heart fairly sank within her as she listened. Surely it was not her he meant, for at the outset he had said he met the lady when from home.

Mastering herself, as best she could, when John concluded she replied, "Well John, the most manly course to adopt and the one most likely to command her respect, is just to go to the young lady, make your avowal and receive her answer, whether aye or nay; if aye your happiness will be complete, if nay, just say to yourself, 'There's as good fish in the sea as ever was caught,' bid your idol adieu and seek another. That is my advice."

"Very well, I will take it and act accordingly. But Amie, you shiver, I believe you are taking cold; let me accompany you to the veranda."

"If you please. I believe I am getting cold out here in the dewy air."

The two arose and in silence proceeded to the mansion; upon reaching the veranda she started toward the door, but again his hand arrested her and he said: "Amie, if you will please bear with me a little longer, I should like to talk with you out here a few moments. Perhaps after telling you a part of my romance it is no more than fair to tell you the lady's name."

"I think you had better not," she replied, fearing lest she should betray her feelings by furthering the conversation.

"But my discretion dictates otherwise," said John, "and to comply with your advice it is absolutely necessary, for Amie, you are the one so long adored, you are the one with whom I wish to join hands that we may journey through life together."

Amie stood like one petrified, for a moment, leaning against one of the pillars of the veranda; the tide was so suddenly turned upon her that it almost over-powered her senses.

Throwing his arm around her and drawing her near himself he said: "Amie, I acted upon your advice; I have made my avowal, and now like a prisoner at the bar await the decision. Must I go hence, forever an outcast from your society, or may it be with the sweet assurance of your love and a knowledge that you are my own?"

Amelia raised her beautiful eyes to his for a moment, then placed her right hand in his and whispered: "John, I am thine, forever thine."

Fair luna smiled upon the scene that followed, and it is not the only one upon which she has smiled; she and the bright little stars have a right to witness such scenes, but dear reader, you and I have not. But while the twain are enjoying themselves let me explain John's strange appearance at the elm.

He had long desired to make known his feelings to Amelia and had decided upon this evening to do so; with this intention he started for her home, and thinking to shorten the distance, he left the highway, passed through her father's orchard and entered the yard a short distance back of the elm.

Observing Amelia he thought to give her a little surprise and cautiously found his way to the rear of the rustic seat; as he was about to apprise her of his presence she uttered the words, "Dear John."

Thinking success awaited his declaration, he determined it should be made there in the moonlight, but on receiving her tart reply with regard to the application of the word John, he determined not to commit himself without testing the ground on which he was about to tread; hence the use of a little strategy.

His statement in regard to meeting the lady when from home was truthful, for it was at school that the germ of love was planted, and by his care had grown into the all absorbing passion of which we have just read.

During that evening the lovers decided that at no distant day John should ask the parent's consent to their union, and after that a time should be fixed for their marriage. Accordingly, after a few weeks the parent's consent was obtained, and about the following New Year was the time set to celebrate their nuptials.

That summer and autumn John was a frequent guest at mansion de la Ausman, and was always welcomed by the frauline and Herr's entire household.

At last December's snow cast her mantle of ermine over the green earth, and all was bustle at the mansion, for it was now Christmas and in a week from that time, on New Year's day, Amelia Ausman and John Warden were to be united heart and hand in the holy bonds of matrimony.

The anxiously looked for day arrived, and on the first day of 1850, the two were made one. A ball was given in the evening in honor of the affair, as was then customary, and, following this, came the "honey-moon."

All things have an end and so did the "honey-moon." After sipping honey during the winter, John deemed it best to seek a hive for his queen; for unwise John had taken his

queen before he had a hive, and now both must shift for the hive.

In our grandfather's days it was quite customary for fathers to think the boys deserved the greater portion of the property, and made their wills accordingly.

If the girls had a "setten out" and a few hundred surplus, it was quite sufficient; the surplus was generally reserved until the death of the donor, and the "setten out" consisted of a certain small amount of furniture, (at least considered small nowadays).

It was thus Franz Ausman viewed the matter, and so he reasoned, "if people cannot take care of themselves when they are young, they certainly cannot when they are old."

So it was that John, with his lovely Amelia and their "setten out," started in the world with hands and good health, to seek his fortune.

"Sweet bud of life! thy future doom
Is present to my eyes,
And joyously I see thee bloom
In Fortune's fairest skies.
One day that breast, scarce conscious now,
Shall burn with patriot flame;
And, fraught with love, that little brow
Shall wear the wreath of Fame."

—Campbell.

It was a bright, beautiful day in harvest time that little Annis Warden was ushered into this ever busy, ever changing world. It was the twenty-eighth of August, eighteen hundred fifty-five; the sun was declining westward; the reapers were already come from the fields, and in the kitchen of the old, red farm-house were enjoying refreshments.

This old, red farm-house, so unceremoniously introduced to our readers, is situated in the town of L———, in the grand old Empire State; is a frame building, much longer than wide, with a huge old-fashioned chimney protruding itself through the center of the roof.

Once it had been painted red, but at the time our story begins, the busy fingers of time had washed much of it off. The farm and house was the property of a widow, but at that time was partly occupied by Mr. Warden's family, who rented the farm.

Let us for a moment take in the prospect. The road's course is southerly, with the house on the left or east side, and the barns nearly opposite, on the west side.

At the rear of the house, and but a few rods away, is a deep gorge, edged by a thick growth of trees; in front, glancing over a few fields, the sight is again arrested by the thick foliage of another wood.

Looking southward you behold the only house visible from this place; northward extends the narrow road, bounded by green fields until lost to view.

Although to a stranger the prospective might seem lonely, and even dreary, yet to those accustomed to it, it seemed pleasant, and many a morning's sun has here peeped on bright and happy faces as preparations were made for the day's labor.

The occupants of the house consisted of two families; the widow Ranson and her four grown up children, and the tenant's family, which at the time we introduce baby Annis to our readers, consists of John A. Warden, his wife, his brother, Dee, and lastly but not leastly, little baby Annis, with her wee round face, bright blue eyes and auburn hair.

CHAPTER V.

EVENTS.

"Majestic river, full of awe and wonder,
Roll onward in thy might. * * *

Good-by old river!

Good-by! the echoes die with the cataract thunder,
While away to the wind we fly to a western wonder."

—Lansing V. Hall.

"Line and new repair your towns of war With men of courage."

-Shakspeare.

WHEN Annis was eight years of age her parents, with her, made a tour West; some occurrences of which she still remembers well.

The first scene, which appears to have attracted her particular attention, is the Suspension Bridge, at Niagara, and the Falls. The stupendousness and beauty of Niagara Falls made a lasting impression on the mind of little Annis, as she first saw them under the blaze of an August sun.

The water after making its descent of one hundred sixty feet over a perpendicular wall of rock, mingle with the seething waves below, which appear like the boiling waters of an immense caldron. The spray, which rises from the wildly tumultuous waters, is sent from the profound depths upward nearly to the clouds and descends again in a mist-like rain, producing a most beautiful effect in the sunlight by reflecting all the varying colors of the rainbow.

The banks on either side below the Falls rise to such a height, or rather the bed of the river falls to such a depth, that one can scarcely suppress a shudder as they look down into that yawning chasm and see the turbulent waters below.

What observer can behold such a scene of grandeur and not feel impressed by its awfulness and sublimity? It struck Annis, young though she was, and in maturer years she often revisited the scene in her imagination and as often felt awe and reverence for that Creator, who at will could fashion such a beautiful and yet such an awful picture. We admire art, the handiwork of man; but ah! how intensely we wonder at, and even revere the work of the Almighty Hand, for it is unsurpassable, it is perfect in all its parts.

After leaving Niagara, Annis and her parents proceeded to Hamilton, Ontario, where Annis rode up the first mountain she ever saw. Here they spent several days visiting friends.

From Hamilton our friends resumed their journey to Michigan; in this state they met with quite an adventure, which might be entitled,

LOST IN THE FOREST.

At Pawpaw, Mr. Warden secured a carriage to Nicholsville, and in the early dawn of a beautiful day, the travelers, seated in a nice barouche, drawn by a spirited team, driven by a very confident driver, started on the journey which was to be completed in two or three hours, at longest.

Passing through a portion of a forest, in which were many roads, some of them appearing to lead in identically the same direction, but which gradually diverged until they terminated in very different localities; our driver made a mis-choice.

After a few such turnings and bearings off, the vehicle was brought to a stand-still, the road having terminated at a thick undergrowth.

Here the driver declared he had lost his way. Surely it looked like the haunt of banditti; however, none appeared, and the barouche was soon wheeled about and rolling its way back to the last forks passed, where the driver reigned his still prancing team off to another road, trusting to luck for success.

It was now quite past breakfast time, and the travelers began to feel the pangs of hunger, with the sweet assurance of being lost in a strange forest.

The road he had chosen began to appear much like the other, and so at the very first opportunity, he made a turn; thus he continued to turn, whenever he felt prompted so to do, beginning to get almost desperate in his confusion. From his conduct one would have supposed that success in reaching his destination depended upon a certain amount of oaths, for the way "he ripped them off," as the boys say, "was a caution."

The horses began to tire but he urged them on, declaring the landlord would think him a scallawag because he was so long gone with the team.

It was a bright, warm day, and yet it was cool in the shade of the wood, and although not placed in the most favorable circumstances, our friends rather enjoyed the ride; however, in some places the roads were rough, and the carriage was often scratched and marred by overhanging branches and close growing bushes.

Again they came to a stop, and upon looking out, a very pretty picture met their vision. There, in the very heart of the forest, as it seemed, basking in the sunlight, lay a greenedged lakelet.

Its blue, clear water had scarcely a ripple on its surface, while on its bosom were mirrored the grass and trees, which surrounded it. It bespoke peace, happiness and content; it seemed a fit dwelling place for fairies, and one could watch it, feeling as if gazing at enchanted waters.

The opposite shore was a gradual ascent, and at some distance beyond, was visible a habitation.

Our friends beheld the beautiful scene with delight, and the fretted driver ceased his ravings and enjoyed the prospect too, while the horses sniffed the fresh air and rested.

Having enjoyed, so long as they could, the lovely scene which nature had spread before them, and observing the road ended there, and none other appeared to come to the little lake, they resolved to return to a road they had passed, which they thought might lead to the habitation.

They were right in their conclusion, for the road did lead to the habitation, but it was long and rough, and the driver was much excited by the time he reached the cabin.

Upon halting, a man stepped out, whom the driver accosted with, "Can you tell me the way to Snickersville?"
"To where?" said the man in astonishment.

"To Sickersville," snapped out the driver, as if provoked because the man did not understand. By this time the man at the door was laughing, and the trio inside the barouche were almost bursting with laughter at his excited manner and ridiculous mistake, which he had not noticed in his perplexity.

Mr. Warden rectified the mistake by saying "Nichols-ville," when the driver saw his blunder and almost yelled out, "Well, Nicholsville, then; I knew it was some — ville or other."

Here the laughter became general, and the driver laughed with a hearty good will, at the ridiculousness of his question. The merriment subsiding, the man gave the desired information, and the party went on their way to Nicholsville, where they arrived without further hinderance, about noon. Here Mr. Warden settled with the driver and invited him in to dinner, which invitation he very respectfully declined, seeming in a great worry lest the owner should accuse him of being too long gone with the conveyance.

After shaking hands and receiving each others good wishes, the two separated, each to pursue his own course in life; but I will venture each of the party recalls with a certain good humor, a little adventure in a certain Michigan woods.

While visiting at Grand Rapids they visited the Barracks, then stationed there; to those unacquainted with soldier life it is quite interesting to visit their grounds.

These were located upon a hill just outside the thickly settled portion of the city, enclosed by a high and closely built board fence, with several gates, at which were stationed guards.

Visitors were admitted only at the main entrance, as a rule, and when ready to depart, passed out at another gateway; however, soldiers sometimes allowed their friends to sly in, at a convenient moment, apparently unobserved, yet they were liable to punishment if caught doing so.

On the grounds was the grand dining-hall, which was built of rough boards; inside were long tables, made roughly of the same material, on which were placed the necessary eating appurtenances. Coffee and tea each were decocted in caldron kettles.

The sleeping-hall was constructed upon the same plan as the dining-hall; but, instead of tables, were arranged on either side tiers of bunks in which, rolled in their blankets with their knapsacks for pillows, the tired soldier boys slept contentedly, knowing so many were faring worse than they.

But one could scarcely feel happy when they looked upon the manly forms and bright faces of those boys in blue; for we knew that not long hence they would be summoned to the far South, and on the regiments return, many who now promptly answered to the roll call, would then be silent in death. Again, of those who returned many a form would be bent by disease and others maimed for life. Nor does one's thoughts stop here with this little band, but rather, spread their wings and soar over the entire Union, and return with a sigh for the hundreds of thousands doomed to the same fate.

Ah! well may the mother of our loved country weep when she sees her own dear sons at war with each other; for what could be more terrible, more unnatural, than a Nation at war with itself; where brother rises up against brother in arms and slays each other without mercy. Is it right? Can it be right? God knows.

The tide of right and might ran high at this time, and although thousands volunteered their services to their country's welfare, yet so insufficient were the numbers that drafts had frequently to be made.

Of course those drafted were not pleased to go as was clearly illustrated by the conduct of a company of drafted, who were aboard the train that brought the Warden's home.

The company was composed of various classes; some were accustomed to labor, while others appeared never to have performed a day of manual labor. They were unequipped, except the guards, and were on their way to Washington.

Although unequal in station they appeared unanimous, speaking in a general way, in one thing, and that was recklessness; their feelings were preverse to going, and being compelled, they seemed to have lost all self-respect. They had liquor with them, drank, swore, and drank again, until many were thoroughly intoxicated.

Passengers feared for their safety; the conductor endeavored to quiet them, and the guard, who were insufficient to force order, tried to reason with them, but all to no purpose.

They declared, if they must be driven down South, like cattle to the slaughter, and set up for a mark at the John-ie's shooting match, they might as well die then and there.

Passengers who alighted at Rome were glad to be rid of the scene; yet could not but feel pity for those men who were forced from all that was dear to them, and compelled to fight, contrary to their wishes; and yet it was necessary to save the honor of our country and its life.

The Wardens reached home, after an absence of two months, feeling both pleased and fatigued with their journey.

In after years Annis composed a few stanzas, which I shall here insert. They are called

A TRIBUTE TO THE FALLEN BRAVE.

Again, we meet with the sacred dead
And strew their mounds with flowers;
To pay a tribute to our loved ones,
Who died in those dark hours.

From home and friends they were severed
At their country's urgent call;
For her they suffer'd, they fou't, they bled,
They gave their life, their all.

Two armies in deadly combat fought On the mountain, plain and dell, And, as the leaden missiles whizzed, Many of our brave boys fell. We'll weave them wreaths of laurels
And crown their names with fame;
We'll stamp their memory in our hearts,
And give them an immortal name.

Among the heroic and silent dead Were loyal hearts, brave and true; The seceedive soldiers wore the gray, The northern boys wore the blue.

Remember in charity, kind friends,
While here we have met to-day,
That many of your southern friends weep
O'er loved ones clad in gray.

So rest! ye brave and early fallen
Rest, for aye, in yonder realm
Where naught of pain nor mortal sadness
Shall thy noble hearts o'er whelm.

Sleep sweetly, ye noble and loved ones, In your grass covered cots; there No war-cry nor sorrow shall trouble, Nor shadow thy brows with a care.

Now we must leave you, dearly loved ones, With flowers strewn o'er the sod Where your mortal part reclineth, But your spirit's gone to God.

And in His care we'll leave you, brothers,
'Till the trump shall bid you rise,
And then, together all united,
We shall dwell beyond the skies.

So fare-the-well our friends and kindred; Fare-the-well, adieu, adieu; Oh! we shall ne'er forget the brave ones Who so nobly wore the blue. "For Time will come with all its blights,
The ruined hope—the friend unkind—
The love, that leaves where'er it lights,
A chilled or burning heart behind."

-Moore.

In the year of 1865 Annis had to be separated from her uncle Warren, her father's youngest brother, who had spent so much of his time at her fathers, and being young and full of frolic, seemed to her more like a brother than uncle; but his country needed his assistance, and he must go.

He gave Annis good advice and gained her promise to remember him often while absent; he kissed and pressed to his heart his pet, and only niece, bade her and his other friends good-by, and started from home to the sunny but tumultuous south.

Frequently little packages found their way from Richmond, Washington, and other southern towns, by which she felt that although absent in person, yet her much loved uncle was often present with her in mind.

Knowing that he was deeply interested in her welfare, and anxious for her progress at school, was one incentive that urged her to greater zeal in her studies. Often she carried away the prize from school, and in some branches quite excelled.

Annis often retired to her room, and on bended knees thanked God, as she had been taught to do, for His kind care over her and hers, and asked His guidance and care for her far away uncle.

It almost seemed that Warren felt this for he purchased and sent to her the following lines.

TO THE LOVED ONES AT HOME.

"Through all the sore trials, privations and dangers,
The poor, war-worn, soldier is destined to roam;
When in a strange land and surrounded by strangers,
'Tis pleasant to dwell on the loved ones at home;
To steal from the campfire, an hour for reflection,
And muse, all alone, in calm retrospection;
Our fancy recalling, with fond recollection,
The scenes of our youth, and the loved ones at home."

"These scenes ever cherished, how plainly we view them;
The playground, the school-house, the bell and the dome,
Our teachers and school-mates, all, just as we knew them
When we were but children, with the loved ones, at home;
But time's onward marches and war's wild commotion,
Have changed all the scenes of our youthful devotion,
And tossed, here and there, on life's boisterous ocean,
The surviving companions we once knew at home."

"But still we retain some dear friends and relations,
Who pray for our safety, while tossed on the foam;
To these, we now tender our lone meditation,
For these, are the loved ones we cherish at home.
And when we have conquered Jeff Davis' minions,
And the eagle is soaring on liberty's pinions,
With the star spangled banner o'er all our dominions,
We hope to be welcomed, by the loved ones at home."

During the summer of 1866 Warren received a wound, and was granted a furlough to come to his northern home, at the close of which he returned South, and remained until the final discharge of his regiment, when he returned home, and after a few years married and became engrossed in the care of babies and other home matters.

Annis attended the district school, where she lived, for the last time, during the winter of 1868, and was then thirteen years of age. She, like most other such misses, considered herself nearly, or quite, a young lady; but her parent's ideas of her young ladyhood, were quite different, for they, and very properly too, considered her still a little girl.

And when young America gave its round of parties that season, her papa was her escort, and when the proper time arrived he called again and escorted her home. This was a little cause for gossip among the more forward young misses; however, Annis generally considered her parent's ideas best, and was quite willing to act accordingly.

CHAPTER VI.

AGNES WELCH.

Oh friend of my childhood! so dear to my heart; Sweet, sweet are the thoughts, which your memory impart: Aye, dear you are to me and ever shall be Till together we dwell in sweet unity; United in heaven, to part never more, To sing the Lamb's praises on Eden's fair shore.

-The Author.

WHILE away from home learning music, Annis formed the acquaintance of a young lady, whom we will call Agnes Welch.

Agnes was a Christian, and her influence on Annis, who had been reared by Christian parents, was beneficial; inasmuch as it led her to an open avowal of her acceptance of Jesus as her Saviour, and her intention of following Him through life.

Annis and Agnes became the best of friends, and spent as much time as possible with each other. They were great confidents and trusted each other fully.

Agnes was two years Annis senior, being "sweet sixteen" at the time of which I write and Annis fourteen.

Although young, Annis began her newly avowed Christian life by taking up some of the crosses as they appeared. She made it a point to bear testimony for Jesus when the opportunity presented; even though her voice trembled, her heart thumped and every nerve quivered with emotion.

She felt it was Satan who tried to silence her, and so she resisted him. She often uttered a vocal prayer, although the adversary told her it would be much better for a child like her to pray mentally. She asked the Father to help her and He did, and so she became victorious. As years passed on Satan ceased to tantalize her in that way, and what was once a cross became a joy, without fear or embarrassment. Oh, yes, we believe in children, boys and girls, women too, as well as men, bearing testimony to the great, never ending love of God the Father, God the Son, God the Spirit, Three in One. Let all praise Him, glorify Him and magnify Him by telling of His greatness, of His love and merciful kindness to the children of men.

Annis quite early developed a taste for essay writing, and having joined the I. O. of G. F.'s, she penned the following as one way of treating the subject of temperance:

INTEMPERANCE.

"This is a word of much meaning; usually we make use of the word intemperance to imply habitual drunkenness. But intemperance is not wholly confined to the excessful use of spirituous liquors. We may be intemperate in many ways, as, for instance, by being passionate and allowing our passions to lead us to excesses, or by indulging our appetites

in any course they may take, such as smoking or chewing tobacco continually, except while engaged in eating or sleeping; also in the excessive use of coffee or tea or anything else our appetites may desire.

And let me here state, that when well people will arise from their beds in the dark hours of night, build a fire and make a decoction of either coffee or tea, merely for the satisfaction of appetite, and after drinking, retire again, I say they are as much under the spell of intemperance as he who rises from his cot and quaffs a glass of brandy or other liquor merely for the pleasure or satisfaction of appetite.

Again, we may be intemperate in immoderate enjoyment. I have heard people remark they would rather dance than eat: now, if this be true, are they not indulging enjoyment to excess, and if so, are they then on the road of temperance?

So it is through all the vicissitudes of life, we may carry anything to excess and by so doing make ourselves subjects of intemperance.

There is one very important point I have not yet mentioned, and which probably comes under the head of indulgence of the appetite. It is the excessive use of liquors of all kinds.

Methinks someone settled down with a very comfortable air just now, saying to himself, 'Well, that doesn't hit me, for I never use it to excess. I am very careful and never take more than I can bear.'

My friend, to you I say, 'Beware! beware, lest ye fall!'

The deadly serpent lying in yonder coil does not rise and with one mad rush, confront his fair but unconscious victim, thus apprising her of danger and causing her to flee. Ah! no. He is far too cunning for that; but with a gentle, peculiar sound attracts her attention, and, on turning her eyes, she beholds no danger, nothing but a bright, gem-like spot in the green beyond. She looks again. It is still there, so beautiful! Now she gazes intently, unable to resist the fascination of that brilliant magnet.

Now its drawing nearer, nearer, aye, nearer—now it glides up to her and rears in the air, towering up before her vision in all its strength and power, the very embodiment of demonical triumph and death.

'Oh God!' her soul cries within her, and dies. She is powerless now, unable to make the least resistance when the huge monster triumphantly fastens his fangs upon her, and slowly winds his cold, clammy, deathlike coils about her. Ah! if she had only listened to the warning cry of the little blackbird she might have been saved—might have been—but now, it is too late, too late.

Beware! my friend, beware! listen to the blackbird's cry, and beware that it be not too late, too late.

But I will go back again to my subject, the excessive use of liquors of all kinds.

When man was created, he was created lord of creation. Mrs. Caudle says, 'Pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella.' But I say, pretty lords when they can not take care of themselves, when they have not will

sufficient to say, 'I never, no, never, will touch the luring poison again,' and then, with God's help, keep their word.

With God's help, I say, for man at his best is but weak in the way of overcoming temptation; so, my friend, do not rely entirely upon your own strength, but ask God to aid you. He is strong, He is willing and fully able to succor those that are tempted.

Do I hear someone say they have not the will to resist the temptation? Ah! yes, that argument is often raised, and it is true. But why have they not the will? Because they do not want it. I have already told you where to seek aid, and let me farther say, exercise the will you have.

Generally speaking, those who follow liquor drinking are persons who possess indomitable wills. It may not always show itself, truly it does not; but you offer that man a barrel of the best whisky as a recompense for performing some task, and should it be almost an impossibility, yet he will perform it; his will will know no obstacle that cannot be overcome; then you will find he has a will, and knows how to work it.

Why is it he has sufficient will now, and at other times not! Why, he has the will at all times, to be sure he has the will, but lacks the will or desire to use that will in that direction. Just step up to that individual when he is about to quench the demon thirst and behold, how quickly the will manifests itself.

And if that man should chance to have a wife, just let her attempt to get ten dollars of him to devote to her individual pleasure and—— very likely if you have eyes or ears you will very readily know whether he has a will or not.

The will power does not come and go like a passing breeze; it is a gift of God, and, when once given, remains the same as the other faculties, and verily often when the others have vanished.

It is because we lack energy, or in other words, are too shiftless to set our wills in motion; they are allowed to lie dormant, except when something arises which we like to do.

If people would exercise their will power as ambitiously and thoroughly to accomplish good to themselves and others, whether in accordance with their likes or dislikes, as many do to work out their own ruin, there would be a general reformation throughout our land in many things.

Crime would be diminished and the accursed cup, which finds its way into so many households, would be thrust aside, and instead of misery, happiness would reign supremely.

There are old men standing on the very verge of the tomb, whose intemperate habits must soon bring them to a drunkard's dishonored grave; there are the middle aged who might make their wives and children happy, if they would stay at home with them, instead of wasting their time and money in gambling and drinking saloons.

Then there are the young men, who might be gems in society, if they would let alone their 'social glass,' as they

term it; but their social glasses far too often lead them, with bottles in their pockets, to stagger about the street.

Some have tried drinking to their heart's content, have seen the folly thereof, have forsaken their evil ways, and are endeavoring to do better. May the Lord bless and lead them ever on in the road of temperance.

But others worship their King Alcohol and would not forsake him for worlds, but their's is a wretched life, for they are slaves to him and their appetite.

And for this slavery, assume grievous burdens, such as bottles, canteens, rags, dirt, and worse than all, a dull brain, making themselves lower than the brute creation.

On the other hand, temperance men can walk about the street with a light heart, clear brain, and enjoy the world as they go. Which will you be, the temperate man or inebriate; poor inebriate? Oh! never make fun of him; he is no object of sport but rather of pity.

It is enough to make the temperance men of the United States of America tremble, when they think of the terrible crimes committed by persons under the influence af alcoholic stimulants; think of the thefts, incendiaries and tragedies, of all sorts, that are committed by drunken men and women.

Think of the thousands, aye, millions of lives made complete wrecks by the use of intoxicating drinks. In our great cities there are many women left widows, and thousands of children, orphans, to fight the battles of life alone; to obtain their bread by begging or stealing, and to find homes in the streets or lockups.

And this misery is caused by the cruel hand of alcohol. Why is it we can not drive this curse from our land?

Is it because our Presidents, Congressmen and Statesmen are not temperate men? If so, I sincerely hope that in the future we shall have the 'true blue' temperance men to make our laws and enforce them.

Our newspapers are filled with such headings as these: 'A wife killed by her drunken husband,' 'A drunken father's brutality to his child,' 'Rum did it,' and so forth. And what did rum do? Was it deeds of kindness? Ah! no.

But I will tell you what rum does do. It fills the jails and state prisons of our lands with criminals; it fills many a once happy home with sorrow and disgrace; it rends asunder many a nuptial vow; it causes worlds of broken hearts, and oceans of tears to be shed; it sends people to the mad house, suffering from that dread disease, delirium tremens, and it fills our cemeteries with drunkard's graves.

All I have said is nothing, absolutely nothing, in comparison to the amount of individual agonies caused by this demon of demons.

Friends, if you would have the rising generation truly temperate, mind your influence, your example. Indellibly stamp upon the impressible minds of the children the beauty of temperance in all things and to seek aid from on High; remembering alway the apostle's advice, 'Be ye temperate in all things.'

One thought further. What is to be the drunkard's eternal doom if he goes thence unrepentant?

I will not expatiate further upon the subject, but commit it to you for examination, pro and con, and leave it with you to decide whether you will exert your influence in favor or against this great enemy of mankind. Bear in mind,

> 'Little drops of water, little grains of sand, Make the mighty ocean and the beauteous land.'"

CHAPTER VII.

THE JOURNAL.

Oh! my journal, kind and true!
Surely, oft' I'll turn to you.

-The Author.

A UGUST of 1871 finds Annis Warden a young lady of sixteen, of medium height and fully developed form; a pale blond, with large, blue eyes and auburn hair.

The ringlets have long since given place to massive braids, which she wears coiled about her well-shaped head.

Annis is not handsome, as most of our story friends are, but she has a peculiarity of manners, which win for her friends wherever she goes. She is kind to all, respectful to all.

Annis always entertained the idea of becoming a teacher, even from her early childhood, and as she was passionately fond of children and delighted to have them near her, it is a general belief she should be a teacher, but she is yet young, and her people think it best she should wait at least a year before attempting such a work.

The autumn glided away, and December found Annis in the town of B———, presiding over a rural district school

as teacher, pro tem, the regular teacher being called home on account of a sister's illness.

For three weeks Annis guided the mental and moral advancement of about thirty pupils, ranging in age from five to twenty-one. And, although it had the reputation of being a hard school, yet she had but little trouble in sustaining order, and in a very few days she had completely won the ring-leader of mischief over to dignity and study.

When her father came for her, saying, "Miss M—— will will be able to return next Monday and I have come for you," Annis attempted to say a few words in general farewell, but one head after another dropped upon the desks, sobs were heard, and such a melancholy pervaded the room that she hastened to gently dismiss the school; at which the pupils flocked about her to say good-bye, kissing her, pressing her hand and saying kind words, which she still cherishes in her heart.

It was a sore trial for Annis to take her leave of those whom she had already learned to love and whose memories she cherishes in loving kindness still. She endeavored to drop a word of kindly advice here and there and at last left them to meet no more.

THE JOURNAL, MARCH 1, 1872.

"This winter has been, to me, one of happiness, notwithstanding some grief has been intermingled. But we cannot expect this life to be all sunshine, with no clouds to flit across the sky. It is as necessary for our mental and spiritual, if not physical, growth that we have trials, disappointments, perversities and prosperity, as it is for vegetation to require cloudy days, rain, darkness and sunshine for its growth; it is one of the similarities of organic creation.

> 'Into each life some rain must fall, Some days be dark and dreary.'

I often call to mind a story I read in childhood, of a slave, who had a very kind master. But one day this master gave the slave a very bitter fruit to eat.

Without a word the slave complied with his master's request, not so much as even wincing at the bitterness. When he had finished, his master said, 'How could you eat that without a grimace?' 'Why,' replied the slave, 'When it is the only bitter thing you have ever given me, why should I complain?'

So we are God's servants, and when He bestows blessing after blessing upon us why should we complain when he sends affliction? For, though he afflicts, he loves us still."

MARCH 2, 1872.

"To-day school closed (the district school, I mean) and in the afternoon I visited it. After rehearsals they had a 'spelling bee;' I spelled them all down three times before the 'king' would give in, but after that he said he was satisfied.

Bert Wilder was there, and this evening he carried four of us girls down to singing school at Fenton's Corners; we had a jolly time, yet I am glad to get home."

MARCH 4, 1872.

"To-day it stormed horridly, and I was much disappointed, for I intended to have gone to the school exhibition at the Corners, but when evening came, it stopped storming just in time; and with the calm, came Bert Wilder. I made ready on the double quick and we were soon on our way.

The stars shone and the clouds all disappeared, but it was extremely cold.

The exhibition was fine and the tableaus were exquisite, but I did not enjoy myself as I do sometimes.

Merton Harwood had a part in the entertainment, but I do not think he saw me, and I do not care whether he did or not; I do feel so disgusted at his conduct of late. Just to think of his talking that trash to Bert Wilder. I guess when we do meet the greeting will be pretty cool, on my part, at least. He need not think I shall go twaddling around after him. Not much, Mary Ann, (that is slang, I know.)

Then, that Bert Wilder, he is a good boy, but—mercy! I never could endure him as a beau. Dear, dear! how could Fan Andrus—but then, she is different from me, anyway.

You dear, old journal! you have to hear all my complaints and all my buzzing, don't you? Well, you are the most discreet friend I have now, since I cannot have my dear, good sister Agnes.

Wednesday eve, or March 13th, we had a grand leap year soirée at Ben Sweet's. Most of the girls played the part of escort to perfection, but some of them had to 'fizzle out;'

such little cowards, you know. A little ride had been planned, but before the time appointed, the sky became overcast and the wind blew quite strong, so we had to dispense with it."

APRIL 3, 1872.

"To-day I have been busy doing house-work, baking, and reading. This week I have been reading the life of Solomon Northrup, who was a mulatto, and a citizen of New York state, and Saratoga Springs; his mother died in Oswego county of the same state.

While at Saratoga, a couple of strangers pretending to belong to a circus, which was then stationed at Washington, hired him to go with them to Washington, for the purpose of playing on the violin on such nights as they chose to stop for exhibition during their journey to the city.

After reaching Washington he was taken suddenly sick and became insensible; during which, he was kidnapped and taken to 'Williams' Slave Pen,' and when he came to consciousness, he was in a cell, hand-cuffed and with fetters on his feet.

Of course I cannot copy the book here, so must content myself by saying, Solomon suffered many things, and saw much trouble and misery among the poor slaves. To be sure some masters were kind, but many were very severe and cruel.

The book appears the counterpart of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and corresponds in facts to 'Ida May.'

In the book he gives a description of cotton raising, which I am going to copy for reference.

'The ground is prepared by throwing up beds or ridges with the plow, back-furrowing it is called. Oxen and mules, the latter almost exclusively, are used in plowing. The women as frequently as the men, perform this labor, feeding, currying and taking care of their teams, and in all respects doing the field and stable work, precisely as do the plowboys of the North.

The beds or ridges are six feet wide, that is from water furrow to water furrow. A plow, drawn by one mule, is then run through the center of the bed making a drill, into which, a girl, usually, drops the seed, which she carries in a bag hung round her neck; behind her comes a mule and harrow covering up the seed; so that two mules, a plow, harrow and three slaves are employed in planting one row of cotton.

This is done in the months of March and April (corn is planted in February). When there are no cold rains, the cotton usually makes its appearance in a week; in the course of eight or ten days the first hoeing commences. This is performed in part by the aid of a plow and mules: the plow passes as near as possible to the cotton on both sides, throwing the furrow from it; slaves follow with their hoes, cutting up grass and cotton, leaving hills two feet apart; this is called 'scraping cotton.'

In two weeks more commences the second hoeing: this time the furrow is thrown towards the cotton and only the largest stalk is now left standing in each hill.

In another fortnight it is hoed the third time, throwing the furrow towards the cotton, as before, killing all the grass between the rows. About the first of July, when it is about a foot high or thereabouts, it is hoed the fourth and last time.

Now the whole space between the rows is plowed, leaving a deep water furrow in the center; thus the hoeing season continues from April to July.

Cotton picking begins the latter part of August. A field is no sooner finished than they commence planting again. This is the end of cotton raising."

APRIL 25, 1872.

"It is quite pleasant to-day notwithstanding it is cloudy; there is a south wind, but it is warm; I think perhaps it may rain before to-morrow.

The snow is about disappeared; only a few banks by the hill-side remain to remind us of winter.

While I am writing, the birds are carolling their songs of praise; their little throats seem to have been made purposely for song. How often I listen to their warbling notes and feel they are more grateful than I; they never seem weary of praising their Maker, while I, alas! am too often ungrateful for the mercies which I receive. Oh! Father, forgive; I desire to be grateful at all times.

Beside the birds, spring has other attractions; the sugaring season, the wood-land flowers, green fields dotted with bright eyed dandelions, budding and flowering trees, balmy breezes and that indefinable something which pervades the whole; creeping into the heart of each and making them feel as if beginning life anew.

It reminds one of the resurrection; for, after having been buried in the snow of winter, at the voice of spring, vegetation comes forth, clad in new garments; and so we, after having lain in the grave, at the sound of our Savior's voice, shall come forth clad in spiritual array, to begin a new and eternal life.

'Tis spring and all around is gay.'"

APRIL 28, 1872.

"To-day, father, mother and I attended church. Rev. Mr. Waite, of ———, exchanged pulpits with our clergyman. The text was, Hebrews, xi, 4: 'He; being dead, yet speaketh.' These words express my idea of the power of influence. A person may be dead, yet his influence still lives, and by that influence he speaks; directly to those with whom he associated while living, and indirectly to those with whom his associates mingle.

Our influence or conduct has the same effect upon the sea of humanity as does the pebble dropped into the lake of water; only to a far greater extent, for the ripples of influence go on and on forever, while the ripples of the water are at last checked by the shores. What a magnificent thought, what a glorious thought! If we drop into the sea of humanity a goodly pearl of love or kindness, those gentle, loving ripples are eternally going on, on and on, making music in their roll. But oh, how terrible! how awful in its magnitude is the effect of an ungainly stone of wickedness and vice dropped into this sea of humanity, rolling onward, ever onward, making jar and discord in its roll.

It is clearly illustrated by the life of our Savior, who, while living here, exerted a goodly, a heavenly influence over his apostles, which followed them through life, and which by them was handed down to the succeeding generation, and soon through each succeeding generation, for nearly nineteen centuries, making peace and happy music in its continual flow.

The fond mother, who taught the infant lips to pray, advised and worked with all the maternal affections burning within her gentle bosom; anxious to have her children prepared to live and fitted to die, is at last called to her eternal home. Ah, how sadly she is missed from the home circle! Those silvery tones in cadence sweet, are heard no more; but oh! how often are the dear ones kept from evil by the hallowed influence of her life. Truly, she being dead, yet speaketh.

On the other hand, see the father training his children to curse and swear, to lie and steal—he dies, and behold, the result! 'He, being dead, yet speaketh.' But how? In brawls and contentions, while the goodly influence, the Christ-like influence speaks in harmony sweet; so soothing to the tired heart.

By and by, aye, by and by we shall be dead, yet, shall we speak. God grant it may be in words of love, in accents kind, so soothing to the mortal mind.

Well now, young journal, do you not think I am getting to be quite a preacher? Mind though, you do not tell it."

JUNE 5, 1872.

"Oh June, beautiful June! the pride of the year. Birds are singing gaily in your trees, that are clothed in rich vesture of green. The streams are less rapid in their course and make a rippling sound as they roll gently over their pebbly beds.

Cows are quietly grazing in the pastures, the sheep and lambs are bleating on the hillside.

'Tis thou, oh queen of the year, that inspires us with a feeling of happiness and content.

There now, I feel better, for I have praised that month no more than she deserves. She is my pet month, and if I should ever decide to become Mrs. Somebody, I should certainly choose that month for my bridal.

But that is entirely out of the question, for Annis Warden is to be a prim old maid; teach school, be everybody's friend, not a tattler, but a confident and adviser; a help to young people in their love affairs if they get into trouble and want a little manoeuvring; helping others to do what she cannot do for herself."

My dear reader, you have now caught a glimpse of Annis' mind and heart by reading these few pages of her journal, where she freely and innocently penned her thoughts and feelings. But we soon find her in other fields.

CHAPTER VIII.

ANNIS AS A TEACHER.

"Teacher, watch the little feet,
Climbing over the garden wall,
Bounding through the busy street,
Ranging cellar, shed and hall.

Never count the moments lost,
Never mind the time 'twill cost,
Little feet will go astray,
Guide them, Teacher, while you may."

—A. O. P. Guffies.

NOVEMBER, 1872, found Annis in B—— as teacher in a rural district. Her school consisted of twenty pupils, mostly boys.

It was in a snowy locality, and as she was several miles from Cherry Grove, she did not anticipate the most pleasant winter so far as society was concerned, yet she enjoyed her school very much.

She boarded with one Mr. Van Auk's family, who resided only about a quarter of a mile from the school house. Mrs. Van Auk was a very agreeable hostess, endeavoring to make all as pleasant as possible; she as well as Annis was very fond of reading and they spent many social evenings.

Not long after Annis' sojourn in the land of snow, as she called it, she met with Mr. Emery, a stylish, intelligent and conscientious young widower, who soon became quite infatuated with Miss Warden, the new school mistress.

Mr. Van Auk, being a decided friend of Emery's, rather exerted himself in the young man's favor; in fact, joking Annis of the said young gentleman, before she had met him.

One evening, as Annis and Mrs. Van Auk were enjoying the twilight, the tinkling of bells came floating on the air. Looking out, Annis saw Mr. Emery, with his fine turnout, coming up street. She watched and soon saw him turn into the long drive which led to Van Auk's cottage. He spent the evening, then came again.

Every time Emery found himself in the society of Annis, he beheld in her some new charm, and felt that her unassuming ways, intelligent conversation, and sincere yet prepossessing manners were forming an attraction altogether pleasant and desirable, yet dangerous to himself.

Often did he resolve that he would not visit her again in some time, but as often would the desire to see the bewitching little lady, overcome all other argument of better judgment, and as soon as ever civility would allow, some excuse was concocted and over to see her he went.

On the other hand, Annis was fond of society. Mr. Emery was a man of very good reputation, used to good society, the son of a well-to-do farmer, possessing genteel and agreeable manners, Christian principles, and, in short,

was a real gentleman, and as such Annis held Mr. Emery in high esteem.

But as for loving a widower, or being anything to him more than a friend, was entirely beyond her intentions; and when week after week passed and Mr. Emery continued to show her marked attention, and at last claimed the right to be jealous of her attentions to another gentleman, at a social, one evening, she then thought he was too zealous and feared he was contemplating something more than "merely whiling away time," and to save him and herself embarrassment, declined to receive his attentions afterward.

They remained friends, however, and he paid her his farewell visit at the close of her school, when they parted with the best of wishes for each other.

Annis was not a fool-hearted girl, throwing out inducements to young men, leading them on until they should have learned to love her, and then give them in return a jilt; she thought too much of the human family to wish to cause a single heart pain on her account.

And that is why she felt so plagued and sometimes almost provoked at George Blaine. She would gladly have treated him as a friend, but he insisted upon being treated as a lover, which he was, but not accepted. She knew he was in earnest, she pitied him sincerely and availed herself of every possible means to show him his mistake, perhaps folly.

She did not glory in his disappointment, far from it; but rather prayed God to keep him from disappointment and teach him to forget. After twelve short weeks her school closed, and she returned to Cherry Grove, where she soon engaged to teach, the ensuing summer, in the adjoining district to that in which her parents had formerly lived in P——, and was to commence about the middle of April, then in the year of '73.

Annis met Harwood several times, during her stay at the Grove, out in society, but now they met as strangers, merely exchanging the compliments of the day.

At first Annis felt keenly Harwood's indifference and inattention, but Annis' independency was scarcely excelled; and feeling indignant as well as hurt, she merely bestowed upon him such attention as politeness positively required; giving him ample reason to believe she was not dying from his neglect.

Annis felt that the love she at once entertained for Harwood was fast dying out, and that it would be a great satisfaction when the last ember should have dropped into ashes, for then she would wrap them in the silken tissue of the past, tie them with a string of heartfelt, girlish folly, and lay them away in the laboratory of her heart to be looked over, in the future, among other collections of curiosities.

The time arrived for Annis to take her departure for P____; the last farewell was spoken and she seated in the carriage to be driven to the depot, where she soon arrived and took passage for —___town.

At the latter place she was met by the trustee, an elderly gentleman and old friend of her father's.

After ten miles drive they reached the home of Mr. Bowen, (the trustee) and which was to be Annis' home during the summer.

It was Saturday evening when Annis arrived at Mr. Bowen's and the next day she and Heman Bowen, a young man, a few years her senior, attended church, and the afternoon was spent by Heman and Annis in singing and playing in the parlor of the Bowen cottage. Heman was fond of music as well at Annis, and as he had a nice organ they enjoyed it; so much so, that evening found them quite friends.

Monday morning Heman drove Annis to the school house, which was one of the neatest, modern school buildings, surrounded by a spacious yard, at the rear of which was a fine maple grove, for which reason Annis christened the place, Maple Grove Seminary.

Here Annis found herself surrounded by uncles and aunts, great uncles and aunts and cousins numerous, who put forth every endeavor to make her stay with them pleasant, and so well did they succeed, that she now declares that was the most delightful summer of her recollection.

Maple grove school consisted of eighteen registered pupils. Here Annis swayed the sceptre of love, and found in her pupils fitting subjects for such a rule.

Time was fully occupied by our friend, attending to school duties, going to pleasure excursions, receiving and returning calls, spending social evenings and making Saturday afternoon visits among her many friends, until June 20, when something occurred of more than ordinary interest.

It was heralded about something after the following and in various other ways: "Did you know P. T. Barnum is coming to —town on the twentieth?" Yes, we knew, for it was the subject of conversation for days and days before.

The school children were nearly all going to the menagerie, and as Annis felt inclined to do the same, school was suspended on that eventful day.

The morning of June 20, 1873, dawned bright and clear. Early were the people astir, for the most of them were dairy farmers, and considerable necessary work had to be accomplished before they could start to see the wonderful.

Annis, in company with one of her cousins, reached the town in time to see the grand parade.

The parade was nothing to the great mass of people collected there to see it. In the early part of the day, Annis learned that her father and mother were there, and they also learned of her presence, but in that sea of thronging humanity, they each sought the other throughout the entire day, but to no avail, and Annis was obliged to return to her boarding place without seeing them.

Almost every one is familiar with P. T. Barnum's name if not his menagerie, and it is useless for me to say aught in favor or against; but I will say, it called out the greatest crowd of people ever before known within that city's limits.

At twilight, when Annis had reached her cousin's, and was seated upon the porch with her cousin, George Fox,

who was just tuning up his violin, whom should she see driving up but her father and mother:

She skipped through the yard like a fawn and met them at the gate. She was almost wild with delight for she had not then seen them for weeks and had not recovered from her disappointment at not finding them at ——town.

Many were the caresses exchanged between the girl and each fond parent, who seemed about as pleased as Annis.

The next day was spent in visiting, and the following day Annis accompanied them to her aunt Fitzhugh's at L—, where she saw Agnes, and after a pleasant day returned to her summer home.

On the fourth of July Annis visited Cherry Grove and remained three days, at the end of which she returned to "Maple Grove Seminary," where she remained until the close of her school.

Soon after the fourth, Bell Doane visited Annis at P——. Bell was one of Annis' old playmates and school mates at home, and, as she was visiting about ten miles from P——, she decided to spend a few days with Annis.

Bell arrived on Wednesday, and, on the following Saturday she and Annis visited the Ausman mansion, which was then occupied by Annis' uncle Franz.

Bell was very ecstatic over the massive and antique structure of the mansion and its surroundings and especially the large and handsome chambers.

That afternoon they called on Will Ausman, one of Annis' cousins, and on their arrival found a stranger

present, who upon introduction, proved to be Annis' second cousin, St. Albertson, of Hamilton, Ontario, and whom she had not seen since they were children.

The young cavalier had left home and come there to regain his health in accordance with the advice of physicians

St. Albertson had grown into a fair looking young man of medium height with dark complexion, merry grey eyes, Grecian nose, dark hair and mustache. Although in ill health, he displayed quick wit and easy manners, which soon made him quite a favorite in young society, especially as his conversation was very apropos and spicy.

The four spent the afternoon in playing croquet until aunt Nancy Ausman announced supper.

Bell remained a week and each evening was spent in visiting, playing croquet or having instrumental and vocal music, et eaetera.

One evening, after Bell and Annis had retired to rest, (they were at the mansion) they were aroused by sweet strains of music floating in through the open casements, upon the evening breeze. They arose and stepped to the casements, where they were able to ascertain whence it came.

Will and St. Albertson were singing Home, sweet Home, while St. Albertson was playing an accompaniment upon an accordeon. They were at Will's home and the distance was just sufficient to allow naught but the sweetest strains to reach the young ladies, who stood in almost breathless silence, listening to that old, yet ever new and beloved piece.

The two appeared like statues and might well have been taken for an apparition, as each stood by a separate casement, so motionless and white, peering out into that clear, beautiful moonlight evening, where all appeared at rest and nothing was heard save the music and the slight rustling of the poplar leaves, as the zephyrs tossed them to and fro.

A geat tear found its way to each black and each blue eye of the listeners, as sweet memories arose and threw hallowed influences about the twain, who, when the last strain died away, turned and clasping each other in fond embrace, their eyes sparkling, exclaimed, "Oh, wasn't it lovely? Wasn't it deliciously sweet?"

Skipping across the carpeted floor of their spacious appartment, they threw themselves upon their waiting cots and were soon off to dreamland; not however, until Annis had remarked that the music reminded her of that mentioned in Mrs. Radcliffe's Mysteries of Udolpho, where it came at night time in such symphony, welling upon the breezes from near the blue waves of the Mediterranean to the spacious and elegant halls of Chateau le Blanc.

The week rolled round and Bell bade adieu to the new scenes which had so much pleased her, leaving Annis a little lonely for a time.

However much Annis wished them to linger, yet the weeks rolled past and the last day of school came, bringing some joy but more remorse. The children, after sixteen weeks of confinement in school, were glad of a vacation, but sorry to part with their loved friend and companion;

while Annis' heart ached at the thought of separation from that little band she so dearly loved, and well she knew they would never, all, meet again.

With a sad heart she gave to each a little token of her love, and a memento of their good behavior and well learned lessons.

In a few well-directed remarks she solicited them to pursue their studies vigorously while in youth, as time then wasted could never be recalled, however much lamented in after years.

That a few moments then, well used, were worth more than hours spent in acquiring knowledge when they had grown older and become engrossed with worldly cares.

She also enjoined upon them the necessity of spending their lives well, here below, if they would enjoy eternal happiness, and urged them so to live, that they might be gathered an unbroken band in the heavenly mansions, of which they had so often read. Then, bidding them a general good-bye, they were dismissed.

Thus ended the last day spent by Annis in "Maple Grove Seminary."

CHAPTER IX.

A CITY HOME.

"Home is the sacred refuge of our life."

-Dryden.

JANUARY 1,1874, finds the Wardens settled in a city we will call Ricksport, where Annis was to fit herself more thoroughly for teaching. With all her pleasures and studies Annis still found time to visit some of the poor, and instruct some of those more ambitious to improve than their opportunities admitted. She found pleasure in visiting some of those who were debarred from Sabbath worship at church; she read the word of God with them and prayed with them, and held a sort of little Sunday School with the children.

Perhaps we could give a better idea of her work and herself by reading some of her letters to her sister friend, Agnes Welch.

Ricksport, January, — 1874.

DEAR SISTER AGGIE:-

I received your very welcome letter and am so pleased you are happy and well. How thankful you should be that God has given you such a lover as Will Martin. I do hope if you marry him he will endeavor to lead a zealous, christian life and aid you in that precious life with Christ, which not only makes us happy but useful creatures; happy in doing and making others happy. Do you know, dear, I am never happier than when I am doing something to benefit and make others happy.

To be sure, Aggie, I never reach my ideal, exactly, only when I meet Jesus. And I do meet Him and have sweet communion with Him; then I wish I could always remain with Him, but earthly matters soon call me and before I know it I have done or said something so far from what He would have done, that I feel almost discouraged. But then, you know my home in heaven does not depend on my good works, but simply on God's love and Jesus' death and resurrection. How happy it makes me that God loves me, Jesus loves me and the Holy Spirit loves me. Were it not for this great love I could not be saved, for I am but frailty itself and can do nothing, absolutely nothing, of myself.

How very small and insignificant I feel when I stop to think of my inability to do anything of myself; for you see if I do any good it is by Jesus' help, and if evil it is satan's help. Now do not think from this that I mean we are mere machines, with no choice in the matter, for God has endowed us with a power to choose. So we may choose God for our help, or rather for our motive power, and all is well.

Aggie dear, do pray that I may have more and more of the love of Christ in me, and be made more useful in His service. Also for Jesus' loving, abiding presence with me; I so long to have Him all the time with me. I presume you would like to know how I occupy my time. Of course I have my studies to attend to; then certain evenings I have some little pupils, (they are poor children, who work through the day and are desirous of more learning.) I visit them at home Sunday afternoons, for their friends, on whom they depend for a support, are Roman Catholics and do not wish them to attend Protestant churches; their mother is a Protestant widow and will not let them go to the Catholic school, so they remain at home, and we have a little meeting all our own.

I also visit the Old Ladies' Home, and have some very dear friends among them. I read the Bible, sometimes other religious works, and usually have prayers. Oh, it makes me happy to have their love and blessings. Oh, that I could do more work for Jesus, my dear brother, who did so much for me; my work seems such a wee mite.

Now, dear, I hope I have not wearied you. May God's richest blessings be upon you now and evermore.

Your loving sister,
ANNIS WARDEN.

Here we see a young lady, who with all her other duties, finds time for genuine christian work. She does not spend every precious moment in doing fancy work, making gossiping calls or primming and dressing herself for mere show. If every lady would only do a little christian work outside her home, how much might be accomplished.

Yes, Annis visited the Old Ladies at the Home, most of whom were away from relatives, and lonely in a certain sense.

Did she do this because of their genial society? Scarcely that, but because it pleased them to see her young face and bright ways, and hear her fresh voice in reading or talking. It pleased them for the time, it amused them with pleasant memories after she had gone home. And did she have no pleasure in those? Yes, much pleasure, because she was making them happier, and more than that, she was doing her Master's will, which latter fact always makes anyone happy.

And when Annis left Ricksport the many blessings of the ladies followed her: also their prayers. And when she listened to their fervent "God bless you, dear," she was more than paid for her little efforts to cheer them.

Since then, several of her friends at the Home, have passed from pain and sorrow to rest with God, but Annis still holds kindly thoughts of the departed, as also of the living, and her prayer is that the Heavenly Father will be their stay and comfort in their old age, and their Hope Star, Peace and Rock of Salvation in death.

As I have remarked elsewhere, Annis was fond of composition, and occasionally the spell induced her to produce it in rhyme, of which the following is a copy:

"THE SNOW SHOWER."

"As I on my cot dreamily lay
And look forth to see the early day,
What is it that attracts my eager eye
As I gaze upward, toward the sky?
I look a moment, then think I know,
It is the myriad flakes of snow;
And which are in such a commotion,
This earth must have rolled into an ocean
Of snow.

Quickly and silently do they fall,
Covering o'er this terrestial ball;
As with a mother's kind, gentle hand
They cover the roughness of our land;
Ruts and holes unpleasant to be seen
Are hidden by this lovely snowy screen,
Like a sword hidden within its sheath,
So the grass and flowers lie beneath
The snow.

Dear ones, think of the ease and grace
With which each flake fills its destined place;
Who can behold such a shower as this
And not feel quite enraptured with bliss?
Does it not show the same guiding hand
That leadeth thro' life His children band!
Oh, may we have the same ease and grace
When summoned to leave this earthly place
And go to Him in heaven."

While at Ricksport Annis formed the friendship of two young ladies, which she still retains. They were entirely different, yet each was dear in her own peculiar way.

Mary De Lion was of medium height, stout build, with a practical intellect, great determination and little romance, yet full of genuine, steadfast love for her friends, even to the calling out of self-sacrifice.

Sarah Barclay was tall, with clusters of dark brown ringlets, which bobbed and danced, keeping time with the merry glance of her eyes, and the lively chatter of her tongue. Full of vivacity and life, jolly, sometimes to excess, yet loving and affectionate in her ways. Whatever she undertook she entered into with all her might, but quite liable to change her mind. These three were great lovers of Nature and often strolled out of town to mount some hill and take perspective views, or gather wild flowers in some shady grove.

Sarah had had some love affair and thought she should never marry, but seemed quite determined to enter a convent, which she did after leaving Ricksport.

Mary and Annis frequently walked together the length of the block, in which Mr. Warden lived, when the round, full moon threw her halo of beauty over all; her bright, silvery rays falling with a softened splendor on all unshaded objects, and making shadowy objects seem so mysterious and unreal. Sending her soft, shimmering light through the overspreading tree tops, to rest like a carpet on the walk, over which the young friends passed and repassed, in pleasant converse.

As our friends, so have many others, enjoyed God's beautiful creation. And these happy, yea, thrice happy days sped, like others, away to the past. How we cherish the sweet memories of those school days, now past, but never to be forgotten. Thoughts of them come to us like echoes of distant chimes; they are just far enough distant to bring to us only the sweet harmony, with none of the jars or clashings. Like departed friends, we remember only their charms.

The school days past, and these three friends separated, each to pursue a different mode of life; yet each working in her way for the one great Master.

Sarah Barclay, after being in the convent for about two years, came out and entered a hospital, preparing herself for

missionary work in India, whither she went in the fall of '79 or '80.

Annis and her people returned to Cherry Grove, and Mary De Lion to her home in Fenton's Corners, where in the course of time she married a merchant and became the happy mother of two boys and three girls.

A year from the summer succeeding Miss Barclay's departure from America, she wrote Annis the following letter, which may prove of interest to our readers:

Zeegone, August ----.

DEAR SISTER ANNIS:-

I was just delighted to get your letter and photo; it so recalls old times at Ricksport. In thought I again tread the dear, old streets and see the faces of "ye olden times." Where is Leon Ashley, with his auburn curls and blithesome ways? Do you keep track of him yet? And Mary De Lion, with her plain, straightforward ways; has she turned matron yet and wedded the best man ever you saw? Remember me most kindly to her when you see her. You see, dear, "I'm single and free, nor married do I wish to be;" I am just as full of frolic and life as ever, only I use my life for a different purpose than I used to do. As, for instance, last week, in a hard rain, I marched off five miles into the jungle on a preaching tour. Was taken ill, but there was no use in lying down in a native hut to die, so I marched over the rice swamps back home. While going we had three showers, and between the showers the sun shone so hot that my clothes just steamed. However, the bathing and steaming seemed to do me good, for I felt better; and praise God I did not have a sickness, either.

I belong to the medical department, and when any of the missionaries are ill I have to go and nurse them until they are well. When your letter came I was away on such an errand. Cared for a lady nine weeks. The M. D. said I was one of the means of saving her life; so I am of some good in the world, if it is but little.

When I am not engaged in nursing, I assist in school and Sunday school work, spicing every kind of work with the Master's words and love.

The natives are as simple as children are in our country, even the oldest. So our work must be made as easy as possible. I think the children, after once being started, learn quite readily.

I have learned to speak, read and write the Burmese, but of course not fluently, it is much harder than Greek; besides, we do not have good books nor good teachers, to help us to learn rapidly.

You know, dear, we have two seasons here, the wet and dry; the wet begins from the 10th to the 24th of May and continues from five to six months. During the rainy season when the sun shines it simply scorches, causing the atmosphere to be just filled with steam. When the dry season is on, there are weeks that the temperature is 105 degrees.

We wear nothing but muslin dresses in dry seasons, and as light clothing as possible. During the wet seasons we use flannel dresses on account of the great damp. The natives allow their children to be nude until about ten years of age. The women wear very short skirts and scarfs. The men only wear a small garment about the loins, something like the circus men wear over their tights; but theirs are not bangled and spangled.

The men, who do manual labor, are called *coolies*; those who care for the ponies, (horses are not able to live here) are called *sices*. If a lady goes out for a ride, she is always followed by a *sice* on foot; if the pony trots he does the same. He will run about as fast as a pony can trot.

Dir-ga means a dressmaker or tailor; a ayah (i-yah) means a nurse; chokra, and errand boy; ma tromey, a sweeper; wallah, a man and a poney-wallah is a water-man or carrier. A con-sarmer means a head servant of an eating department; and that calls to mind some of the dishes we have to eat. Rice is not only the staple grain but also a staple food, and these con-sarmers can cook rice better than any American I ever saw; they serve it in various ways. Currey is a nice kind of gravy, very highly spiced, and served with meat and rice. They use a great deal of spice, pepper and brandy in cooking. Much less meat is used here than there. It is principally game.

Knats are supposed evil spirits, whom the natives appease by offerings of rice, flowers, fruit, et caetera.

Their God is called Budha, and each Budha reigns 5,000 years, and there are to be five Budha's, hence time with them is to be about 25,000 years.

Now, dear, I must bring this lengthy letter to a close, hoping you will write soon and often. Remember my letters cost eleven cents postage, yours five. See, eh?

Do not forget to pray for me and my work; also try and interest your friends in our behalf.

A few samples of fancy needle work or lace work will not come amiss as our girls are quite fond of fancy work and it helps to draw them into the schools.

I will tell you more of our Burmah home, sometime.
With love,

SARAH BARCLAY.

CHAPTER X.

IN COLORADO.

"When eve is purpling cliff and cave,
Thoughts of the heart; how soft ye flow!

Not softer on the western wave
The golden lines of sunset glow.

Then all by chance or fate removed,
Like spirits crowd upon the eye,—
The few we liked, the one we loved,—
And the whole heart is memory."

—Rev. George Croly.

Having graduated, Merton Harwood taught for the space of two years, at the end of which time, having become of age, and his father having presented him with a small endowment, he decided to enter the uncertain fields of speculation.

Accordingly, he bade adieu to home and friends; betook himself to the West and by dint of careful buying and good sales managed in the course of a few years, to nearly double his endowment.

During Harwood's two years tutorship at Fenton's Corners, occurred an estrangement between himself and Annis Warden; so, at his departure for the West, between them

no sad farewells were spoken, no loving promises made; no, not even a loving look or gentle pressure of the hand to smooth the roughness of their estrangement; while, allegorically speaking, their young hearts were rent asunder by the righteous work of that notorious band of hypocrites known as "gossipers."

After Harwood's departure, Annis despaired of again seeing him as an admirer, for in all probability, she argued, when he returns he will bring with him the future Mrs. Merton Harwood.

Hope, consoling angel that she is, whispered of other possibilities; upon which frail thread, Annis was obliged to lean for support in this, to her, lonely hour.

On the other hand, Harwood's comfort was in the possibility that Annis might still be free, heart and hand, when he should return; that he, then, might woo and win the, to him, more than fair little maiden.

[&]quot;Well, Mert of what are you thinking, this bright, starry night, here, alone in your den, smoking a cigarrette, as glum and mum as a natural born mute?"

[&]quot;Why, Bob, I was thinking of the 'old times' and home; just as you entered, so unceremoniously breaking into my solitudes."

[&]quot;Beg pardon, your highness," said the gentleman addressed as Bob, at the same time making a low bow.

[&]quot;Not at all, my dear sir; only, it is well you are not somebody less privileged, or you might have beaten a more

hasty retreat than entrance: however, since it is yourself, pray be seated and make yourself comfortable, old fellow," remarked the first person addressed, who was none other than our friend Merton Harwood, at his inn, in a small town of Colorado, where he made his headquarters.

The person addressed as "Bob," was Robert Hastings, a well-bred, kind hearted, generous young man of free and easy manner, and a particular chum of Harwood's, being nearly the same age.

Having seated himself and lighted his cigarette, to keep his friend company in puffing the odorous waves out of the window, upon the gentle evening breeze, he again remarked: "Say, Mert, why is it you always appear so demurely, when thinking of the 'old times' and home; are you homesick, or did you leave a bonnie lassie, lovely, fair, out in old York state, for whose presence you long and sigh?"

Stopping a moment, but receiving no response, he continued: "Or did you come here a refugee, seeking consolation in banishment, as a love lorn swain? Come, out with it, for since our acquaintance, I have seen too many indications of something, and now no excuses will do; nothing short of an open confession will satisfy my imaginative mind."

Merton was gazing starward, but after a moment's silence, he said: "What on earth, Bob, made you talk of my being a love lorn swain? Do you not know that I never seek unmarried ladies society, nor married ladies either, as for that matter, except a few like your mother, who are so

motherly and kind, no one can help loving and respecting them."

"Oh yes, I know, but that you do not seek, does not signify, to me, that you never sought," replied Hastings with a smile and peculiar stress upon the verb expressed in its different tenses.

A slight color suffused Harwood's cheeks as he saw the turn Hastings had put upon his words, but he said nothing, and Hastings continued, "besides, when a fellow gets sentimental, sings snatches of old love songs, and then sighs, a sorry like sigh, with that woe-begone expression, look out, for the signs are all against him."

"Bob Hastings, if I thought you said that to insult me, I should be tempted to challenge you to a shot," exclaimed Harwood, his color rising, not with anger, but blushes.

"Insult you! what about?" rejoined Hastings. "About singing love songs and all that bosh," replied Merton, smilingly.

"Oh!" ejaculated Robert, banteringly, pleased that his friend was not angry, "beg pardon, monsieur, but actions sometimes speak louder than words; so now 'old man' out with it, make me the recipient of your confidence, and possibly I may be of some service to your highness."

"Well,—I will make you the recipient of my confidence, since you are so solicitous," said Harwood, meditatively, "but if I ever hear of your telling, off goes your head, mind that."

"Oh! of course, of course," replied Hastings, with the greatest apparent satisfaction at not having a greater menace.

"You see," continued Harwood, giving his cigarette an extra pull, "you see, when I was a little chap, I went to school—" "One of the most natural things in the world," chimed in Robert, with mock gravity, while the corners of his mouth showed indications of an upward movement, and his eyes twinkled merrily.

"And," continued Harwood, "among the little girls was one I could not help liking, and in all our childlike plays, I liked best to have her for my partner. As time sped on, the liking grew stronger, and to cap the climax, when she was some fifteen years old we both attended Jacksonville school; that finished me. I then learned that without her I could not be happy."

"I paid her my 'distresses,' and I fancied she enjoyed them; but when we left school, for some reason we became estranged, and from having heard various reports, I did not seek an interview, which she seemed to avoid. Still, my heart will not cease its aching, and conscience will reprimand me for not coming out boldly and asking her for an interview, which might have explained all; and so it is that to-night I am lonely without her."

"Perfectly natural, for where the treasure is, there is the heart also," remarked Robert, "but," he continued, "you have not yet told the name of your little fairy queen." "Her name is Annis Warden," replied Merton, as Robert waited for an answer.

"Annis Warden, eh! by jove, that is a novel name; guess her people took the name from some story, didn't they?"
"I don't know, as to that; but I do know its a novel girl that answers to the name," said Merton, emphazing his remark by a nod of the head.

"Yes, but what on earth does that signify, so long as she has gone back on you?"

"She has not gone back on me so far as I know; besides, it is pleasant to think of her good and funny ways, whether she has forgotten me or not," remarked Harwood, as if receiving consolation in sweet reminiscences.

"So it is," said Robert, sobering a little; for what young man ever lived to be twenty-three and not have a signora to bother him in some one way or another?

After a few moments silence Hastings asked, "Did this lady ever accept the attentions of any other gentleman?"

"She did not up to the time I came away, only in a general way; although there was one, who seemed bent on making people believe he was her accepted lover, but I know better, for she never would have him, I know," replied Harwood.

After a little silence Hastings exclaimed: "I'll bet I have it! that fellow set yarns afloat, one way and another, on purpose to upset things between you and her, so his chance might be the better; and then there are always newsmongers enough to carry yarns and spin them longer. I'll bet the cigars that's the way it was done," and bringing his hand down on the window sill, with some vehemence, he added: "I've seen just such doings before, the lying, tat-

tling——." "Hold on, Rob, you are getting excited." "I know it, and I always do when I get to thinking, for I had an experience similar to yours, and the misunderstanding all grew out of the infernal wagging of gossiping tongues, and it makes me so mad, I can scarcely contain myself when I think of it."

"I believe you are right," said Merton, as Robert stopped for a breath, "but it is best to keep cool and make the best of it. I do now think, that George Blaine instigated a good share of the news purposely to gain his object, which he did in part, at least, for it somehow formed a barrier between us. But it's done, and can't be undone."

"Do not be so despondent, Mert, for Gracie and I are on the best of terms now, although I came mighty nigh loosing her at one time; and that is what makes me so mad when I recall it. And I'll bet the oysters you and Miss Warden will make up yet."

"I'll take that bet; and mind, if we do, I shall not mind giving you two plates of the little chubs," responded Harwood, with a smile and a wink.

"All right, don't you forget it," said Robert, and then the conversation drifted into other channels. The clock on the mantle indicated eleven, when Robert bade his friend good night, and went away whistling "The Gal I left behind me."

"Well, I declare, I wish I felt as chirk as he does," said Merton as he prepared to retire. Communing with himself he reviewed the pleasant hours spent with Annis; then the cool reserve, which had sprung up between them, and then the diverging of their life paths, at which point he mentally denounced himself as a complete idiot for not having gone to Annis and offered himself as her suitor; then, said he, she would have had either to accept or reject me. Had she offered her age an an objection, why I could have waited until she became of proper age; had she loved me (and I half believe she did), and not been living in this gross uncertainty of the present.

Supposing she is free when I return, then I shall have to take my chances in proposing, or I shall never know; and she, not knowing that I have a thought for her, will probably learn to love another, forgetting me even as a friend.

I might write I suppose—but no, I will not. No girl shall ever get me to write a proposal, so she can have it to show and laugh at, because I made such a fool of myself in that way. No, a thousand times no; better, by far, go home for a visit, manage to see her for a few times, make some estimate of appearances, and then, if I deem it prudent, take my chances of utter annihilation by her majesty's loyalty. Yes, that's it exactly, and home I'll go.

Having reached a decision he soon fell asleep to dream of a vine covered cottage, filled with merry young people, among whom he espied his fairy queen, who smiled sweetly and waved her hand; then followed a medley of proposals and wedding-bells.

CHAPTER XI.

ITEMS, OR ANNIS' POEMS.

HAVING returned to Cherry Grove, Annis devoted considerable time to reading, letter and essay writing. Considering the power of words, one day she penned the following.

ONE WORD.

One little word in accents kind
How oft it floats across our mind
With feelings sweet and holy;
While another, in harsher tone
Draws on our heart a load like stone,
Leaving it sad and lowly.

Oh, let us guard each word and look
As if we wrote them in a book
So proper, gentle and kind;
That when our friends no more we see,
And they no more, with us, can be,
Sad remorse, fill not your mind.

Be sure you always keep in view
The work a single word can do
To cause or check a trouble;
Be sure you never say nor do

What others may not say to you;

Then work, for good will double.

A single word, gentle spoken,

May heal the heart that's nearly broken,

And aid it to live again:

So freely give, with no alloy,

What gives to others so much joy,

And the loss will be but gain.

If by a word we heal a heart,
And take from it the sorrow's smart,
'Tis, surely, worth the giving.
If, by a little lump of leaven
We raise a human soul to heaven,
Our life is worth the living.

Being called upon to write a poem for the thirtieth wedding anniversary of some friends, she arranged the following:

AN ODE TO MR. AND MRS. F. J. S.

Thirty golden moments, ticked off by the watch of Time,
Thirty times the seasons have sped in rythmic rhyme;
Thirty Springs the flowers have sprung up in their garden beds.
To welcome you in the morning, by tossing their dainty heads.
Thirty Junes the roses have bloomed about your door
As symbols of the flowers which bloom forever more;
Thirty times the Autumn trees have doffed their leafy vest,
As we, with life's labors ended, calmly lay us down to rest.
Thirty Winter's snows have dressed the earth in purest white,
Making it resplendent, in the Sun's great dazzling light;
Thirty years of loving acts, faithfully woven in memory's woof,
Thirty years of self-denial, real affection's surest proof.
Thirty years of music, with its chords and discords rife,
Echoing again and again through all our future life.

Thirty shining drops thrown into a beautiful crystal sea,
Causing the ripples to rise and fall thro' a grand eternity.

May gem after gem be added, each year to the glittering coronet of love,
Which Jesus is making for those who love Him, in the beautiful Eden,
above.

May He, there, be waiting, as we cross to the other side,
To crown us each, for He shall be the Groom, and we the Bride.
May none of us be missing, but all re-united stand
To receive his gracious welcome to the Happy Spirit Land.

For Annis' sake we copy some of her dear, blind uncle's little poems, which she valued so much as to keep among her treasures.

THE BLIND MAN'S REVERIE.

DEAR WIFE:-

I'm thinking of the sunny time
When you was young and fair;
When first you promised to be mine,
My love and home to share.

I'm thinking of those halcyon days,

That come and went so fast,

Freighted with hope and joy and peace;

But, ah! they could not last.

For sorrow came, and grief and woe,
And waged a fearful fight;
They dealt me such a cruel blow,
And robbed me of my sight.

Then, oh !—— the darkness and the gloom
That gathered o'er my mind;
More dreaded than the cold, dark tomb,
To know that I was blind.

But you was near, with ready hand To help, to lead and guide My weary footsteps o'er the way; Or else, I might have died.

But, ah! the separating time

To us will come—full soon;

Perchance, while you in glory shine,

I may be left to mourn.

But, soon, dear Gabriel's trump I'll hear Calling for me to come;
And meet the savior in the air
To hear Him say, "Well done."

Then gladly, all of earth, adieu;

More glorious by far—

That I should, thus, go sweeping thro'

The golden gate, ajar.

I'm thinking of that future time
When we again shall meet,
And, with loved ones, we shall shine
Around the mercy seat.

And there, with golden harps in hand,
We'll lay our burdens down,
Then with the angels we shall stand
And wear the golden crown.

Then, with heavenly hosts, we'll join
In one, grand symphony of love;
To the Father, Son, and to the Holy One,
For a Home in the Mansions above.

THE MILLENIAL INVITATION.

Come, thou weary, wandering pilgrim, Come from care and toil and strife: Come where joy, celestial springing, Raises thee to higher life.

Come where angel whispers greet thee In thy onward, upward way, Come, with gospel jewels deck thee, For the great Millennial day.

Come from fears and doubts and chidings, Come from sorrow, grief and pain, Come, and hear the glorious tidings, Christ, on earth, has come to reign.

Come, for now the King of glory, Seated on His royal throne, Calls His own; to tell the story Of the wanderer coming home.

Come, for now the glorious brightness Of the gospel's truth, shall shine In thy heart with joy and gladness, Filling it with love divine.

Come, for now thy toil is over, Come and with the angels sing Glory, glory hallelujah! Glory, glory to our king.

-C. S.

THE BLIND MAN'S RETREAT.

Is there a place where man can find A calm retreat, a peaceful mind?

From grief and woe and sin set free, And ever with the Lord to be?

Yes, there is a home beyond the sky Where man shall live and *never* die; And in that home, from sorrow free, He shall the King of Glory see.

Here in this world with life so fair, So fraught with pleasure and with care, So full of hope; and yet, I do find That I, alas, am blind, am blind!

Yet, by a living faith, I see A heavenly home, prepared for me, And in that heavenly home I'll find That I can see; I'll not be blind.

And when I reach that blissful shore, From whence, I shall return no more; In that eternal world I'll find That I can see; and am not blind.

And then, with golden harps, I'll sing, And make the heavenly arches ring With hallelujahs; as I find That I can see, and am not blind.

Then, again, once more I shall greet
The dear, loved ones, I there shall meet;
With them, I'll sing with joy to find
That I can see; I'll not be blind!

And as I walk that golden shore,
And find life's burdens, all, are o'er,
I will join the general jubilee,
And shout, and sing—I see, I see!

To God the Father, God the Son, And God the Spirit—three in One100 ITEMS.

Eternal praise shall ever be: The lame shall walk, the blind shall see!

-C. S.

The old rocking chair that Mrs. Warden had when she first went house-keeping and in which she rocked both her babies to sleep, was as a dear friend to Annis, and so she honored it by composing an ode for it.

THE OLD ROCKING CHAIR.

I'm so far from my childhood's home Where I was merry and glad, So far from the old place I love, That my heart is heavy and sad.

Yes, I long to be there, to be there,
Aye, I long—to be there

By the side of that old rocking chair.

I would kiss those dear lips that I love, And press the care beaten brow; I would smooth the soft, silvery hair, If I could but be there now.

CHORUS.—For I long, etc.

'Twas there Mother rocked me to sleep, As I fed from the fountain of life; 'Twas there she hushed my sad moans, When sufferings within me were rife.

CHORUS.—And I long, etc.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
Was learned at the old rocker's side;

And oft, from forbidden paths, She called, there, to chide.

CHORUS.—Now I long, etc.

'Twas there, Father blessed his child When she had older grown; And bade her trust the Lord, When she walked in life alone.

CHORUS.—So I long, etc.

Early memories carry me back

To home and the old rocking chair;

But duty and loved ones are here,

And I cannot, I cannot be there.

CHORUS.—Yet I long, etc.

Annis' mother was much touched and pleased by the words, which so tenderly expressed the yearning of Annis' heart from the days of her childhood. And true it was, Annis ever cherished sweetest reminiscences of her childhood days; would that every child could return, with as much pleasure to their days of innocence. Recalling fond and loving rebukes, sometimes even stern ones, yet all along were the faithful admonitions of God's love and their love, continually illustrated by their loving self-sacrifices, day by day, for her comfort or pleasure. Ah, yes! Parents, restrain your children from wrong; they will love and honor you more for it; but at the same time teach them of God's great, immeasurable love and of your love; then prove it by your loving, tender care. Do not be afraid to express your love, it is better for children to express their love than to quench it by a strong reserve and an icy indifference.

such reserve they are apt to become cold-hearted, unfeeling, unsympathetic. God continually expresses His love to His creatures.

On the death of a little brother, Annis composed the following lines; which may bring comfort to some one, who has lost a dear one, so we insert them:

AN ANGEL'S VISIT.

Precious brother, how we miss you!

From your accustomed seat

When at table and fireside

Or whene're we chance to meet.

At morning, when with the sun
Away to the fields we go,
While birds are singing gayly
And bees are humming low,—

There comes to us a feeling

That a presence, all unseen,

Is tripping close beside us,

As we cross the meadow green;

And we fain would see you,
Whom our hearts hold so dear,
But our eyes are wholly blind
Although we feel you near.

At noon, the call for dinner
Comes sounding on the air;
Returning, we find mother
Weeping o'er thy vacant chair;

But while we're talking of him, Whose future seemed so fair, Again thine unseen presence, We feel sure, is sitting there.

Although in heavenly pastures,
You now may freely roam,
'Tis pleasure beyond degree
To have you thus, come home.

At eventide, when all is still,
And the daily toil is o'er,
We think, sweet strains of music
From yonder, peaceful shore—

Are wafted on the breezes

To our ever listening ear;

And we almost catch the glimmer

Of that bright, celestial sphere.

Gazing upward, in the twilight,
A heavenly throng appear—
Coming closer—closer—closer—
Till our darling seems so near;

Then with snowy hands uplifted, Looking up, with radiant face He says, in sweetest accents, "Heaven is my resting place."

"Dear ones if you love me, and Would dwell with me on high; You must love the Holy Savior, Who came on earth to die."

"Do not mourn for me, I pray,
But watch my upward flight,
And strive hard to come this way—
Yea—strive with all your might."

Then, with little hands outstretched,
As if a blessing to bestow,
He rises, higher and higher—
Beckoning to us below.

And peace, sweeter, aye by far,
Than the world can ever know,
Rests on us, as we watch him
Going, the way we wish to go.

THE DYING CHILD.

- "Kiss me good night, dear mother,
 Lay your hand upon my brow;
 "Twill be the last good night, mother,
 For I'm at the river, now."
- "Jesus waits to bear me over;
 As I near the swelling tide
 I can see the angels, mother,
 Standing on the other side."
- "Now I can see my brother,
 A harp is in his hand;
 He smiles and bids me welcome
 To that happy spirit land."
- "Kiss me, too, dearest father, The pain will soon be o'er And I shall stand triumphant On that fair eternal shore."
- "Do not mourn for me, dear parents,
 When my little life is past;
 For I've trusted in my Savior
 To dwell with Him, at last."

- "When the forget-me-nots are blooming
 And the birds have come again;
 You will look for little Julia—
 But your look, shall be in vain."
- "Then sighs will heave your bosom,
 And the tears unbidden start;
 You will try to hide your sorrow
 But 'twill almost break your heart."
- "But then, I shall hover near you And at twilight's holy hour, Be so near, you'll feel the presence Of the spirit's blessed power."
- "This body of mine is going to rest
 And in the grave shall lie;
 But the spirit, shall soar to realms above,
 And I shall never, never die."
- "Tell all my loved companions, when They shall come to say farewell, That I've gone to the new Jerusalem, Forever, there to dwell."
- "Say, that I shall wait for them,
 And with the white throng stand
 To bid them, ever welcome, when
 They come, to tread the golden strand."
- "But, if they ever wish to meet me, In those shining realms above, They must put their trust in Jesus, Who died for them, in love."
- "When o'er my grave, the zephyrs play, And the grass is fresh and green,

- You'll come to meet me there, dear ones, Though I may not be seen."
- "Kiss me, oh, kiss me now again,
 For my life is running low;
 And I must hasten to finish,
 'Fore the summons comes to go."
- "You must trust the Savior fully, When your child's gone away; He will lead you thro' the darkness, Out in the bright, eternal day."
- "'Twill not be long, before you'll come,
 You'll not have long to wait;
 Then, Wellie and I will meet you,
 At the golden, entrance gate."
- "Come, stand nearer, that I may see you,
 Put your loving hands in mine;
 I can hear the heavenly music,
 Surely, that must be the sign."
- "My limbs are growing icy, now, And my eyes are getting dim; Jesus smiles and whispers, 'come,' Beckoning me to Him."
- "Kiss me farewell, father, mother, And let me lovingly kiss you; My spirit flutters—now is leaving, And I must say adieu, adieu."
- "I shudder as the cold waves lave my feet, Rising higher, higher on the shoal; Sing, let music calm my fears, 'Jesus lover of my soul.'"

"Now the terror is all over—past,
The future bright and new;
Jesus holds me in His arms,
To earth adieu, adieu."

As she murmured the last adieu,
Her lips parted in a smile;
O'er her face, spread a glorious halo,
And her spirit passed, the while.

- "Blessed are they who die in the Lord,"
 The minister solemnly said;
- "Peace be to thee and thine house,
 For her spirit to the Groom was wed."
- "Look upward, my friends," said he,
 "She is not here, but there;
 She's no more on earth, but in heaven—
 "She has climbed the golden stair."

Another of Annis' poems in prose, entitled DEATH.

Death is but the sea of faith, upon which all are compelled, by the hand of Omnipotent God, to at last sail.

To the faithful it is but a transient and beautiful sail; for as they leave the shore of time, they catch glimpses of the opposite and eternal shore; "The home of the ransomed bright and fair, and beautiful angels too are there;" hence the intervening space becomes a little lakelet. So they, with tender yearnings, turn and say farewell to the loved ones here, then spring with delight into the skiff with the silent oarsman; whence they are quickly, yet gently borne along over the mirror like waters, which to some are foam108 ITEMS.

ing billows, but for them have been quieted by the oil of faith, through the blood of Jesus.

Behold, as the barque nears the other side and the scope of vision widens, the domes and towers of the New Jerusalem, resplendent, not with sunlight, but the glorious radiance of God's son, become visible, and the chanting of heavenly music is wafted on the breezes of perfected harmony. The loveliness thrills the soul with vibrations all unknown before; while on "the evergreen shore" white throngs are gathered to welcome the pilgrim home; aye, to home and rest.

Ha! see, the keel of the boat touches the shore of the Eden above, and the Beulah land is reached. The face of our departing friend lights up, aye, shines, with heavenly lustre; the lips are wreathed in a smile, the eyes turned heavenward; while with a finger pointing upward and a pressure of the hand, and a murmuring like an echo, of "My Savior and my home," the soul is in Paradise. Marshalled through the golden streets to the Great White Throne, it receives the welcome given to all those who endure unto the end; "Ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

It is then, the triumph is completed; the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ absolutely won; for then the prince of the world is vanquished and the chief of terrors lost its sting.

Or, in other words, death to the faithful is but the gateway, through which they pass from time to eternity; from ITEMS. 109

the negative to the positive; from the world with its unrest, clouds and decay, to heaven, with its rest, harmonious life and unity with God.

Oh, let us not fear death, but look to him as a friend. Death is but one garb, in which Jesus appears to us; and every day brings Him nearer, and us one day nearer home.

NEARER HOME. (Copied.)

"O'er the hill the sun is setting,
And the eve is drawing on;
Slowly, drops the gentle twilight,
For another day is gone.
Gone for aye—its race is over,
Soon the darker shades will come,
Still 'tis sweet to know at even,
We are one day nearer home.

Worn and weary, oft the pilgrim
Hails the setting of the sun;
For his goal is one day nearer,
His journey more nearly done.
Thus we feel, when o'er life's desert,
Heart and sandal sore, we roam,
As the twilight gathers o'er us,
We are one day nearer home.

Nearer home! Yes, one day nearer,
To our Father's home on high—
To the green fields and the fountains
Of the land beyond the sky.
The heavens grow brighter o'er us,
And the lamps hang in the dome;
And our tents are pitched still closer,
For we're one day nearer home."

CHAPTER XII.

THE RETURN.

"Be good and friendly still and oft' return."

—Milton.

"How now, my love, why is your cheek so pale?"
—Shakespeare.

THE morning following Harwood's conversation with Robert Hastings, found him out early, and mounting his mustang he galloped away down the valley about three miles, when he drew rein in front of a small, rude hut, and dismounting, tapped at the door, which was opened by a neat looking woman of about thirty-five.

"Good-morning, Bridget, where is Patrick this morning?"

"An shure he's seein afthur the hurrud, me man," replied Bridget, with a courtesy. "All right, I shall see him then. A very good day to you, Bridget," and so saying, Harwood re-mounted his pony and resumed his pleasant journey.

Riding nearly half a mile further, he again stopped, and surveyed a herd of three hundred cattle and sheep quietly feeding. "These are mine," said he to himself, and in a moment he was saluted by Patrick, who cheerily exclaimed, "A good day to you, boss!" "Thanks, and one to yourself," replied Harwood.

"Now, Patrick, how are things getting on, this morning?"

"All right, Sirruh." "Did Smith take those ten, yesterday?"

"Yes, Sirruh." "Very well, probably I shall send in ten more within a few days. Now, Sir, Patrick, how would you like a new boss?" "Och hone! I dunno." "You see," continued Harwood, "I think of going East, for a time, and I shall try to secure Mr. Hastings to act in my place while I am absent." "Young Robert?" "The same. And now, Patrick, you have always been trustworthy since you have been in my employ; if you continue so during my absence I shall make you a fine present on my return." "Faith! and you need not do it at all; my place is a good one, and my way is to work for the interest of my Boss, whether he be at home or abroad."

"I know that is your way, and all I ask is for you to do as well when I am away as when I am here. But I must return to the hotel or I shall miss my breakfast. I shall see you again, soon. A pleasant day to you, my man," and, tipping his hat, Harwood rode away in the direction of his inn.

As we stated in a previous chapter, Harwood had decided to visit his home; and having decided was usually quick to to act; thus, as we have seen, the next morning after the decision found him beginning preparations.

After breakfast he took his usual stroll, during which, he fell in company with Hastings, who exclaimed, "Heighho, Mert! how goes it?" "All right, old fellow," replied Harwood, with a smile of welcome. "Pon my word, Merton J. Harwood, you look better than when I left you last night, what makes it?" inquired Hastings, interestedly.

"Pleasant dreams and anticipation, I suppose," said Merton. "Anticipations! what do you anticipate now?" said Robert. "A visit East, Sir Robert," replied Harwood, smiling at Hasting's astonishment.

"Whew!" and giving a short, low whistle, indicative of his surprise, Robert quietly observed; "Well, Mert, you are sensible. What is the use of your pining away in uncertainty? Be a man; go to the lady of your choice, tell her of your devotedness, and if she returns your affections be married as soon as possible; but if so be she loves another, do not condemn her, but still be a man and turn your thoughts toward another, also; for allow me to say, there are others equally as worthy, although you may not now feel so. But honor bright, Mert, I believe you'll come back to Colorado an engaged man; if you do you mustn't forget the oysters."

"Not a bit of it, Bob, and two plates of them, too, if I do. But really, without joking, I hope you are right," said Harwood, earnestly.

"I presume I am; I usually am, you know," responded Hastings.

"But, Bob, I must get some one to take my place, here, while I am away, and I wish to secure your services if possible, can I?"

"To be sure you can, if such a fun loving scamp as myself can fill the position of such a sedate personage as you are."

"None of your irony, old boy, but what compensation will you require?" "Sufficient to defray my expenses, my lord, but we will discuss that at another time. When do you start?" "As soon as possible," replied Harwood, and the two walked away.

"Blessed be the month of June When our hearts are all in tune, When throughout the livelong day Every heart is light and gay."

-F. G. Herbert.

It was a pleasant afternoon in the beginning of June and the sun was slowly letting itself drop toward the western horizon; a very gentle breeze rustled the thick foliage of the maples and chestnuts; which shaded a small but neatly kept cottage in the suburbs of Fenton's Corners.

In the back parlor sat Mr. and Mrs. Harwood at tea. Each seemed engrossed in their own meditations when the sharp click of the gate caused them to look at each other and then listen for the summons of the bell; but instead, came the sounds of footsteps in the hall.

"They are coming right in whoever it——" The door opened and Mrs. Harwood, instead of finishing her sentence, clasped, in fond embrace, her boy; exclaiming, "Why, Merton Harwood! how came you here, what has happened?"

"Nothing has happened, mother, except that I have come home for a visit and to give you a little surprise," cheerfully replied Merton, as he returned his mother's caresses and turned to greet his father.

After many hasty inquiries and answers, Merton exclaimed, "Well, mother, your tea table looks inviting to a hungry traveler and I suppose since it is I you will not object to my sitting down to sup, a little dusty." "I shall not object this time, providing you arrange you toilet after tea," said the good lady, smilingly.

The tea was unusually enjoyed, for, after an absence of three years, Merton was perfectly delighted to be at home again; and his parents were no less pleased.

Tea over, Merton dashed up to his room, where he found things arranged the same as when he left home; this pleased him as it showed a mother's desire to have the room look as when her child was there, and he murmured, "though absent I am not forgotten. Would to mercy I could say as much of Annis Warden."

Having washed, brushed his hair and dusted his clothing, he hurried down stairs. Passing his mother on his way through the kitchen, he gave her arm a roguish pinch, and placing a kiss upon her cheek, he said, "I see, while away I have not been forgotten, for you have kept my room arranged the same as I used to like it."

The mother's heart was touched, and the tears sprung to her eyes, as she said, "You are never forgotten, Mertie; did you think you were?" "Oh, no, indeed! but I did not expect to find my old room the same, precisely, as when I left it three years ago."

"Well, Mertie," she replied, "I kept it so to make it seem more natural and more as if you were coming home soon?" "I tell you, mother, it seems good to know loved ones lovingly await your return, when you are away off among strangers;" tears filling his eyes, he then added, "now, I must run out and see if things out of doors appear as familiar as those inside," and, giving her another kiss, he hastened out.

He wandered about until twilight's gray hush had taken the place of day, when he entered the house, went into the parlor and, flinging himself down upon the couch, he said, "Now, please tell me all about the people I used to know; who's dead, who's married and who wants to be married, beginning with the old neighborhood where we used to live."

"Why begin there? Are you anxious to hear of your little favorite?" asked his mother, with a merry twinkle in her eye.

"Yes, of my favorites and those who were not my favorites, too," said Merton, blandly.

"Let's see," said Mrs. Harwood, as though hardly knowing where to commence, "I guess I'll begin with Bert Wilder. He is at his grandfather's yet, as of old, doing no business but to wear a plug hat and appear as sage-like as possible. Of course you know his friend, Fannie Andrus, has left him 'to dance in the pig trough alone,' and married a Mr. Brusher. She and her husband live on the old Fre-

mont place." "Have they bought it?" "I believe they have."

"Did you know," she continued, "that Bell Doane was married?" "Yes, where do they live?" "At Fort Stanwix. Bell's sister and brother, Emma and Harry, are each keeping company with somebody, and should, properly, I suppose, be classified among those who want to get married. And under this same head, I presume, should come George Blaine and Annis Warden. George is still single and lives as heretofore. You knew Annis attended school at Ricksport about two years, didn't you?"

"Yes, you wrote in the time of it. She is not married, then, I should judge?" said Merton, carelessly, while his heart beat like a trip-hammer, as he listened to his mother's reply.

"No, she is not married; although the report was, when she first came back, that she was engaged to a young man of Ricksport and they were to be married soon; but I guess there wasn't much in it, for I never heard of the fellow being here more than once since her return.

Last winter she spent some time in visiting friends where her people used to live. Oh, I guess she goes with different ones and no one in particular. But there is a gentleman, who may, possibly, be a little in advance of the others, his name is Calhoun. He is no one whom I know, but people say he is very stylish."

"Do you know his given name?" inquired Merton, as his mother ceased speaking. "Not for certain, but I think somebody said it was James," replied Mrs. Harwood.

"James Calhoun," murmured Merton, reflectively, and then, suddenly changing the subject, he asked, "Whatever became of Arthur Wade?"

"Oh, he is a physician," replied Mrs. Harwood. "Well, I declare! then we boys had him well named when we used to call him Doc," said Merton. "Yes, he has become a doctor, and has an uncommon good practice," observed Mr. Harwood; "and now," he continued, "how does business West compare with it here?"

Conversation thus took a sudden and decided turn and a discussion of western life, customs and business, occupied a greater portion of the time until the hour for retiring.

The next morning after breakfast, Merton walked up town, where he met many old acquaintances, who were pleased and much surprised at meeting him so unexpectedly. He mailed a card to Robert Hastings, promising a letter soon, and before he was aware the town bell sounded the hour of twelve.

News flies as if on wings, and it was soon noised about that Merton Harwood had returned. Merton received so many calls and invitations out, that a week rolled round and he had had no opportunity of visiting the old neighborhood; and neither had he, so much as caught a glimpse of the one he most wished to see.

On Sunday, when at church, he had looked in vain among the young ladies for "my little Annis," as he persisted in calling her to himself; and on retiring to his room that night, sat until midnight, contemplating "The Long Ago," of Zue Merrell's, and murmured "thus it is with me." "I am thinking to-night of the Long Ago,
The years of the beautiful past—
The far-away time, with its rosy glow,
And promise of pleasure's perpetual flow,
And bliss that for aye should last."

"And hanging there, on memory's walls,
Are the pictures young Hope drew—
Fair dreams of the years lying far away,
And visions of love, that should never decay,
Pure and bright as the morning dew."

"O, beautiful realms of the Long Ago!
O, mystical isle of green!
I dwell again 'mid your bloom to-night,
And forget, in the glow of your magical light,
The sorrows that since have been."

In Mr. Warden's drawing-room were assembled Maud Squires, Laura Wellington, Mary Howard, Fred Butler, Arthur Wade and James Calhoun, besides Annis and her parents.

Merriment seemed predominant in Annis and Maud who appeared bent on having a jolly evening.

Conversation was flowing briskly when all of a sudden Dr. Wade said, "Miss Warden, did you know Merton Harwood had returned?"

"I did not; when did he return?" remarked Annis with a smile, while instantly the blood left her face, and for a moment she leaned upon the chair, near which she was standing, for support.

"It is a week to-night since his arrival," replied Dr. Wade.

"Does he return West? How long does he remain?" and so forth, were questions which Mrs. Warden immediately plied, thus endeavoring to divert the attention of their guests from Annis until she should regain her self-control.

But one pair of eyes saw the blanched cheeks, pale lips and clinging for support, of his young hostess, and stepping to her side, James Calhoun said, "Are you ill, Miss Warden?"

Dr. Wade, upon hearing this remark, observed Annis and as quick as thought said, "Miss Warden needs fresh air," and stepping to her side, he continued, "Annis, take my arm;" she obeyed mechanically, and the two passed out to the portico.

Maud went on with her chit chat, endeavoring to entertain the guests, and in a few moments the Dr. and Annis returned as if nothing had occurred.

Annis had complete control of herself during the remainder of the evening, and when on her return some one asked, if she had recovered, she laughingly replied, "Oh yes, it is only a little freak of my heart, when in a close atmosphere."

A strange uneasiness ruffled the usually placid sea of James Calhoun's heart, as he cogitated pro and con, upon the possibility of a mysterious something existing between Miss Warden and this individual, whose name he had missed.

"And," he observed to himself, "she may call it a freak of her heart, and Wade may say it was a momentary suspension of respiration, caused by a warm, close atmosphere, but it looks queer to me that it should occur instantly upon the mention of this person; who is he, anyway? I mean to find out as soon as I can, and what he is to her, too. There's one thing about it, I don't intend to be made game for her," and with this self satisfying conclusion he bent himself on being the agreeable to Maud.

Annis was pleased with Calhoun's attentions to Maud Squires and smiled approvingly; which fact tended to provoke, rather than please Calhoun, who had hoped to tease Annis.

The evening being bright and warm a little walk on the lawn was proposed. Calhoun asked Maud to walk with him; Maud suspecting he was trying to tantalize her friend, remarked, "Most certainly, if Annis may accompany us."

"Accompany us, of course, we shall not leave her alone;" and with a very polite courtesy he proffered his arm to Annis, saying, "Come, Miss Warden, accompany us to the lawn."

"Thank you," said Annis, as she took his arm, and they followed the quartette to the lawn.

"Well," thought Annis, "you were foiled in your plan for a solitary stroll with Maud; however, I'll rid you of my presence as soon as convenient."

After a couple of turnabouts, Annis suddenly recollected herself and exclaimed, "Please excuse me, I wish to speak to Dr. Wade a moment," and dropping Calhoun's arm she flitted away.

"Isn't she a queer one?" remarked Calhoun as, with a feeling of chagrin, he saw Annis take Wade's arm and whisper something in his ear.

"No more so than many others," retorted Maud, with a toss of her head. "Beg pardon, if I have said ought to offend your ladyship's highness" said Calhoun, with mock deference.

As if by a second thought Maud immediately changed her tactics, and with a sweet little laugh she banteringly said, "O, for shame! Mr. Calhoun you are too sensitive; only think of me being offended at such a common place remark, and at you too?"

Suffice it to say, in a short time Calhoun imagined Maud Squires to be dead in love with his own precious self, and but for a previous engagement with Annis, would have been tempted to engage Maud for a drive, the next Sunday eve; "just for the fun of it," as he said to himself.

Artful woman! Deceitful man! Yes, but "the woods is full of 'em."

After a very pleasant evening, the guests departed, all save Maud, who was spending a few weeks with Annis. These two young ladies, when left alone, very soon repaired to their room, where a confidential conference was held, which will appear in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

A CONFERENCE.

"Oh! ask not a home in the mansions of pride, Where marble shines out in the pillars and walls;

But seek for a bosom all honest and true, Where love once awakened will never depart; Turn, turn to that breast, like the dove to its nest, And you'll find there's no home like a home in the heart."

-Eliza Cook.

() ID you ever see such a conceited imp as that Calhoun?" exclaimed Maud, as soon as they were fairly in their room.

"Yes, many a one; although perhaps all do not possess it in the superlative degree," replied Annis. "Maud," she continued, looking almost stern, "show me one of the precious lords who is not conceited, and I will reward you well."

Her tones were bitter, and Maud looked at her a moment and then said, "Annis, what ails you? I never heard you speak thus before, surely, there must be some secret canker in your heart, of which I never dreamed; come now, we have ever been the best of friends, give me your confidence, my dear, and it shall never be betrayed."

Placing her arm around Annis, Maud imprinted a kiss upon her cheek, and drawing her closer said, "Come, now won't you?"

Annis shuddered, as though dreading confidence, yet wishing it, then said, "Yes Maud, you deserve and shall have my unbounded confidence."

"Then sit in this chair," said Maud, as she wheeled an easy chair in front of the south window; and turning the lamp low she brought an ottoman, placed it at Annis' feet and seating herself said, "I am ready."

"I am scarcely twenty-one," began Annis, "yet since a mere child, I have entertained a partiality for a certain person, whom I have no reason to suppose cares a single 'picayune' for me. When we were children the partiality seemed mutual; when he became a youth and I a maid we attended the same high school, where it was apparent the same partiality existed, and we mutually enjoyed each others society.

School closed; he graduated, I did not; we returned to our respective homes. He became a tutor for about two years and then went to Colorado, where he has been the past three years, engaged in stock-herding and speculation.

In the autumn of '72 I adopted his profession of teaching, which, by the way, was always my hobby, even in early childhood. He was one and twenty then and I was seventeen.

After a year, spent in teaching, I went to Ricksport; spent two years there, came home, and have taught and traveled since.

I have thus hastily recalled these facts that you may the better understand the matter.

Since his graduation we have never been together; at first when we met in society he was social, but after a little he appeared to avoid me, and being of a sensitive turn I very soon only recognized him with a dignified bow and a coolness of manner, plainly indicating that I desired no approaches, nor conversation with him.

And truly I did not; for people whom I considered friends of both, had told me that he had insinuated that so long as I associated with certain individuals, he did not wish to associate with me, or something to that effect. And those individuals I had associated with, only when the force of circumstances had occasioned; they were, so far as I knew, respectable, although of a different style than that of our clique; perhaps quite as good though in the sight of God.

However they were not my chosen friends, and I considered the young gentleman quite at fault for not talking to me about the matter, and ascertaining the facts of the case before speaking to others in that manner of one whom he had once called friend.

Feeling indignant and never deigning to notice a person who, I think, considers it a condescension on their part to associate with me, and being prompted by a feeling of resentment, at what I considered his conceited notions I treated him with the most possible avoidance, which politeness would at all permit. Often have we met without even

a bow of recognition, when it could be done without making the omission conspicuous.

Having been so much from home I have necessarily been thrown into different society, and, with plenty of opportunities, I have endeavored to overpower, aye, even to kill the partiality, which had so interwoven itself into my very being.

I have argued to myself of the inconsistency, yes more than that, of the idiocy of allowing an unreturned affection to absorb my mind and feelings. I have plunged into the fountains of pleasure to drown the passion, and when drunken with mirth, declared to myself the childish fancy a whim, which was over and past.

More than three years have passed away since I have beheld him, and only have I heard from him by the by. I supposed I had conquered the old feeling, or at least had control of it, but to-night, on hearing of his return, behold the effect."

She ceased speaking and sat gazing on the moonlit landscape, which lay in beauty, stretched out before her, hushed in night's calm repose, apparently lost in meditation.

Maud refrained from asking the question, which trembled on her lips, and sat watching the face of her friend.

After a moments silence Annis spoke as though acquiescing to a remark of some unseen speaker. "True enough! Annis Warden, what earthly basis hast thou had on which to erect such a pedestal of love? for love it is. Arise! shake off the spell and be a woman in word and deed."

As if obeying the command, she arose, brushed her hand across her eyes, and started to walk about the room.

Maud immediately linked her arm within that of Annis' and said, "My dear, you have not yet told me the name of your hero."

"Merton Harwood is his name," replied Annis. "But I thought report had you married to Mr. Ashley, of Ricksport; how is that?"

"Oh, that is nothing; report has married me to various people. Mr. Ashley was nearly always my escort while at Ricksport; I received his attentions, for there was a novelty in newness; then I liked him as a friend. However, after coming home he wished a decisive answer, and not wishing to reject, and still knowing I could not accept, I kept deferring an answer, until by deferring and a gradual dropping off, the correspondence finally ceased, without a refusal or acceptance."

"Well, that's one way, I declare. Annis, I believe you are a science flirt." "No, I am not; who ever heard of such a thing as 'a science flirt?"

"Well call it what you will; you make the boys think you are head and ears in love with them, and when they swear their devotedness to you, you 'slide out;' what is that but flirting?"

"I don't make them think anything; they merely think what they please. But we will not quarrel about it; you may call me a flirt if you like," observed Annis.

"What of Calhoun?" inquired Maud. "I merely go with him to pass away time and have a beau when I go out; as

for liking him, I do not, nor would not for his conceitedness," replied Annis.

"Then if you accept the attentions of young men, for whom you do not care, how can you blame Harwood, for giving attentions to one, for whom he did not care?" asked Maud in a tone of reproach.

"Indeed, I do not blame him. I only blame myself; but be assured, Maud, no one will see my weakness displayed again, as it was this evening, mind that," said, Annis with emphasis.

"I like that spirit, Annis, and perhaps he has come back to see you now; I have heard of things strange as that," said Maud.

"Oh, for pity sake do not talk that stuff; it is not at all likely he would come back for me, after these years of separation and silence, and that too when there was never anything between us but a little polite attention, and perhaps a little preference, not at all an uncommon affair," replied Annis.

"That is very true, observed Maud, not wishing to assist in building castles of hope, which the future should wash away, without the least realization.

The girls having taken a few turns about the room again seated themselves by the window, when Maud observed: "Now I want to tell you of my tete-a-tete with Calhoun, and then we must retire to slumberland."

"You see when you left us he said something about you being queer, and I just bustled up; on a second thought I decided to play the affable and see what I could draw from his opinions. After some moments he asked who it was Wade said had returned; thinking he was trying to pry, I squibbled a little and said, 'was it not a Mr. Ashley?'"

"'Is he some one who lives about here,' he asked. 'No,' said I; 'he lives at Ricksport. He has been away West, I think;' then I carelessly changed the subject. Pretty soon he said, 'Does Miss Warden have such attacks frequently?' 'I do not know, but should not be surprised; she is not strong,' said I, and again changed the conversation."

"After a while he again, in some manner, alluded to you, and thinking he surmised something, and half believing he had understood what Wade had said, I thought I would try and delude him from the track if possible; so becoming confidential I remarked, 'Mr. Calhoun what I am about saying must be kept strictly private. Mr. Ashley was an old flame of Annis' while she was in Ricksport, but for some reason, I understand, since her return home she has given him over;' then added, laughingly, 'probably you know the reason why.'"

"This I could see had the desired effect, for a self satisfied look rested on his handsome features, and his face and manners seemed plainly to say, she shipped Ashley for James G. Calhoun."

"Had I not know that Ashley and you had dissolved business, I would not have said what I did; but as it was, I thought it a good turn to make without falsifying; and I guess it did the 'biz,' for there was a very satisfied expression when he bid you good night."

"Thanks for your consideration, but I'm afraid you fibbed, my dear; but what made you think of diverting his thoughts from the real subject which Wade mentioned?" inquired Annis, with a smile.

"Because," replied Maud, "I surmised, although I did not then know, what caused your momentary illness, and I was determined, if I could avoid it, that Calhoun should not go away with that impression. And now, my darling," she continued, let us get into bed as soon as possible, as it is almost morning."

CHAPTER XIV.

AN INVITATION.

"So sleeping, so aroused from sleep,
Through sunny decades new and strange,
Or gay quinquenniads would we reap
The flowers and quintessence of change."

- Tennyson.

THE morning was far advanced when the girls returned from Morpheus' dreamy sphere, and making a hasty toilet they repaired to the dining room, where they found breakfast kept for them. As they sat chatting merrily over their coffee, no trace of disappointment was visible in Annis' smiling face, which fairly beamed with delight as she broke the seal of a tiny envelope which her father had just handed to her.

After a moment's perusal, Annis exclaimed, "Goodie, goodie! Maud, hear this," and she read aloud the following invitation:

Valley Lawn, June 17, 18-.

Mrs. Sophia Lee's compliments to Miss Annis Warden, and requests the pleasure of her company at the young people's reunion, at Valley Lawn, on the eve of June 19.

Mrs. Sophia Lee.

As Annis finished, Maud inquired, "Who is Mrs. Sophia Lee?" "Aunt Sophia Lee is an elderly lady, who lives little more than a mile from Cherry Grove; she is aunt to almost every one in this community, and nearly every year she invites her young friends, which includes a large number, to spend the evening, or night, I might better say, at her home. At such times she treats them sumptuously and a pleasant time is always enjoyed, providing the weather is favorable," responded Annis, with animation.

"So you chance to be one of her friends, eh? But is she an old maid or a widow lady?" asked Maud. "Why, she is neither the one nor the other; she has a husband, known as 'Uncle Zek,'" said Annis. "Then what makes the invitation read, Mrs. Sophia Lee and so forth!" "Oh," replied Annis, "Uncle Zek is one of those quiet old souls, who is not particular whether school keeps or not, and so Aunt Sophia has come to treat him as a cipher in such matters. And to tell the truth, I half believe she considers him a sort of nonenity in all respects, but, be that as it may, they are both peculiar."

"Now," said Maud, "that I have found out about her dear, old 'hussy' when is the 19th." "Next Monday. It is now Saturday, so we have but one day, aside from this, in which to prepare," answered Annis.

"Whoever heard of a social being given on Monday evening," observed Maud, with a laugh. "Oh, well, we who know Aunt Sophia have ceased to wonder at anything she does," said Annis.

"Why, I should think she must be very odd," resumed Maud, still smiling at the thought of a Monday evening sociable.

"Not so extremely odd; for she dresses in good taste and displays fine discernment in some things, although so peculiar in other points," replied Annis.

During the conversation the young ladies had withdrawn from the dining room to the parlors, and, at the close of Annis' last remark, she had asked to be excused to assist her mother a while, leaving Maud to her crochet and books.

"Is this not a lovely day," exclaimed Annis as she entered the parlor after dinner, where her mother and Maud were discussing the coming party.

"It is indeed," observed Maud.

"What shall you wear to the grand soirée?" said Annis, addressing herself to Maud, and, at the same time, reclining on the lounge. "I do not know that I shall wear anything, as I have not received an invitation to the grand soirée," replied Maud, mischievously.

"Oh, you jade! You know it is customary for invited guests to take friends who may chance to be visiting them, as you are; besides, I am very sure Aunt Sophia would have sent you a special had she known you were here, and quite likely will yet if she finds it out," said Annis.

"She would most certainly have invited you had she been aware you were visiting Annis," remarked Mrs. Warden.

"Oh, yes," chimed in Annis, "and you need not be surprised if you receive a very urgent request to attend, about five minutes before the reception hour; for if she should hear some one remark of you, she would dispatch a messenger, with all possible speed, perchance at the eleventh hour. So, there is no alternative; you must prepare."

"If I must, then I must, I suppose," said Maud, with mock submission; "but," she continued, "What do you intend to wear, Miss Annis?"

"I hardly know—what shall I wear, mother?" "What you please," replied Mrs. Warden; then, after a moment, she said, "perhaps, your blue silk with white lace overdress would look well."

After a few moment's thought, Annis observed, "I rather think I will wear my steel colored cashmere, with dead pink silk and white lace bows; a few violets and for-get-me-nots with geranium leaves shall be twined in my hair and at my throat."

"What a dainty little maiden you will appear," exclaimed Maud; "your flowers are well chosen if——" then, recollecting herself she added, "if the evening is pleasant," giving a sly wink to Annis, whose face flushed slightly.

"I can scarcely see what difference it makes whether the evening is pleasant or not, so far as the flowers are concerned," remarked Mrs. Warden.

"Oh, that is only some of Maud's nonsense; thrown out for want of something better," said Annis. Then addressing Maud she continued, "what is your ladyship to wear? I hope you will dress a little more elegantly than I." "Then, supposing you dictate my attire, and if it suits my profound approprobation, I will dress accordingly."

"Very well, wear your plum colored silk with creme lace drapery and scarlet geraniums in your hair and at your throat. Now, Mother," she added, "would that not be quite the thing for her style of beauty?"

"I should think it would be very becoming to her," quietly remarked Mrs. Warden.

"Umph! my style of beauty, indeed. Now, Annis, you need, (to use an elegant expression) a good pounding for insulting me," said Maud, with a manner of assumed injury.

"Well, you may pound me if you can catch me," said Annis, rising from the lounge and running out of doors followed by Maud in hot pursuit.

Mrs. Warden soon called Annis, saying it was tea time, whereupon Annis repaired to the kitchen to prepare the supper and thus relieve her mother. Maud followed, declaring she would like to see Annis married and bobbing around in her own kitchen, cooking and washing dishes.

"I should think," retorted Annis, vehemently, "you had much better wish to see me the mistress of some fine house with plenty of servants to do my bidding, than wish to see me dubbing around in a kitchen. For my part, I should prefer to be the wife of a kind, indulgent husband, and be known to the world as Madame ———, the gifted orator and benevolent lady. But above all." continued Annis, becoming serious, "I should prefer to be known as one of God's children; however, I think, both eloquence and chris-

tianity may be found in one person; and I do think orators and authors have a far more extended field for labor than most other people. Orators, speaking here and there to the various audiences, who listen to and must imbibe, at least some of their ideas, must, from the force of nature's laws, exert that subtle, never-dying influence over millions of souls. So it is with authors; their books become the companions of their readers, and as such either perform good or bad work; as, 'From the heart the mouth speaketh,' so, the intents of the author's heart, will eke out in some avenues of his manuscript."

"Behold! that mysterious something, which steals from one soul to another, propelling and repelling it to a certain extent, known as influence. Perhaps we now see it a mere fledgeling, as it were, in the attic of some tenement, but, see! its nest was in the manuscript of an unknown author, which has now passed the ordeal of publishing, and in printed volumes is scattered far and wide over this broad earth; and, as we gaze, the fledgeling gradually spreads its wings, and, instead of the fledgeling, we see an eagle, spreading his mammoth wings, either for kindly protection or terrible harm. I will not enlarge upon the subject for want of time; but will close by saying, blessed is the orator or author whose God-like love and charity assist their eloquence and begets attention; and their eagle of influence defends and protects the right and strenuously puts down the wrong: manoeuvering to charitably point out the ills of life and pursuade wrong to give over to right," and, with a nod, Annis finished her little address.

Unconsciously Annis had assumed the manner of a person addressing an audience, and by certain emphasis, pauses and gestures had considerably impressed Maud with her power, and, as she gave her nod, indicative of finis, Maud exclaimed, "'Pon my word, with a little practice I think you might hold an audience first-rate, gain a good living and make a high name as a lecturer; but here are the men for supper."

In a few moments the girls had the tea in readiness and all repared to the dining room to partake thereof.

The following day was pleasant and spent in church attendance, playing, singing, reading and so forth. In the evening James Calhoun, with the carriage and black ponies, stopped at the residence of Mr. Warden. After a short stay inside he reappeared with the Misses Warden and Squires.

After a pleasant and lengthy drive the trio returned, but it being nine o'clock, Mr. Calhoun did not call, but after a few moment's conversation at the gate, during which he had asked Annis if she would like to drive again in two weeks, providing it was pleasant, and having received her reply, he drove away and the girls retired.

By previous consent no mention of Aunt Sophia's party had been made in the presence of Calhoun.

"By the way, Harwood, are you going to the party this evening?" asked one gentleman of another, as the two walked leisurely toward the Harwood residence.

"I guess— I do not know; sometimes I think I will and then again I have half a mind to give it up," said the person first addressed, who was Merton Harwood.

"Oh, pshaw! you must not give it up. You will see all the young people, whom you ever knew. I tell you we have the jolliest time of all the year down at Uncle Zek's or rather Aunt Sophia's, (for Uncle Zek is merely a fixture)" said the first speaker, who was none other than Arthur J. Wade, M. D.

"Well, I will think of it," replied Harwood.

"Say! decide to come round and go with me; for I am going alone purposely to be at liberty to pay my 'distresses' (oh, my—) to any of the fair beauties I please; and, by Jinks! I hope Miss Squires will be there; if she is I bet two to one I shall be her devoted satellite—"

"Who is Miss Squires?" interrupted Harwood. "She is a friend of Annis Warden's, who is spending a few weeks at the Grove. I never saw her but once and then thought her 'just killing.' Not that she is so uncommonly handsome but so bright and intellectual, with large, black eyes, dark brown hair and a graceful sprightliness that is perfectly bewitching," replied Wade.

"Does Miss Warden usually attend Mrs. Lee's parties?" inquired Harwood.

"Oh, yes. And she would not be likely to remain away now that she has Calhoun for an escort; for his style is considered quite an item among the ladies, and he just idolizes Annis. Stopping a moment the doctor eyed Harwood carefully, but there was nothing to either indicate disappointment or displeasure, unless it might be a certain peculiar movement of the mouth, and he continued, "but to tell the truth, I do not believe Annis cares a thrippence for him. But that is not here nor there—will you go with me? that is the question."

"I believe I will, since you are going alone," replied Harwood.

"All right, be ready about seven," said Wade, as they entered the hall of Harwood's home, where Dr. Wade was to dine with his friend.

"' But all too long, thro' seas unknown and dark
By shoal and rock hath steered my venturesome bark,
And landward now, I drive before the gale,
And now the blue and distant shore I hail;
And nearer now I see the distant shore expand,
And now I gladly furl my weary sail,
And, as the prow light touches on the strand,
I strike my red-cross flag; and bind my skiff to land.'

Are words of Sir Walter Scott's where he closes 'The Vision of Don Roderick;' and I think they are applicable to me," mused Merton that evening, on his way to Dr. Wade's office.

"For, you see," he continued, "my bark has been driven through unknown seas of difficulty in regard to my 'Evangeline,' but to-night, by the gale of circumstances, I am driven toward the object of my thoughts. 'And now I gladly furl my weary sail,' and let her drive as I near the distant object; and if perchance my 'prow light touches on

the strand,' I know 'I shall strike my red-cross flag,' cease this tumultuous sailing, 'and bind my skiff to land 'and, if possible, cast anchor in her heart. But here is Wade."

" All ready, Mert?"

"Yes."

CHAPTER XV.

THE MEETING.

"On wings of wind the moment's hie When in the midst of pleasure;
But, slowly drag themselves away
When they withold a treasure."

-The Author.

MONDAY, June 19, had proven a beautiful day, and the evening was most auspicious for Madame Sophia Lee's soirée, and, at an early hour, young people could be seen wending their way toward the spacious halls of Valley Lawn Cottage, as the home of the Lees was called.

Lights flashed from every window and door, and several guests had already arrived when Annis and Maud drew rein at Valley Lawn.

The young ladies were ushered to the front chamber to divest themselves of their hats, and so forth, thence to the reception room, to greet Mr. and Mrs. Lee, after which they passed into the drawing room.

Arrivals were very frequent, and, while the guests are coming, let us take a peep of the house and its surroundings.

The house is an old-fashioned, oblong, two-story building, with huge chimneys protruding themselves from its

roof; it contains odd chimney corners and various nooks and recesses. It being situate on a hillside there is a level passage from the chamber to the plateau on the hill at the rear of the cottage; between the house and highway runs a large meandering brook. As the house stands with its end toward the highway, there are large fine lawns and strolling grounds.

The plateau at the rear of the cottage extends back in an easterly direction, having for its northern boundary a steep declivity overgrown with trees, which are of sufficient height to protect the plateau from northern storms; at the immediate foot of this declivity runs the gurgling stream on its way to the house and its front lawns. Southward the plateau gradually slopes to a level plain, on which stands an apple orchard, now laden with its unripe fruit.

The lawn in front of the cottage very gently declines to a plain, having the orchard on the south and at its north the stream, whose banks are so low that its rippling waters kiss the tiny grass blades, which grow along its brink.

The moon is full and in its bright, but mellow light, objects are made distinct. The dark shadows of the trees, with an occasional ray of moonlight breaking through the foliage, and resting on the soft velvety sward beneath, and the fantastic figures by the topmost twigs, as they toss for a moment in the breath of the south wind, all contribute to make the scene attractive.

Now, since we have had our peep at the cottage of Valley Lawn and its surroundings, let us return to the drawingroom, which we will find full to overflowing. "Annis," said Maud, a few moments after their entrance to the drawing-room, "who is that gentleman with Dr. Wade?"

Annis glanced up just as the two gentlemen indicated were entering the room and replied, without the least perceptible emotion, "That is Mr. Harwood." "Oh!" said Maud, with a little emphasis and slight arching of the brows.

It was evident said gentlemen were directing their steps, as fast as civilities would allow, toward our two friends, who appeared entirely engrossed in conversation, and much surprised when Dr. Wade at last addressed them with a polite "Bon soir, madamoiselle's."

Annis could not have done otherwise, had she wished, than greet Harwood and present Maud, after having returned the Dr.'s salutation; very soon Wade invited Maud to a game of chess, and thus Annis and Merton were left alone, as it were.

Annis appeared quite at ease, and so naturally led the conversation that Harwood very soon felt "much at home" in her society.

Before long the dance formed, and although unaccustomed to dancing, Harwood determined to try the mystic windings, if Annis would be his partner; so with a slight courtesy he asked, "Miss Warden, do you ever dance?"

"Sometimes," was her significant reply. "Then," said he, "will you accept me as a partner in the present set?" "Most certainly," said she with a bow and a smile, as she took the proffered arm, and was led away to be lost in the mazes of the dance. At the conclusion of which they returned to the drawing-room and amused themselves in domino playing, the only game in which Annis indulged.

After a little, other friends joined them and Annis excused herself to find Maud, whom she found dancing with Wade; when they had finished Annis claimed her, and they were soon seated in one of the chambers, which being deserted, they converted into a council chamber.

It was sometime before either Wade or Harwood could find our two friends unengaged. During a conversation between these two gentlemen, Harwood observed: "I should judge Mr. Calhoun is not present this evening." "He is not," replied Wade, "and I wonder at it, for he has been so attentive to Annis, that some have already united their names."

"It does not always require much attention to unite names," said Harwood, "for I have known names to be united, when no attention had been shown, other than common civilities."

"True," replied Wade, "but, to change the subject, I should like to know your opinion of Miss Squires." "I have scarcely seen her, and so can hardly give an opinion," said Harwood.

"Did you notice her dress?" asked Wade. "Yes, and think it is superb," replied Harwood; "but," he added, "I must say, I prefer Miss Warden's outfit for a country party, it rather strikes me, Miss Squires' dress is too elegant for this quiet rural retreat.

"Oh nonsense! I have seen Miss Warden sling on style ere this; but I must confess, her toilet to-night, seems the very embodiment of studied simplicity, even to the flowers she wears," said Wade.

"Well, I admire her taste, and as for the flowers, I think they are really beautiful with those knots of pink silk and white lace. What is prettier, anyway, than pansies and forget-me-nots?" said Harwood, with some earnestness.

"Undoubtedly you admire the wearer and their language quite as much as their beauty," said Wade with a laugh and a wink.

"Perhaps so," replied Harwood, in a careless manner, although he blushed like a school girl under the force of Wade's slight repartee and scrutinizing gaze.

"There they go now!" exclaimed Wade, as he glanced up and caught a glimpse of Maud and Annis; "they are going to the lawn, let's follow them," and suiting the action to the word the young men passed out, and taking a different route from that taken by the ladies, they soon managed to meet them.

"Ah! so you are enjoying these lovely lawns, too," said Wade, as the quartette met. "Oh yes," replied Annis; "I do think aunt Lee's grounds are just lovely, especially by moonlight."

"You never saw them before, what is your opinion of them?" said Wade, addressing himself to Maud.

"From what I have seen of them, I think they are indeed charming. Now Mr. Harwood, what is your opinion? I

suppose after viewing Colorado scenery this seems tame, does it not?" said Maud.

"I call these grounds beautiful, Miss Squires, but they are not of that sublime beauty to which mountain parks belong. You know there the vast snow-capped heights, with their massive rocks, great trees, little rivulets and cateracts of spray, separated by yawning chasms over whose beds mountain torrents may be heard rushing and roaring on their way, all lend a charm to the valley parks below, which these lawns must necessarily lack. Mountain scenes are grand, SUBLIME, AWFUL, in their vastness, solitude and wildness, they appeal more deeply to the feelings, than these scenes of repose and moderation can; for they display a greater variety of God's creative power, and, hence possess greater facilities through which to appeal to the inner man' These scenes appeal mostly to the preception and a love of the beautiful, only slightly calling out the imaginative and leaving the feelings of awe, sublimity and grandeur all untouched," quietly observed Harwood.

"That is absolutely true, and my views exactly," exclaimed Annis, as Harwood finished.

"Since you two so well agree perhaps it would be well to leave you to discuss nature, while Miss Squires and I walk about a little," said Wade.

Without waiting for Miss Squires' decision, Harwood stepped to the side of Annis and said, "Miss Warden, it is our turn to leave them; they have left us once this evening." So it is," said Annis, and taking his arm she added, "Wade,

take good care of Maud," and tossing a kiss to Maud, she and Harwood walked away.

After strolling about some time, Annis and Harwood neared the stream and halted; Annis stood looking into its limpid, rippling water a moment, then said, "See, this stream is a symbol of our lives, ever murmuring, ever changing, and ever rolling onward toward the great mysterious sea beyond."

"Yes, and all unconscious too, of what lies beyond," added Harwood. "Aye—all unconscious of what lies beyond," murmured Annis to herself.

"Do you know," said Harwood, "I was just thinking of the changes, wrought by time, among that band of schoolfellows, who once played around the Corners, where I was reared."

"Aye, how they have scattered abroad; most of them are married, some of them have moved far away, and a few have passed through the valley to the shining realm beyond," said Annis with a sigh.

"And a few of us are 'single and free nor married do we wish to be,' as George Andrus used to sing; and that calls to mind a fact that, to me, seems queer, that Fannie Andrus should have given over Bert Wilder and married that Brusher," observed Harwood.

"It does seem odd that they should haved called it quits, when once they appeared all devotion to each other; however, she often declared, at that same time, she didn't care a fig for him, but her people considered it a good match. But Bert claims to have given her over," said Annis, and

then added, "you and Mr. Wilder were very good friends in the days gone by."

"Yes," said Harwood; "But Annis, he did some things which I thought queer."

"It would be strange, indeed, if he did nothing queer; I supposed we all did some queer things," remarked Annis.

"It may be, and in fact, I believe we all do act queerly at times; yet, if I thought a young lady should be shunned by my friends and advised them to that effect; I should hardly think it proper, in a short time, to put forth every endeavor on my part to secure her society," said Harwood.

"Ah, well! we hardly know what we would do if we stood in other people's shoes," said Annis, and, longing to give him a thrust, she added, "besides, I should consider it quite as honorable to do that, as to shun a lady because gossipers classed her name with one whom the world called her inferior. For, in my opioion, a dog might worship at the shrine of a king and the king be made none the worse for having seen the homage which he did not encourage."

Her words were uttered in a tone of reproach and her usually pleasant lips were curled in bitter scorn; while her eyes searched him as if to say—"you were guilty of that, what excuse can you offer."

A new thought flashed like lightning across Harwood's mind and he saw that Annis had been deluded to think he had shunned her on account of what gossipers had said concerning her marrying Blaine. He also felt the rebuke was intended for him; with this feeling and the new know-

ledge came another feeling, affecting him like a shock from an electric battery; causing his heart to beat triple time and his blood to tingle in his veins; commingled emotions of hope and fear almost overwhelmed him.

His deluded idol must no longer think him guilty of such conduct, no matter what were the results; so he said, "I think I comprehend your meaning; but God knows I never shunned you because someone else worshipped at your shrine; if you thought that you certainly misjudged me."

"What made you make personal application of my words," asked Annis.

"Because," said he, placing his hand gently on her shoulder and assuming a most sincere tone and manner, "because I remember, and have always remembered, those pleasant days at Jacksonville, when I enjoyed your society and you appeared to enjoy mine. I also remember the lonely days that followed, when you appeared to shun me, and not wishing to force my presence where undesired, (when I could avoid it) I walked in other paths; which—but no matter about that; I concluded from your words that you thought I had shunned you on account of some one's admiring you, which was not the case."

"I did however hear things which I thought your conduct corroborated and which influenced me to desist from the purpose once formed. But, if I just now misconstrued your meaning, I most sincerely beg your pardon, yet shall still be glad that I have taken this opportunity of telling you the truth. Before dropping this subject, however, I

must ask and insist upon an answer to this question, did you or did you not intend those words for me?"

Seeing her hesitate he added, "No matter how we may now be situated; you can at least satisfy my desire to know whether I am right or wrong in my conclusion."

After a moment Annis looked him full in the face and said, "Yes, Merton, I meant them for you." Her lips closed with firmness and Harwood stood eyeing her closely, trying to divine her thoughts and feelings; but all he could glean from her face was candor and decision.

At last he spoke. "So you thought I shunned you, Annis, I never did intentionally, and if I ever appeared to do so, it was from a feeling that the farther I kept from you, the better you were pleased."

"How could you feel so, when I took pains to send you an invitation to one of my evening parties the next winter after we left Jacksonville. And, instead of politely excusing yourself, made the rude remark that you did not care to associate with people who chose George Blaine as a lover. And let me here state, that, so long as George Blaine conducts himself equally as well as other young men, so long he is equally as good and worthy respect, according to my theory; for I claim equality of rights and respect in society on equality of conduct. I know that is not according to society rule, but, in my belief, it is according to God's rule; for He respects people according to their works or conduct and not according to their birth, rank, money nor affluence," observed Annis, seriously.

"Really, Miss Warden, your eloquence exceeds my imagination. I had no idea you were so much of an orator—"
"That is because you are not well acquainted with me,"
interrupted Annis, for she took his words as intended irony.

"May be," said he, thinking her a little assuming, "however," he continued, "you are laboring under a mistake."

"How do you know I am?" said Annis, thinking he referred to oratorship. "I know you are" said he. "In what respect?" said Annis, her face flushing.

"In respect to the invitation you sent me and my reply," said Harwood. "How can that be," said she, "when the person by whom I sent the invitation brought the reply."

"Was the reply in writing or merely verbal?" inquired Harwood. "Verbal, to be sure. A person who would make such an insolent reply as that would scarcely deign to the trouble of writing it out," replied Annis, vehemently.

"Your messenger was certainly a misinformer and a deceiver," said Harwood. "He was one whom we each called friend," remarked Annis.

"He could have been no friend, for he uttered a most gross falsehood when he told you that I made such a remark; for let me tell you most emphatically, I never received any message whatever from you since we left Jacksonville; so you see the utter absurdity of me making a reply to a message most absolutely never received," said Harwood, with much candor and earnestness.

Annis appeared thunderstruck as it were, and stood as one dumb-foundered when Harwood ceased speaking.

After a moment he said, "So my little friend, you see you were laboring under a mistake." "I see," said she. "Now, Annis, who was this person who so nobly acted the part of friend to us?" inquired Harwood.

"None other than Bert Wilder," said Annis, as if wishing to send vengeance on that individual by the mere enunciation of his name.

"Bert Wilder!" ejaculated Harwood, who now stood aghast at this revelation. "Bert Wilder," he again muttered, "Can it be he, who, while playing the part of friend, was acting the part of double traitor? Yes, double traitor, for he came to me with many things and I little dreamed he was going to you with like stories. But what reason could he have had? I am sure I was always his friend and why should he treat me thus?"

"His motives were purely selfish ones," said Annis, who had hastily reviewed the past and divined the truth.

"To be sure they were, and I can see through it all as plain as a, b, c; and understanding, can almost forgive when I reflect what it is to idolize and have impediments between the idolator and idol. But, Annis, now that conversation has drifted on thus far, may I ask you a few questions and will you answer them truthfully?" inquired Harwood a little anxiously.

"You may ask your questions and I shall answer truthfully if at all," said she.

"Of course you will answer them truthfully if at all," said Harwood, "but you might evade direct answers."

- "Well, ask your questions and then I can better judge of the answers," said Annis.
- "Then," said Harwood, "going back to the days at Jacksonville, did you enjoy my society and think of me as a dear friend?" "Yes, I enjoyed your society as that of a friend," replied Annis.

Harwood winced a little for he had purposely inserted the word, dear, in his question and she had purposely omitted it in her answer; but he continued, "Did you ever think of me (as I really intended you should) as anything more than a friend?"

Annis colored at this question but quickly said, "I should like to know on what grounds you assume the right to question me in this manner."

- "On the grounds of having once been a love-bound slave, subject to your rule, and, as there has evidently been foul play, through which a broken link or an end has been made to that chain of bondage, I seek for my own satisfaction, and perhaps yours, to know how and when it happened. So, will you please answer?"
- "Not yet. If the bondage is ended, why review the past?"
 - "I am not sure it is ended," said Harwood.
- "But," persisted Annis, "if we are to be subject to the loving rule of others, why unveil the past?"
- "I am under no obligations to any lady, save my mother. What the future holds, we know not; and if you are under obligations, the past need not influence the present nor

future; besides I shall speak to no one on this subject, save yourself, and it will afford me much relief to know for a certainty, whether I have been laboring under a delusion entirely or not. Now, will you answer?"

Hesitatingly Annis replied, "Yes, I thought of you other than a friend."

"Good!" exclaimed Harwood. "It is worth coming all the way from Colorado to hear that, if nothing more. So, I was not mistaken;" and gently drawing her to his side, he said, "Annis, stand here while we talk, in memory of those days."

This was said in a strange pathos, which caused Annis' heart to leap with a wild joy and which she sought to cover with assumed indifference.

After a moment Harwood almost nervously asked, "Annis, was the dislike you afterward manifested felt or assumed?"

- "Partly felt, after having heard what I now believe was false," said Annis.
- "And partly assumed," added Harwood; "but," continued he, "did you ever, in all the long separation, dislike me?"
- "Almost, when I thought of what was either your fickleness or cowardice in not coming to me and ascertaining the truth," replied Annis.
- "Almost—not quite," said Harwood, looking lovingly and inquisitively into Annis' eyes.
 - "Not quite," she repeated.
- "Honest girl!" exclaimed Harwood, drawing her still closer, then added, "one more question my little pet and I

will then desist from further questioning at present. Are you engaged?"

Annis felt his arm tremble, and, suddenly becoming possessed of a spirit to tease, she said, "Yes—," eyeing him closely, she saw a cloud flit across his face and his arm dropped; "for a ride," she playfully added.

"For marriage, I mean," said he, earnestly.

A step was heard. Wade sang out, "Talking nature yet, I suppose." "No," whispered Annis to Harwood, as she took his arm; then, turning to Wade, she said, "Yes, nature; true nature is my hobby, you know."

"Yes, I know," chimed Maud, reaching back and giving Annis a pinch; she continued, "but you ought not devote the whole evening to that discussion, especially now that the bell, with its silvery tones, is calling to refreshments."

"Let us be off at once," said Annis, and just as the bell ceased its calling the four sat down to be served.

It was early Tuesday morning when Maud and Annis reached home. Wade proposed driving to the Grove as an escort for the young ladies and finally thought Miss Squires better ride in his carriage and ascertain which she liked best. Maud said she would with Annis' consent, and when Merton said, "Annis, if they do that, and you are willing, I will ride with you," she said, "Oh, yes;" and so it was that Harwood and Miss Annis rode in the Warden carriage, and the Dr. and Maud in the Wade carriage.

When the Grove was reached both gentlemen were invited to call before Maud's departure, and they agreed to

do so. Having exchanged parting salutes, the gentlemen drove away.

"I have led her home, my love, my only friend. There is none like her, none.

And never yet so warmly ran my blood

And sweetly on and on

Calming itself to the long-wished for end,

Full to the banks, close on the promised good,"

Quickly ran through Harwood's mind and he said to himself, as he lightly sprang into Wade's carriage at Cherry Grove; "How appropriate that part of Tennyson's 'Maud' is to me."

Our friends retired to their room and it was not until the the sun had crossed the meridian that Maud and Annis descended to the parlor where Mrs. Warden sat sewing.

As was Annis' custom she greeted her mother with a kiss, and then seated herself to tell her all about the party, which she did very accurately, merely omitting her private conversation with Harwood, but not forgetting to tell her mother that Merton Harwood was there and how they came home.

The story ended, the young ladies thought it time to satiate their appetites, and accordingly repaired to the dining room.

CHAPTER XVI.

A RIVAL FRIEND.

"---and I saw

There, where I hoped myself to reign a king,
There, where that day I crowned myself as king,
There in my realm, and even on my throne,
Another!"

-Tennyson.

HARWOOD and Wade rode homeward full of conversation on the events of the party and the girls; finally Harwood said, "Doc, when are we to call at the Grove!" "Almost any time I am not engaged," answered Wade.

"Well, what do you say to a Sunday evening drive, provided they are not already engaged?" inquired Harwood. "All right, I'm agreeable; but how are we to ascertain whether they are engaged or not!" said Wade.

"Why, we must go for a drive and call at the Grove, sometime the last of the week, and then we can easily find out," replied Harwood.

"Well, we will go for a drive about Friday or Saturday, if I am not too much engaged," said Wade.

"Agreed," said Harwood, vaulting from the carriage as the doctor halted in front of his office. "Good morning, Doc," he added. "Good morning, Mert," responded Wade, and Harwood hastened homeward.

Saturday afternoon was warm and bright; Maud and Annis were sitting in the orchard reading, when the door bell announced an arrival. Mrs. Warden answered the summons, and met Dr. Wade and young Mr. Harwood.

After a few moments conversation in the drawing-room, Wade made inquiries for the young ladies.

Mrs. Warden replied that they were in the orchard, but she would call them. "No, please, do not; with your permission we will go there, it is so much cooler out in the shade than indoors," said Wade.

"Very well, act your pleasure," said Mrs. Warden. "Thank you," said Wade, and speaking to Harwood, they arose and went in quest of the girls.

"Good afternoon ladies." "Good afternoon monsieurs," said the girls rising and extending their hands; "I am sure you are quite welcome," continued Annis, "pray be seated."

"Oh dear! isn't this warm weather?" exclaimed Maud, fanning herself vigorously; and so they continued to chatter away for more than an hour, when Wade ahemmed and with a wave of the hand said: "We came here on business, is your ladyship ready to listen?" "I am—proceed," said Annis, with assuming dignity.

"Well then, we came here to see if you young ladies—" stopping short he turned to Harwood and said, "Do your own talking;" then addressing himself to Maud, he continued, "I, came to see if you would like to drive with me

to-morrow evening, early, providing it be pleasant?" "I should, indeed," replied Maud.

Addressing Annis, Harwood said, "Since Doc is so kind as to allow me to speak for myself, I must say, the object of my visit here to-day, is to see if you will allow me the pleasure of your company for a drive to-morrow evening, provided you are not engaged?" he added, arching his brows.

"I am not engaged, for to-morrow evening," she said, a smile playing about her mouth.

"Then may I have the pleasure?" he said, seeing her hesitate. "Most assuredly, and my thanks too, for your kind offer," said Annis with a smile and pretty toss of the head.

"Just hear her banter," cried Wade. "I am not bantering," said Annis; "but come let us go to the house," and offering her arm to Harwood she continued, "come Merton, let us lead the way."

On reaching the house Harwood proposed to adjourn until four the following day, it was agreed and the gentlemen took their departure.

The next evening, according to agreement, the four friends enjoyed the proposed ride, which still lives in their memories as one of the pleasures of the past.

It was decided Maud should return to her city home the following Wednesday, and the young gentlemen promised to see her at the dopot if possible, which promise they fulfilled when the day arrived.

The good byes were said and with a loving hand squeeze Annis and Maud separated; the latter to enter the train, the former standing on the platform to await the departure. "All aboard!" shouted the conductor. The engine gave a short "toot, toot," and with a wave of the hand and a kiss torsed back to Annis, Maud Squires was whirled away, and here we shall take leave of her for the present.

"Oh dear, I shall be so lonely without Maud!" exclaimed Annis, "I hope you gentlemen will not entirely ignore the Grove, now that she is gone."

"Judging from appearances, I should say Harwood is not likely to discontinue his visits to the Grove," said Wade jokingly.

Annis' face flushed, but she replied in a careless manner, "I hope not. But mercy, I feel almost disconsolate at the thought of your non-appearance, which must inevitably be, since the attraction is gone."

"That remains for the future to tell, little Miss Pert," said Wade.

"You will be welcone, if you choose to call, and now adieu for the present," said Annis, as she started toward her carriage. Harwood accompanied Annis to the Grove, and remained to tea.

The following Sunday evening Calhoun alighted from his carriage and pulled the bell at the Warden cottage. In the drawing-room were Annis and Merton Harwood, the latter having come on the plea that he thought Annis would be lonely, now that her friend had gone, and perhaps he could help beguile a few moments of her time.

This was but a flimsy excuse to cover his real purpose, for he had surmised that Calhoun would come to the Grove that evening, and he wished to meet him, also to be there first.

Annis stepped to the door and to Calhoun's inquiry if she were ready, replied that she had company and could not with propriety go, at least, for the present, and concluded by inviting him inside, which invitation he accepted, and accordingly was ushered into the drawing-room where he was formally presented to Mr. Harwood.

The young men saluted each other with much cordiality, which Annis mentally declared assumed, and smiled to herself.

After a little Mr. and Mrs. Warden came into the drawing-room and engaged in conversation. Nine o'clock came, and still Harwood lingered, as apparently unconcerned and innocent as a lamb.

Disconcerted and provoked, Calhoun took his departure, and soon Mr. and Mrs. Warden left the drawing-room.

Harwood remained but a short time, and then with a feeling of triumph, bade Annis good night, having first obtained her promise to accompany him to a picnic that week.

About a week later Calhoun again called upon Annis and solicited a private interview, which was granted, and during which Annis plainly told him they could never think alike, therefore had better discontinue each others individual companionship. Mutually agreeing to remain friends, and meeting only as such, would accord with her mind, but as for his paying her any more attention than courtesy demanded him to pay any lady, she very kindly and respectfully declined receiving it.

To be sure this was very plain language, and Calhoun could not but fully comprehend its meaning; although much piqued at its pointedness, and crestfallen at the failure of his ruse, which he had considered only as absolutely certain of success, he could not do otherwise than accept her terms of friendship, and quietly take his departure.

Here we shall take our leave of Mr. Calhoun, while he is at full liberty to pay his addresses to a fairer lass, perhaps, than our Annis, but to none who more detest his conceitedness than she does.

Right here allow me to say a word to conceited coxcombs, Young man do not flatter yourself that every young lady. who speaks to you, smiles at you or even accepts your company a few times, is dying to have you propose marriage, that she may accept your hand, heart and fortune, (providing you have one), and that the choice rests merely with you; for sometimes young ladies have a preference, and do occasionally exercise it, much to the discomfiture of conceited puppies, who consider themselves a rare gem and a decided clever catch.

The same reasoning holds good when applied to the opposite sex; hence we leave them to make their own application.

Picnics, excursions et caetera, frequently occurred and Annis invariably appeared at them under the escort of Harwood.

Now it was that gossips opened their eyes, ears and mouths, wonder stricken at the fickleness of Annis Warden.

But this fact did not seem in the least to disconcert our little lady, who thought she knew her own affairs and most willingly attended to them herself, not even deigning to explain matters.

June and July passed, August came, and still Harwood lingered at the East, although imperative letters came from Robert Hastings, one of which closed as follows: "Do hurry up Mert, for I want a little chance for recreation before my Gracie and I step off, which little thing we expect to do about the middle of September; from what you write I should think it time you popped.

Yours forever, in a jumping hurry.

BOB. HASTINGS."

Merton laughed as he finished this epistle, but thought he was enjoying himself to extremely well to bosh it all by risking a refusal, which would almost drive him wild after such delightful reassociations with her, whom he loved so well, too well if she should reject him.

"A refusal indeed, bah! I will not think of it; the mere thought makes me sick, I will think of nothing but an acceptance, until compelled to think otherwise," and thrusting the letter into his pocket he sauntered home, mentally resolving to improve the first good opportunity of ascertaining his fate.

CHAPTER XVII.

WILL.

What! stop because I've partly failed?

Oh! no sir; not I, not I!

I'll up again and work and strive,

And try, and try, and try

To do whate'er I can

To prove I'm something more—than

A simple wo(to)man.

— The Author.

CHILDREN, when beginning their first essays, usually speak of the various kinds of flowers and so forth: Like them I will say there are many kinds of Wills; some are good looking—some are not; some wear mustaches and are sweet on the ladies—but the class I shall discuss are a different variety; although, perhaps the latter are very closely connected with the former and have much to do with each other.

The wills of which I shall speak are wills of the mental order; the motive powers of both mind and body.

Strong will, controlled by right principle, works a vast amount of good; controlled by wrong principle, a vast amount of evil: hence the power lies in the will, while the results depend on education.

"As the twig is bent the tree is inclined," is an old adage full of truth: so, if the twig be improperly bent, the tree will still incline in the same direction, but with this difference; its rigor has increased with age, and it is much more difficult to get it back to the normal condition. Beware, oh beware how you carelessly bend the will. If it becomes subservient to evil, evil results follow and others suffer as well as yourselves. No good can be accomplished by wills worked by a wrong motive power.

The verse at the beginning of this indicates a decided will on the part of its author. Naturally she would be inclined to cease from her purpose after a partial failure but her will asserts itself and she declares she will not desist; but will try and try. That is a perfect language of the will—

"Try, try again.

If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again.

You will conquer, never fear.

If you will but persevere,
Try, try again."

Will recognizes no defeat. Now, in right that is very well; but will must be subservient to reason, and reason to conscience, as conscience is the medium through which God communes with us, causing us to determine right from wrong. Or, in other words, it is the cable used by the Holy Spirit in teaching us God's will; and His will should always control ours.

Will has an extensive control of the physical functions of our bodies, often even prolonging life. Physicians and

others, who are observing, can tell of cases where people, who were ill, died from a lack of will to live; their wills became morbid, they fancied they must die and gave themselves up to that delusion, thus feeding, to a certain extent, the disease. Others, equally ill, are determined to live. They exert themselves to oppose the disease. They will to live and they live. Disease is often baffled by an opposite, determined will. True, it is not always, but occasional. A morbid will action, surely paves the way for a more furious attack of disease.

I now have in mind a schoolmate, a young lady pronounced in consumption. Frequent hemorrhages compelled her to lie in bed three days at a time; then up she would get with a large blister across her chest and the hectic spots glowing on her cheeks. Away she would go to school or for a frolic and if remonstrated with she would say, "O nonsense! if it wasn't for my activity and will I would have been dead long ago." And truly her will and energy aided nature to overcome her disease. That was about fifteen years ago; to-day she is a missionary to Indians in Asia. I do not wish to be understood that her will cured her, but it aided greatly.

Let us just recall some of our noted people, who succeeded in life because they had great will power, or rather, exerted their will power. Napoleon Bonaparte was successful in war because he willed to conquer and would not even stop for the inaccessible Alps, although they were an obstacle which would have staggered many, less determined.

Washington, Lincoln, Garfield, Martin Luther and the Wesleys were all men who succeeded by continued exertions of the will. But they are only a beginning of all of those who have succeeded. Yet they are sufficient to show what can be done.

True, all are not Shakespeares, Scotts, Dickens, Hollands nor Beechers by birth. Nature does not distribute to each the same; but *all* may improve and should.

The Master does not require ten talents from the man who only received one; but he does require an increase of the one, as well as of the ten.

One definition of will is inclination. It seems to me we more genrally use the term inclination when our wills are weak, or our desire is not intense. But will, by which we are to succeed, must be strong. Our desire must be intense and accompanied by firm, resolute determination.

Perseverance is an attribute of the will, as is also desire, a wish, inclination, design, purpose, intention and resolution. United these form the grand propelling power of human work—will.

Wills might be compared to engines; some are mighty and like the great Corliss engine, set in motion many and varied agencies, by which grand, wonderful, useful and beautiful results are obtained. Others, like the alcoholic engine, accomplish desired results with much less puffing and bustle; but although the work is finer it is not nearly so much seen nor so much of it accomplished. Others remind us of broken engines; they accomplish little and that very

imperfectly; sometimes even spoiling a great work; and we cannot but feel it would be better were they entirely disused.

Can wills be cultivated? O, to be sure. Teach ourselves to persevere, to overcome obstacle after obstacle as they debar our way, when undertaking a work. If not entirely successful at first renew our efforts and determinations; always raising our standard a little higher than we can easily attain. Thus we not only strengthen our wills, but elevate our mental and moral standing, if we choose the proper work; and our choosing ought to always to be guided by God's teaching, not sometimes, but always; then we shall surely do a good work.

Teach these precepts to the little ones from infancy up, to depend on God and self; then we shall see a generation of strong willed, independent, good moral citizens, governed by God's will and abounding in good works.

We must remember and bear in mind

"As the twig is bent—the tree's inclined."

"Ah, what is this, Annis?" exclaimed Harwood as he happened to call and find Annis out under the old cherry tree, writing. "Are you a bas-bleu, my lady?" "Yes, something of a blue-stocking. You see Merton, this is one of my series. Will you read it?"

"Most certainly, with your permission."

"You have my permission, on one condition, that is—when you have finished, you shall tell me truly your opinion of it and criticise the errors," responded Annis.

"Very well," and he proceeded to read. Having finished they discussed the subject for a time, when he changed the

topic, by saying, "Now Annis, get your hat and come for a little drive with me. It will rest you and you will be better able to write when you return."

"Yes, I will do so with pleasure; but remember my next subject is education." And away the light hearted Annis went for a rest, but soon returned and began the following:

CHAPTER XVIII.

EDUCATION.

Education is gaining knowledge, and continues through time and eternity.—The Author.

I trust the ideas I shall present, may at least meet with your approval, if not your most earnest sympathy. Education is to me a most real, a most emphatically real fact, worthy profound consideration and rigorous application.

I shall present this subject under six general heads, viz.: Physical Education, Moral Education, Intellectual Education, Spiritual Education, How and What to Teach, and finally the Effects of Education.

But before beginning these heads let us find at least some reasons for an education. Firstly, God and Nature demand it, for growth, increase and multiplicity are God's natural requisites; secondly, the government and society demand it; thirdly home and our own happiness require it.

Soon the present generation will pass away and those that are now children must fill the places thus vacated. Pause a moment friends, and think of the responsibilities, cares, sorrows and disappointments, which await the rising generations. They are inevitable; they have been met by our ancestors, they have come to us, and they must come to our posterity, it is in accordance with natural events.

Since these responsibilities, et caetera, must be met, how shall we prepare them to meet these things? Reason immediately answers, educate them. But how? Why physically, morally, intellectually and spiritually.

Ah yes, here we are again; but what is physical education? It is a training or cultivating of the different functions of the body, to perform their proper offices, when required. It begins with the motions of the infant and is increased by play, gymnastics and work; and is cultivated by a knowledge of anatomy, physiology and hygiene. But these require to an education of the intellect; hence, one necessity for intellectual education, and also a necessity for the two to progress somewhat together. What are the benefits of a physical education? A clean, well kept person, erect and graceful carriage, and best of all, good health; the latter being one of the requisites of a good intellectual education.

Morality is that part of humanity under the direct control of the conscience, and conscience is a mental faculty, or a part of reason, which enables us to discern right from wrong, and very largely controls our actions and feelings, which fact, gives it a separate distinction from the intellect, although properly belonging to it. This faculty is quite as capable of culture as the others, and the moral education begins with the child's earliest training in regard to right and wrong. Therefore we should employ teachers, choose

companions, and select as models for our children such persons, only, as are morally good. The greatest means of a moral education is a careful, thoughtful study of God's love and laws, given us in the Bible, and taught in all nature.

What is study? Looking upon pages of print? Most absolutely, no. But it is a close, a genuine application of the mind to a certain subject; and its principle requisite is undivided attention on the part of the student.

Intellectual education is our third heading. We all know the intellect, or mind, has its throne in the brain of mankind. The brain is a physical member, and on its healthy condition depends much of the intellectual action; hence a healthy body is necessary to an active, intellectual action. The intellect is composed of several members, which act and react upon each other continually; therefore best results must be obtained when each member is made active by careful, judicious training.

These members are called faculties of the mind, and are each named as they develop in the infantine mind. Perception is the first faculty used and by which we see things either concrete or abstract. Conception is the next, and that by which we reproduce or recall the impressions received by the perception; memory, remembrance and recollection are attributes of it. Reason and generalization follow very gradually, being scarcely perceptible at first. These four may be called a major classification, while they include several minors, or may be said to have several attributes, as attention, comparision, judgment, and so forth.

Let us now consider the best method of obtaining best results in training these faculties. Of course the normal or natural way must be the best, as we then are working in conjunction with nature's developments.

From what does the infant gain his first impressions? Certainly from concrete objects, which are reflected in its mind as an object in a glass. All impressions of the concrete are conveyed through the five senses or avenues to the mind. At first the faculties appear dormant, the babe receives its mental impressions, but seems immediately to forget them; presently, however, the night lamp is extinguished, and the tiny cherub cries. Why? Because it recalls the bright, shining spot, which it now cannot see; re-light the lamp and baby is still. This recalling is the awakening of the conceptive faculty.

The child at first sees or hears with the physical powers, then recalls or sees and hears with the mental powers. Then the natural way to train it, is to present to its mind or teach it to observe carefully through the five senses; after a little it will be able to recall those impressions, and thus form conceptions, and soon to reason, generalize and express its ideas and thoughts.

As without perceptions we can know nothing, so, on perceptions depend all knowledge; hence let us carefully cultivate the perceptions by taking notice of things; by observing carefully and thoughtfully. Present an object to a child, the concrete at first, examine it, talk of its form, its color, its use; the child will remember it, besides being entertained.

He will quite likely make comparisons, and not unfrequently exercise his imagination; his mind will receive a far more valuable drill than by merely memorizing a set of other's ideas, whose meaning perhaps is not understood at all, or at least, very dimly. Object teaching in all possible cases, is by far the most productive of good results; the object is photographed in the mind and it, with its history, is quickly reproduced by the magic touch of recollection.

Perception does not deal entirely with the concrete, but does nearly so, at first; after a time, however, we are enabled to deal with abstract objects and all the faculties are brought into action.

Teach children to recall objects they have seen, to repeat stories they have heard or read, to remember parts of sermons (and older ones might do that), and give items of lectures they have heard; in short, teach children to think, to consider, to reason, to exercise their minds in all possible, proper ways. Begin and continue this work at home, do not leave it entirely for the school-room.

If parents and teachers would require more observation, more thought and more proper expression of thought on the part of children; taking care to direct the same in proper channels; instead of so much memorizing, what a vast improvement on the part of our young people. Thought is what we want instead of so much chatter about nothing. Thought upon subjects of consequence, of importance. Conversations upon subjects of importance, upon some-

thing that will improve us and benefit others; that improves the world. Not so much trashy gossip about insignificant things, or things worse than nothing. This last could be largely done away with if parents and teachers set themselves earnestly to work with the same end in view. The mind must have food, and if it has that which it cannot digest, it receives no good or very little; if it is over-crammed it cannot digest all; if it has not a proper amount of good, wholesome food it will fill up with scum.

Prepare a sufficient amount of wholesome food, flavor it with change, cheerfulness and beauty, spice it with love and earnestness, and administer in quantities and as often as the child requires. Some minds require more than others. This I give as an antidote for thoughtlessness, it is equally good for adults.

Teach the child to make practical use of all knowledge gained; it will then become thoroughly his own, and he will be a more independent being.

Spiritual education will now claim our attention for a season. It is such culture as enables us to growth, higher aspirations and greater progress in the spiritual life. Studying and copying the life of Jesus is the highest and best culture we can gain; but reading the lives of spiritually-minded people, and association with real live Christians, is another great incentive to good works. But in the spiritual life, we must bear in mind, Jesus is always with us. He says, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." "I will come to you and make my abode with you." "Abide in

me and I in you." Now, from these promises, we see that Jesus is not far away but with us, abiding with us and in us. This thought should not only restrain us from evil but also constrain us to greater efforts to please Him. Teach the little ones to think of Jesus as near them, and full of love for them, to talk to Him as they would to other friends.

In the spiritual life we must grow as we do in the physical. Nature requires action for development of the physical and mental organs. So also we must have action in the spiritual life if we would grow in a healthy condition and improve. The same law governs the one as the other.

When we are born into the spiritual life, which means opening our hearts and letting Jesus inside, we must begin to act in that new life. What is acting in that life? Why it is studying God and His dealings with His children. Remember, all people are not God's children as some think. We are all His creatures but not his children, unless we accept of His Son as our Redeemer; then we are born of the Spirit of God and become brothers and sisters of Jesus Christ, and joint heirs with Him of the kingdom of God; hence we are children of the greatest of all kings. By studying God we find he is love; then we must ask him to fill us with His love and then exercise that love for others. "Ask and ye shall receive." Nothing is promised us except we ask for it: then we shall receive. We find also God is light; ask that we may be a light and then be a light by bearing testimony of what He has done for us, not only by our words but by our acts, that others may be blessed by

the light, and praise the God who blessed us by using us as His instruments to bless them.

We find God is the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end of all beauty, light, life, right, might, love, in short, all that is worth having or being. So, He is the one thing needful, the one thing to be sought. "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." It is a great promise, is it not? Yes, let us teach it to the children and to all who know it not. Let us repeat it to ourselves that we may not foget it.

For a little time let us consider how we may teach and what we may teach. The how will be short—by precept and practice. The practice is very essential. It is extremely difficult to make the child understand why he must not do what he sees his parents doing day after day. The daughter cannot understand why she may not seek the society of every man when she sees her mother doing so day by day. Neither can the lad see the necessity of refraining from strong drink, gambling and so forth, when fathers do not hesitate to drink or take a game with his companions. So, let me say it again—teach by precept and especially by practice, whenever you wish to give a moral or spiritual lesson.

Good morality is but the germ of spirituality and is to it what the germ in the kernel is to the full grown, fully ripened grain. God is perfect spirituality; God is morality in its purest type; hence good morals must proceed from

Godly teaching. Character must be good if morals are good and they are the tender plants of spirituality.

What shall we teach? First, to love God with all our heart, with all our soul, and with all our mind, and to love His service, thus benefiting our fellow creatures; and living the only life worth living. To do this we must do away with self, and be wide awake to see where we may do some kindness to others. It may be to pray for them, to encourage them in the Christian life; it may be a word of Godly cheer to the mourner or the sick one; it may be a word of loving warning to the erring; and again it may not be a word at all but a loving act, perhaps only a pressure of the hand to indicate your sympathy, which need not alway be spoken but may be acted or looked. Yes, even a kindly look or smile has often won a heart and not unfrequently a soul to a higher and better life. Oh, let us guard well our acts as well as our words. We may speak love, but if we act indifferent, haughty or hateful our speaking is worse than idle. Yea, silence would have been better, for we have belied our words. If God is love and we are Godly. we must have love in us, and that love will speak in more than one way. Others must feel our interest in them and be influenced by it.

Responsibility should be taught to every child. He should feel he had something to do, more than watch his fellow travelers in life. He has a work no other can do. A duty to God, man and himself. He has an influence, I have an influence and you have an influence, and our in-

fluence is what we make it. This influence is implanted by nature, in every living soul and its life is eternal.

It has been said that every sound is echoed and re-echoed, and goes on echoing and re-echoing through all space: thus it is with influence; it is echoed and re-echoed throughout a never-ending eternity. We influence those with whom we associate and to a certain extent their lives are affected by it; we separate and mingle with others; their influence controlled in part by ours, affects those with whom they associate; again they separate, and so on the work goes through time and eternity, like the ripples chasing each other on a lake, where a stone has been cast into its liquid depths. If we had held the stone the ripples would not have been there; but once the stone is cast the ripples go on and on in spite of our vain regrets; and thus it is with an evil influence, no regrets can check its course, once it has started; but if the influence is good, we do not wish to stop its course, and just think of the great good, which may come from a single righteous act.

Do not think you are of little thought, and your influence does not amount to anything, and you may be careless about it without doing harm. A lighted match is but a small thing, but place it into a mow of hay, at first a few straws: ignite, soon, however, others are ignited and the work goes on until the entire mow is consumed. Perhaps the conflagration spreads and an entire town is consumed, a country devastated; all the work of one, little, tiny, lighted match.

As it is unsafe to put the lighted match in the mow, so it is equally unsafe to throw out a single, little, evil influence, though it may be only a word at first. If you do, the cause is there and philosophically it must have its effect. "Evil communications corrupt good manners," was a copy written for me years ago. It was a fact written by Paul many centuries before. It was true then, it is true to-day. Not only your own manners but those who listen are also corrupted. Guard well, then, your speech; not only have it pure in rhetoric and grammar, but also have it free from profanity, obscenity, slang and unjust assertions.

Oh, that I could make every soul on this earth feel as I feel, at this moment, the awful responsibility of that eternal influence. Ah, what a change in society! Each vieing with the other in doing good to humanity, and shedding abroad that sweet, that holy influence, which seems like the echo of some distant, silvery bell, borne to your tired ear by gentle zephyrs, so deliciously sweet, luring you from earth and care, to the mansions above.

Teach the children to know how to do manual labor, nor think it a disgrace, nor mean and low. The most of our truly noble men were self-made, who earned their bread by the sweat of their brows, and actually worked with their hands to earn their living and education.

They were better for it; they had not only a stronger and better physique, but a far better understanding of the masses in life. Their sympathy was keener for those struggling upward, and their hearts more ready to give the helping hand. Not only have noted men worked, but many noted ladies. See the active, earnest lives of our most noted, most noble ladies. Teach the little ones, when old enough to understand, to have some little duty to which they must attend, and bear the responsibility of it. Gradually increase these duties, if it is no more than to put their playthings into their proper places; thus they acquire habits of order, self-reliance, (a thing to be commended in every one), and responsibility. In all feasible ways, engender and cultivate these qualities, for they enoble the child, as well as the man and woman.

It may not be necessary for them now to work, but it may in the uncertain future. Frequently the golden friend, on which so many rely, takes to itself wings and flits away like a summer cloud before a western cyclone, leaving behind it sorrow and desolations. In such cases it is sometimes well to know how to do even hand labor, and if not, it shows wisdom to know how work should be done. It is also a point of economy to know if our employees are doing as they ought. Many times fortunes are squandered by improper management of employees and a lack of superintendence by employers, either from ignorance or carelessness.

Most of boys are either taught a trade or started in some business, while many of our girls are only taught to dress, go out, and receive company; of course they have a certain education, but of how much practical use is it? Could they, if thrown quickly on their own abilities, earn a living? Some of them could, but how about the majority? Are the girls

ashamed to do house-work? Well, they are not ashamed to take the position of house-wife, and ought to know how to discharge the duties of the same.

Some one has said we have no girls nowadays; but I am proud to say we have girls now; just as true and tender-hearted as the girls of fifty years ago. True, they are not the same, for the teaching is different. Then they were children until sixteen or seventeen, and only then began society going. Now they are taught to follow style, no matter how its done; they are misses from ten years, and by the time they are seventeen, they have passed the role of beaux, parties, love-making and engagements. They have no more to learn, and are now ready for marriage.

If they are not selected by some of the masculines by that time, they are in danger of old maidenhood, for all the boys have flirted with them and must have tired of them, if not caught by their charms. The neglected young lady must then fit up her wardrobe and start out on a visit or travel, to "make a mash" on some stranger.

Formerly they were taught to sew, knit, cook, wash, iron, et caetera, and besides being better prepared to care for the house, they had better health, for the most of their days and nights had been spent at home, where they had necessary rest. Now so much time is spent in going and keeping late hours, that our Carries and Mauds, who make themselves so attractive, really suffer, when compared to the strong, healthy, matronly Carolines and Jeraldines of former

days. Their hearts are as true and tender, their mental capacities just as good, but their teaching is different, and they are delicate, dependent, nervous creatures. While the former could not only love to distraction, but could serve a palatable dinner and engineer the housekeeping expenses according to income; besides having a strong constitution wherewith to care for the family and frequently visit their sick neighbors. Neither were they altogether illiterate; many times we find them quite in advance in book knowledge and quite as gentle and ladylike in appearance.

In short, teach the children, the blessed children, to rely on God, to depend on self, to be patient, persevering, prudent, generous, kind, cheerful and genteel.

We should always bear in mind that our education affects our home life, social life, political life and eternal life. Let us endeavor to lead the children to see this and comprehend it more and more as they grow older; always awakening in their minds a thirst for knowledge and a longing for a truly practical, as well as an ornamental, education.

Education! how my heart thrills
At the very sound, of
A word so vastly great,
Of meaning so profound.

Yet commonly perverted

To a meaning very small—

The knowledge of a few school-books,

And that, oh—that—is all.

Ah me! that the people might awake
To it's meaning full and grand
And bend their noblest energies,
To revolutionize our land.

That Columbia, fair Columbia,

The home of the brave and the free,

Might stand first in true education

And a world offer homage to thee.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE PROPOSAL.

"O, noble Idain you I found
My boyish dream involved and dazzled down
And mastered, ——except you slay me here,
I cannot cease to follow you, as they say
The seal does music; who desires you more
Than—the breath of life; O more than poor men wealth,
Than sick men health—yours, yours, not mine—but half
Without you; with you whole."
— Tennyson.

THE twenty-eighth of August, eighteen hundred seventy-six, was a bright, pleasant day; one to be much enjoyed by the company of young people who were gathered by a small, but clear little lake, the shores of which were low and green, shaded by stately old elms and chestnuts, whose lives had been spared to beautify the place.

This small but happy company had come out to Chickadee lake to spend the day in festivity, in commemoration of Annis Warden's majority; it being the custom of this circle of friends to meet and suitably commemorate the day on which any of their number should arrive at his or her majority.

It was also customary for the lady, in whose honor the day was celebrated, to dress in white, with a scarf and bows of such color as she might choose; accordingly Annis wore a white tarleton, tightly fitted and semi-train, with pink silk scarf passed over her right shoulder and knotted at the left side, hence gracefully looped backward with small bunches of white mountain daisies and tiny ferns; her long, heavy braids were coiled at the back of her head, and from these coils also, the little daisies and ferns peeped out; a coronet of ferns and mountain daisies, both pink and white, completed her attire.

Annis certainly looked well, if not charming, as Harwood remarked to one of the gentlemen, who replied, that Annis usually dressed prettily and always omitted that surplus of jewelry and bows which so delight the hearts of some ladies.

On occasions like this, it was usually customary for some of the gentlemen to give a short address, and this time it became the duty of Dr. Wade to give the address, which was appropriate, short and spicy.

Music followed the address, and then one of the ladies read the following poem:

ANNIVERSARY POEM.

Twenty-one years have sped in rhyme Since you sailed from the *spring* of time; Your tiny bark had a faithful guide, Who kept close watch of wind and tide. You clapped your little hands in glee
As you passed the brook of infancy;
Your mother saw and quickly smiled,
To see the pleasure of her child;
Then a shadow flitted o'er her face
As she tho't of the mad, mad race,
Which must be run on youth's wild sea,
And raising her hands, prayed God for thee;
"Oh Father of omniscience, hark!
And guide Thou on, this little Bark."

You glided on o'er childhood's Stream,
Which flowed so swift, all seemed a dream;
And, when the River formed a Bay,
Just before you, the youth's Sea lay.
On this wild Sea, you then set sail,
Beset by calm and tossed by gale;
As you passed on, the Islets green
Helped to enliven all the scene;
The Mermaids to the surface came
To lure you on in life's check'd game;
The Coral-reef, with its red glare,
Allured, still told of dangers there.
Fearful, lest storms should overwhelm,
You prayed, "Oh God, guide Thou the Helm."

The Father, full of kindness, heard,
And of your prayer lost ne'er a word,
Guiding you on, o'er youth's rough Sea,
Now, launching your Bark full and free
Out on the voyage you must make.
Mark well, my dear, the course you take;
Of all Sand-bars and Shoals, beware!
Sail round the Whirlpools with great care;

When life's cold winds shall drive too glib, Tack your *Main-sail*, and haul the Jib. With Christ as *Anchor* of your soul, You sure, will reach the heavenly *Goal*. Oh Father, keep us in thy care, And land us safely, over there.

After the reading of the poem more music was given, which constituted the finis of this part of the exercises.

During these exercises Annis sat in the chair of state, which was canopied with the American flag, and nearly enclosed on three sides with evergreens and ivys, while the entire floor of the stand was strewn with evergreens; at her right, in a chair of a trifle less dignity, sat her principal escort, Mr. Harwood, and back of him and a little to the right, stood three guardsmen with sheathed swords, and back of Annis and a little to her left, stood three maids, holding floral emblems, the anchor, cross and crown, respectively.

At the conclusion of the music, Annis and her escort, Mr. Harwood, stood to receive congratulations; first from the guardsmen and maids, then from the remaining party.

The first guard and maid presented themselves, and as the maid presented Annis with a floral anchor, she said, "Anchor your faith—" then the second couple came, and as the second maid presented the cross, she finished the sentence begun by the first, simply adding, "In the Cross." Then came the third, and making her presentation said, "And receive the Crown of Life."

The congratulations finished, the party fell in rank, double file, with Annis and Harwood as leaders, immediately followed by the guards and maids respectively.

Marching to the foot of the table, the file divided, the gentlemen following Harwood up the left and the ladies following Annis up the right side of the table. Facing about, each gentleman dined opposite his lady.

Dinner over, the party was at liberty to spend the remainder of the day in strolling, rowing, or in whatever way was most pleasing.

Harwood asked Annis to stroll, which she did, and, after strolling for some time, they sat down on a grassy slope, where they could command a good view of their surroundings.

Back and on either side was a little plain, covered with velvety greensward, shaded and guarded by the faithful old sentinels of trees, who appeared to have stood there for centuries. Between the trees could be seen the speaker's stand, looking fit for a fairy queen in its handsome decorations.

In front lay the clear, rippling Chickadee lake, dotted with awn covered skiffs, whose occupants seemed either to be merrily chatting or singing, while strollers on the shore ever and anon hailed the passing skiffs with "Boat ahoy," or, "Who goes there?"

The scene was a pleasant one, and, after viewing it a moment, Harwood remarked, "This seems a fit place for fairies to dwell, and I feel half inclined to turn fairy and remain here. I believe I should be most fully inclined if you would stay with me."

"I fear you would make a most decided mistake, if you had me remain; undoubtedly you would find me a perfect little Mars, now that I have passed my minority," said Annis, smilingly.

"I should be willing to take my chances for that, but I fear if I should remain much longer Bob Hastings would send the blood-hounds after me; for he has written me most peremptorily to return to Colorado," observed Harwood, watching Annis carefully.

At this announcement a slight cloud flitted across Annis' face, but it was so momentary that Harwood hardly knew whether it was actual or a freak of his imagination, and he continued, "Read that and see what you think of my staying longer," and he tossed Bob's letter into her lap.

She read what the reader saw at the close of a previous chapter; blushing at the reference made to Merton's popping and laughing at Bob's off-hand manner of telling of his own marriage. Refolding it, she handed it to Merton, saying, "I should think, if you deferred your return much longer, you would be minus an overseer."

"Yes, indeed. But did you note what he said in regard to its being time for me to pop?" asked Harwood.

"Yes," replied Annis, "but, being ignorant of your previous correspondence, could hardly be expected to divine his meaning." "Shall I explain?" inquired Harwood. "That is a question your judgment should decide," said she.

"Very well then, my dear, I shall explain by making you a proposal of marriage, which is what I understand Bob to mean by 'popping;' so now, Miss Warden, on this day of your majority, I offer you my hand and fortune; my heart I have not to offer, for that I lost years ago. Tell me, Annis, will you take me for better or worse until life shall end?"

"I should hardly want a man without a heart," she playfully remarked.

"Ah! but you have it in your possession, so, if you take the rest of me you will have the whole," he observed.

Annis did not scream nor faint, but, after a moment's reflection, she said in her busines-like way, "Mr. Harwood, this is a very weighty piece of business to transact on this the first day of my real responsibility; to love you is no new thing, with me, for I have loved you since a mere child; although at times I had smothered the passion until I fancied it dead, yet, at the slightest provocation, it roused from its dormant state with renewed strength; but to be still more certain that our love is mutual and absolute, sufficiently so as to guarantee our happiness after marriage, I will accept your proposal on the following conditions:

First, that you gain my parent's consent; second, that for a year we be engaged with the understanding that if either of us finds another, whom we prefer, we shall be at full liberty to sever this partial engagement; and third, that a year from to-day, if we still feel the same love for each other as to-day, the engagement shall be final and the wedding month selected. Does that satisfy you, my dear?" she said, smiling as she noticed he looked down at her conclusion.

"I suppose it must; it is certainly a satisfaction to know you love me, for I love you most dearly, too well if it were not reciprocated; yet, I hoped it might be final to-day," he said pressing her little hand in his; then he continued, "you do not know, Annis, how lonely I have been in the past and you cannot think how dreary life would be if I should lose you after having once thought you mine."

Harwood was looking at her most tenderly, and his eyes were pleading more eloquently than words could have done, for her to make the yea final; but she said, "Merton, listen to me a moment and you will think my plan wisely made. You must return almost immediately to Colorado, and attend to your business; it would be folly to return again in less than a year. During that time you may meet some lady, who will steal your heart from me, and, were you finally engaged, your honor would demand that you marry me; a husband without a heart I do not want.

Again, the supposition may be visa versa, and a wife without a heart you do not want; now, if no other supercedes me in your affections, nor you in my affections, then we are finally engaged; and the probabilities are that a love, which has existed so long with nothing to encourage it, will not be likely to die with all our kindly arsurances to keep

it alive. You see, in not making the engagement final, we are only providing for a possibility which, in all probability, will never occur; besides, you need a little punishment to pay you for making me wait so long in ignorance, eh?' she said, arching her brows and smiling coquettishly.

"I see, and accept the punishment, and shall consider it a bargain and stamp the agreement at once; to-morrow I shall call at your home and with your parents sanction and witness shall then seal you with my golden seal; always providing for the supposition of course," he added, playfully.

He stooped, and the agreement, according to custom, was stamped between their ruby lips. He thought he was in heaven, but many a young man, aye, and woman too, has thought so; some of them even when, in reality, they stood on the very verge of misery. They sat for some moments engaged with future plans, then, seeing a little skiff pull ashore, they arose and went for a row.

Just as the sun, in his long, scarlet robe, was retiring to his blue canopied couch, with its soft, fleecy cloud pillows and roseate colored counterpanes, and was throwing goodnight kisses to all the sweet faces of nature, our young friends betook themselves to their various homes, tired but happy.

Harwood accompanied Annis to her home, and while thep stop a few moments at the gateway, reader, close your eyes and pass on; for have you ever tasted the enchanted nectar think of your own blissful moments of courtship; and if not, still pass on and think of what may be or might have been.

The next evening Harwood called and held a private conference with Mr. and Mrs. Warden, after which, he held an interview with Annis and placed upon her finger a golden band, slightly traced, which was her birthday present and his seal as he said.

The engagement was to be a secret until her twenty-second birthday and then if continued might be made known.

Shortly after this, Harwood took his departure for Colorado, leaving Annis' head full of loving assurances, while his own was well stored. A promise to write regularly each week was made and we presume faithfully kept.

Hope is the buoy of life, especially with the young, and this sustained Annis and Merton through the following year.

CHAPTER XX.

A LETTER TO AGNES.

Cherry Grove, September —, 1876.

GOOD morning, my darling Aggie, and how are you this lovely morning? I certainly hope you are well and enjoying a useful life for our dear Master. Do you know, dear, every day seems to make Jesus dearer to me and I often wonder how people can live who do not know Him. It seems as if I never could endure the disappointments of life without His loving sympathy and more than precious presence. And what have my disappointments been compared to those of many? Almost none. Besides, His love makes all my joys more complete; for I know he enjoys my happiness, when in accordance with the Father's will, as much as I do myself; sometimes I think even more, as He is so much more capable of enjoyment and so entirely un-Is it not glorious to have such a dear, noble Friend? One who never betrays nor fails to do for us the very best. Aggie, are you growing in His life? We must in the Christ Life, as in the temporal, either be growing, improving or retrogading; we can not well stand stand still. It grieves even me to see so many trying to stand still,

when in reality they are falling back. How this must grieve the Holy Spirit after the great sacrifice made for them and us.

Well, dear, are you going to the exposition at Philadelphia? I had very much desired to do so but presume I shall not now, as it is getting too late in the season. However, I feel I need not complain, as God has given me a very great blessing and treasure in the form of a human heart, hand and fortune.

What! can you not guess? Why, it is no other than he who so long has held my own, although quite unwittingly. Oh! you guess now, do you? Yes, it is Merton Harwood. He came all the way from Colorado, to find me still free and happy to punish him, for not asking before, by making him wait a year for my final yea. For if either of us change our minds it will not be an engagement, but if not, it is yea.

But it is only known to my parents, now to you, and will be told to Maud Squires when I write her again. How I love that girl! But you two are to guard my secret well, eh! Now, how do you and Will get along?

You missed a very pleasant occasion not being present at my twenty-first anniversary. We held picnic at Chickadee lake and Merton was my escort, so, of course, it was a pleasant occasion to me, but all the rest said it was a success in every way.

Agnes, I do believe Dr. Wade is carried away with Maud Squires; when she visited me a few months since he seemed perfectly infatuated. Do you suppose the little minx will give over Jemmy Connell for the Dr.? What a pity Maud is not a Christian! I am sure she ought to be and I am in hopes she will be, for I am praying for her and God promises to hear our petitions. United prayer is especially promised a blessing; so unite with me in praying for her conversion. She never does things by halves, so, if she were a Christian she would use her best efforts in the good work.

Do you know, I find it very beneficial to pray, earnestly, for those whose base actions make me almost detest them, or rather their actions; for I must love their soul, it must be very precious to me. If I am a Christian I must love every one and be anxious for their salvation. How much more, then, those whom I love by nature.

Agnes, do you suppose it is right to thank the Lord when we see our friends die? Well, I did do it when I saw our friend Abbie at rest, for it was certainly relief to see her released from such terrible agony. And she said, too, she was glad to be with Jesus. After she was really laid to rest in her narrow bed, my muse gave me some lines, which I will enclose to you as you will wish to keep them.

"Come over" soon. I have so much to tell you and my letter is already too long.

Yours, with much love,

'TIS SWEET TO BE REMEMBERED.
'Tis sweet to be remembered
By those we love the best;
'Tis sweet to know they miss us
When we are gone to rest:

'Tis sweet to know the gentle tear Oft' from the eye will start, When these hands of ours lie folded, Above a pulseless heart.

'Tis sweet to know the loved ones
So oft' around our graves will stand,
And talk of those who have journeyed
To that happy spirit land;
To know they'll deck our graves with flowers,
And bedew them with their tears,
And watch by us so carefully,
Through long and coming years.

'Tis sweet to know, if we live aright,
While we are traveling here,
That when we're called to leave this earth
And the cherished ones, so dear;
That when the spirit breaks the chain
That binds it in its prison cell,
It wings it's upward flight to Jesus,
"Who doeth all things well."

'Tis sweet to know we have a Saviour,
A ransomed sacrifice for man;
'Tis sweet to know all may receive Him,
For all who wish to love Him can:
Let the blest knowledge of that dear Redeemer
Hush all your mournful clies,
And prepare you the better to meet me
In a home beyond the skies.

ANNIS WARDEN.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Oh, thou year of 1876, So fraught with jubilee and rejoicing;

Thou hundredth birthday of earth's greatest, grandest republic!

One hundred years ago, our forefathers signed the bill that made them free,

And so they brought forth the infant of a nation that was to be; But now we are: and with the sound strength of a hundred successive years,

Can full well rejoice; held back by naught of the servile bondmen's fears. We are honored and blest beyond degree, for all nations of the earth Meet with us to celebrate the day, which gave this, our nation, birth. Hallelujah to God! our Sovereign King, who rules us by his power, Who has blest and kept us since our birth 'til this Centennial hour.

— The Author.

WELL, bless my stars! I am completely disgusted with centennials. Its centennial all the way down from centennial diamonds to a paper of centennial needles. I had thought, to miss attending the Centennial Exposition, at Philadelphia, would be a severe disappointment, but as the season rolls round, I am losing much of my enthusiasm, and all because I hear everything, from elegancy to insignificancy, modified by the word centennial. I hardly believe

there is another nation under the sun, so given to hobbyism and riding that hobby to death, in a short time, as our own. A few years ago it was 'Dolly Varden,' and nothing could be beautiful nor otherwise, but what was 'Dolly Varden,' and now its 'Centennial.' There!" said Annis Warden, with emphasis on the there, as she saw her mother smile, "what do you think of my speech?"

"I think it sounds much like my little, impetuous Annis, trying to 'speechify' as it were," said Mrs. Warden, still smiling, in an amused manner. "Then you think you would not enjoy attending the Exposition at Philadelphia?" continued the mother, after a slight pause.

"Oh mother, I did not intend to be so understood! I do not expect to go, but should most certainly enjoy it; however, I do not feel nearly so much animation at the thought of it, as I did at first; and I do really think the word centennial loses a great deal of its charm and dignity, so to speak, by being used in such common ways and applied to such common things," observed Annis.

"I think something as you do concerning its too common use, for hearing it so frequently used in connection with such common places, we partially forget its real significance, and consequently, when not pausing to think, come to look upon this eventful era in the history of our country as something of frequent occurrence; however, my child, do not say you are disgusted with centennials, for many of them are worthy earnest thought. You know the centennial, which our loved and honored nation is now celebrating, is one

which should awaken in every heart, throughout our land, a feeling of pride for the prosperous condition in which our nation now stands, after a life of a hundred years; a feeling of greater reverence for the good fathers, who labored and suffered untold things to bring it into existence; and above all a feeling of deeper love, firmer faith, brighter hope and an infinitely more earnest gratitude to God, the all merciful Father, who has cared for, blessed and prospered our loved country, through all the hundred years that are now just past. So, my dear, it is wise to think before you speak," said Mrs. Warden, soberly.

"I fully appreciate your thoughts, mother, but I am afraid I shall never learn to always think carefully before I speak, yet the admonition is a good one," replied Annis, as she imprinted a kiss on her mother's cheek and ran out in the yard to enjoy nature a few moments.

Soon after this conversation Annis was at Fenton's Corners, when she met her friend Fannie Loomis, who accosted her with "Good morning, Annis." "Good morning, Fannie," she replied.

"Going to the Centennial, Annis?" "No, it has already come to me." "Oh, but I mean to Philadelphia?" "I guess not; why are you?" "Yes." "When?" "To-morrow."

"Do you really start to-morrow?" "Yes sir-ee, to-morrow noon, and I want you to go with us." "Us, who is going with you?" "Brother Henri and his friend, Eddie Kennedy; but I want you to go with me, can you?"

"I hardly think I can, Fannie. "Well, you must spend the day with me, you can at least do that, eh?" "Perhaps, if father can come for me this evening," said Annis, who was anxious to hear more of the prospective trip of her friends.

Away the two girls went in pursuit of Mr. Warden, and it was soon arranged that Annis should spend the day with the Loomises and Mr. Warden was to call for her at evening.

On entering the Loomis' parlor Annis was greeted by Henri and Madame Loomis, who soon re-echoed Fannie's request that she would accompany the trio to Philadelphia, thence to New York and from there, via. the Hudson River, home.

Through the day plans for the trip were discussed, and so far as politeness would permit, Annis was urged to join the party.

When Mr. Warden arrived, and Annis was ready to bid her friends good night, her father said, "Have you decided to go?" "I cannot," said Annis. "You can if you wish; your mother and I have discussed the matter, and decided you should go, if you desired," said Mr. Warden, in a pleasant manner.

"Oh," cried Fannie clapping her hands in unfeigned delight, "then you must go." "Go of course," said Madame. "Why, of course she'll go," said Henri, with the decision of a lad of fourteen.

It was arranged that Annis should meet the trio at the first station below Fenton's Corners; then Annis and her father bade the Loomises good night, and drove homeward.

It was nine o'clock when they reached home, but Annis told her mother of the decision, deliberately wrote a letter to her sweetheart, held her devotional exercises, and retired to rest as composedly as if nothing unusual were to occur on the morrow.

Early the next morning Mrs. Warden was astir, preparing chicken and other eatables for Annis' lunch box, while Annis attended to the packing of a few articles, made her toilet, and ate her breakfast, which was no small thing in her estimation.

At ——station she met her friends, and with light hearts and much anticipated pleasure, the quartette started on their way.

It was the second day of October that our little party started for the "Great World's Fair." The morning was clear; the woods had already donned its autumnal garb of bright and varied colors; orchards were loaded with red and golden fruit; all nature, as well as our young friends, presented a very cheerful aspect.

On reaching Oswego, where they purchased tickets via. the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad, they found it necessary to remain over night.

Boarding an early train they passed on to Syracuse, where they changed cars and proceeded to Binghamton, thence into Pennsylvania, where the scenery was decidedly different from that of central New York; the former being that of a generally level country, the latter of a mountainous country. Near Scranton, the Scranton coal mines were well advertised by high hills of refuse coal, which were dotted with poor women and children gathering the good bits which remained, in their baskets, either for their own consumption or sale.

The small mountains of Scranton soon gave way to the more elevated ones belonging to the range known as the Blue Ridge.

This mountain scenery was decidedly novel to our young friends, who were used to nothing more elevated than small hills; but to those who had traversed the peaks of the Rocky and Sierra Nevada ranges, these would appear rather minute.

Winding around and down the mountains, where the scene is constantly changing, is quite sensational to those unused to such rides; while the sound of the train, which echoes and re-echoes again and again from the different mountains, produces a deafening effect upon some people's ears.

It was some time after passing down one of these mountains, before Annis sufficiently regained her hearing to understand what her friend Fannie said, although they occupied the same seat.

When they reached the Delaware Water Gap it was moonlight, but they could see the mountains on either side, and the silvery stream between, wending its way quietly, yet decidedly, toward the faithful arm of its parent, the mighty sea.

What an emblem of the true Christian! breaking his way through mountains of sin and temptation; radiant, not by the reflection of the moon's face, but by the reflection of the Christ life, wending his way onward quietly, but firmly, toward the faithful arm of his parent, the Almighty God, but ever loving and merciful Father. Not like the waters, to return again in time, through this earthly channel, but to rest, aye, ever rest with God and the Lamb, as a reward for steadfastness while wending his way onward and upward.

But while I have been tracing the similarity, our friends have passed on with the Delaware to the city of Trenton, where we find them already ensconced at the Hotel de Nationale, for the night.

During the day our friends had fallen in with another party of four, from Oswego, viz.: D. G. Fortames, his daughter, Calla, Satie Northrup and Miss Frost.

These two parties united, and with Mr. Fortames as captain, they went it eight strong, until the Centennial visit was completed and New York city reached, where they again separated, each party, thenceforth, going its own way.

But now we are going before, let us hasten back to the Hotel de Nationale, and play the part of eavesdropper at the door of Annis' and Fannie's room, for a few moments. There is laughing inside and Henri Loomis is saying: "Why, Fan, that porter took you to be our mother, for he enjoined us several times to notice carefully our way, as our mother wished us to return to her; and his parting injunction was, 'Now boys, do not do forget that your mother desired to see you soon,' and so we hurried back, lest we should incur our mother's displeasure."

Here the boys fairly rolled in laughter, as lads of fourteen will, while Fannie appeared a trifle chagrined at the unwitting reflection on her matronly appearance; although in reality but twenty-four, she had, in her habit of gray and sobriety of manners, impressed this individual as a matron at least between thirty and forty.

The boys promptly saw the point, and like the more aged of their sex, could not refrain from placing the matter in the most ludicrous light possible, and while Annis laughed merrily, she said, "You know, boys, Fannie was tired and the porter only saw the sober side of her character, while those who see her for any length of time cannot refrain from seeing the merry sunshine of her youthful nature, and would scarcely judge her twenty."

"That is true, at least, sometimes, for occasionally she displays her sunshine of youthfulness to such an extent and utters such youthful observations, that a stranger might easily mistake her for my junior," said Henri, straightening himself up and assuming an air of superiority, then added, carelessly, "that is, if he did not see her face."

All laughed at his after thought, and Annis dryly remarked, "Very likely at such times as you mention, Fannie put forth an effort to bring herself within the circuit of the youthful comprehension of her associates; besides, Master Henri, do not flatter yourself that you are very young looking, for I see unmistakable signs of age across your upper lip and on the sides of your handsome cheeks."

Now the laugh was at Henri's expense, for the dark fuzz which persistently grew on his face, was a source of torment to him, and Annis thought a dose of his own mixture might curb his teasing mood, and bring Fannie momentary relief.

The laugh subsided and Fannie said, "Now for business;" of course we take the hint, to eavesdrop longer would be unkind.

October fourth found the band of eight outward bound on the early train for Philadelphia; on arriving there they engaged board and lodgings at the A—hotel, on the corners of —streets.

Board was given on the European plan, but lodgings were high and must be paid for in advance.

It is not the writers intention to give a description of the Centennial grounds, but merely to give a few pages copied from Annis' note book.

OCTOBER 4, 1876.

"To-day we visited the Main Building, which is 1880 feet long, 464 feet wide and 70 feet high, covering an area of 21 acres. Its contents appear before my mind's eye to-night, in a vast and rapidly changing medley, in which elegant upholstery, odd time-pieces, magnificent cabinet ware, musical instruments, tapestry carpets, Norwegian images, great varieties of pottery, brilliant diamonds with other precious stones, engraven images, china and glass ware, et caetera, et caetera, are intermingled miscellaneously. Prominently among the rest I see the mammoth glass chandelier sus-

pended by a heavy chain above the immense glass display belonging to the Queen, (I suppose Victoria Regina.)

Thickly mingled with this miscellany of inanimate things, I see all classes of people, whose heads move like the surging waves of a tumultuous sea, in this vast hall of art, industry and nature.

Just before leaving, we mounted the spiral stairs (which were divided into sections, each section bringing you into a gallery) of about 170 or 180 steps, which finally brought us to the grand observatory, where we had an extended view.

Having descended and withdrawn to one of the many rustic seats outside, we heard the great bell on Machinery Hall chiming 'Auld Lang Syne,' 'Lilly Dale,' 'The Old Folks at Home,' and so forth, thus sweetly reminding the immense throngs that the hour of departure had arrived.

Not one by one but many by many the people passed out; while we sat listening until the musical monster ceased its chiming, then we reluctantly took our leave of the beautiful grounds. Fortunately we had but to cross the street and so could quit the realms of beauty and magnificence among the last of the crowds. Now the grounds are vacated by all save those who have a right to remain, the gates are closed, and we are in our rooms tired and sleepy."

OCTOBER 5, 1876.

"Visited Machinery Hall. Machines for sewing, knitting, spinning, weaving, dressing, threshing, printing and almost every kind of labor, were here represented. They were of

all names and natures; of course, the best and most perfect being here exhibited and worked. One attractive feature of the Hall was the Artificial Niagara, worked by centrifugal pumps, which forced the water to a height of forty feet, I should judge, whence, in a sheet, it rolled over a convexed surface and dropped with considerable splashing into a pond below, which I should think was nearly one hundred feet long by thirty or forty wide; from this pond the water was again withdrawn, and sent up and over the fall, making quite a display of man's invention.

Before noon there was such a buzzing, humming and clattering in this Hall, that one could scarcely hear, but at twelve o'clock it ceased and at one o'clock it recommenced. What is the cause of this simultaneous stopping and beginning you ask, and find the answer in that huge, iron monster, which occupies a central position in the building, and whose heart throbs have power to make the veins of these multitudes of machines to beat with her pulsations and lie silent at their ceasing. This great center of motive power is known as the Corliss engine and has power to work all the machines exhibited in this building, which is 1,402 feet long, 365 feet wide, covering an area of nearly twelve acres.

The giant Corliss had, for its companion, the baby engine made of brass and worked by the use of alcoholic spirits, being complete and but an inch long. This tiny speck of mechanism was constructed in Iowa. Machinery Hall is situate on a line with the main building, and, although 550

feet apart, the two are connected by a covered way, and thus the two cover an area of between thirty-three and thirty-five acres.

We also visited Agricultural Hall, whose parallelogram is 820 feet by 540 feet, covering about ten acres. It contains a very great variety of agricultural implements and a vast amount of agricultural productions.

Among other things we saw a specimen of bark from the Sequoid Gigantea or big tree of California. This specimen was three feet thick.

Another thing we saw, worthy mention, although not an agricultural product, and that was 'Old Abe,' the eagle from Arkansas, who spent three years in the Rebellion, a member of the Union army, many a time soaring above the din of battle, returning again to his regiment unharmed at the battle's close.

'Old Abe' has a white head and beak, with light eyes and brown body. He was untrammeled and stood on his perch like a king on his throne, surveying the throngs who passed him with cool scrutiny as if reading them like a book, and enjoying their admiration with a feeling of superiority.

We next took a turn about the Woman's Pavilion. There were many exhibits, some very fine, but to my small mind it seems that the ladies must take the rear ranks in art, at least in what is generally termed art; yet there are arts in which they excel, such as art-ifice and art-ificial.

For shame! some would cry, to call your own sex contrivers and artificial; yet it is so of a truth, generalizing Of course there are exceptions to all rules, this included. But if, in my opinion, ladies instead of devoting so much time to artifice and artificial, would study the higher and more enobling arts, much more temporal and eternal good might be accomplished. Nor is this applicable to women only, but also to the opposite sex.

But I am expressing opinions instead of noting what I saw, and, to return to the exhibits, I will speak of the Sleeping Beauty, moulded in butter, known as the butter woman, which is indeed a beauty whether it is a bit of artifice or actually made, as stated by a Mrs. Brooks, of Arkansas, by the use of a common butter ladle, a few broom straws and sticks. It is very natural and really displays an artist's genius.

While we were in the Woman's Pavilion, which, by the way, was erected by the women of America and cost over forty thousand dollars, the chimes sounded and we betook ourselves to the hotel.

Ah, how the music of bells linger in the memory! Oft' do I recall the bells of Ricksport and in the future how oft' will return, at the stroke of memory's magic wand, the sweet, sweet chimes of Centennial Bells."

OCTOBER 6, 1876.

"Visited State Buildings. The finest display of all these, was in the Kansas and Colorado Building. These two states united and instead of exhibiting their state collections in the main exhibition buildings, placed them in their State Building.

Suspended in the main hall of the Kansas department was a large representation of the Centennial Bell made of long grass, called 'Millet,' I think. The representation was excellent, even displaying the crack made in the real bell as the good, old, white haired sexton enthusiastically rung out the glad tidings of victory and freedom.

With this thought there rises up before my imagination a grand, a glorious picture. The sexton with aged form, snowy locks and trembling limbs, standing near his charge when the news of freedom reach him; with bounding heart, flashing eyes and renewed vigor he pulls the rope, which caused the bell with clarion voice to proclaim independence for the new born nation. As if speaking his own heart's joy through the tones of the bell, and wishing to gladden the hearts of more by sending the news still farther o'er the land, he gives one mighty tug, when lo! as though its end was near, its work completed, with one, long cry of joy, it rends its side and dies.

Dies to sound but not to sight, for still it remains a striking emblem of the broken yoke of English tyranny; the crack illustrating the crooked but irreparable chasm, which so suddenly yawned between the mother and infant nations, and which, in the case of the bell, so decidedly made the one—twain.

Yet, although the bell remains the same and the yawning chasm of separation still exists, still it has, in the years gone by, been spanned by the golden chords of friendship, and with united hands the mother and child celebrate the day of America's independence. God be praised for the kindly feeling and may it live on through infinity is the prayer of my heart.

Ah! again I am deviating from the strict record of facts, but where is the difference? They are my own thoughts, penned in my own book, for my own eyes to peruse in the future, and I am glad they are there. It will be pleasant in the future to recall the thoughts, which this exposition of '76 have called out in my little mind.

Another curiosity in the Kansas department was the stuffed skin of a white buffalo. It was about the size of a small cow, with short horns, and did not have the appearance of having been a ferocious animal. The vegetable productions of this state were very fine.

In the Colorado department was a rare collection of animals and birds, captured and taxidermiated by a lady in that state.

I now skip over to the Art Gallery, which is a fine building, 365 feet long and 210 feet wide. Its general height is 59 feet, but to the top of its dome it is 150 feet, on the top of which is a statue of Washington. The building is composed of gray granite, has many lobbies, halls and galleries and several open courts surrounded by these galleries. The display inside was large, various and elegant.

We also visited the United State's Building and Horticultural Hall, the latter of which disappointed me much. I think the most of the contents must have been removed, as it is quite late. This Hall is 383 feet long, 193 feet wide and 72 feet high, with a lantern of 170 feet.

This being our last day on the grounds I will say a few things concerning them. They have an area of 500 acres; contain 7 main exhibition, 42 public and 177 buildings in all; has 90 miles in walks and avenues and 7 miles of fence; there is a force of 500 police and 300 firemen and there are 11,000 exhibitors and people engaged at work on the grounds.

A centennial railroad winds its way around the grounds, and across a little valley is erected an aerial railroad.

Various and handsomely wrought fountains greet the eye frequently, lending a charm to the place; while odd bazaars, each attended by its own peculiarly dressed natives, tend to make the scene at once attractive and picturesque.

To-night I probably listened for the last time to the Centennial chimes, as we intend starting to-morrow for New York city.

The following lines are dictated by my pet sister muse, and I shall write them here in my little memorandum and christen them—

A FAREWELL TO CENTENNIAL CHIMES.

Farewell sweet chimes! to mem'ry dear, Oft' will your secret, gliding notes, Come back to me, in echoes clear, Come as a zephyr floats.

You'll come, at morning's early flush, From mountain, hill and vale, You'll come, at twilight's holy hush, With 'Poor, Lost Lillie Dale.'

When weary, faint, and wanting rest,
As, amid life's cares I roam,
With your dear presence I'll be blest,
Bringing 'The Old Folks at Home.'

As by moonlight I list again

To hear your pleasant chime;

You'll play for me the sweet refrain,

The Scotta's 'Auld Lang Syne,'

When I am gay, and happy too,
'A Coming Through the Rye,'
Then, there will come the far echo
Of, 'The Sweet By and By.'

So, farewell, bells, to me so dear,
A long farewell to you;
Till I the pearly gates shall near,
Farewell, adieu, adieu."

OCTOBER 7, 1876.

"Having taken an early morning's drive, and breakfasted, we prepared to take the first train for New York city. Our ride from Philadelphia to New York was marked by no incident of importance. On reaching this place we said adieu to Mr. Fortame's party, and found a home for the present with Mr. White, an uncle of Fannie's.

After seeing something of the city, we intend taking a trip up the Hudson."

CHAPTER XXII.

"OUR TRIP UP THE HUDSON."

"What though no cloister gray nor ivied column;
Along these clifts, their sombre ruins rear!
What tho' no frowning tower nor temple solemn,
Of tyrants tell, or superstition here!
There's not a verdant glade nor mountain hoary,
But treasures up the memories of Freedom's story."

THE reader will judge rightly, from the heading of this chapter, being a quotation, that the entire chapter is copied from Annis' journal.

"This morning we find ourselves on board a steamer en route for Albany. The weather is fine, the sun shining brightly and the air balmy; we are on deck and intend seeing all that is possible of this far famed American Rhine.

The first notable object we meet is the form of the well-known Palisades, which at first sight, appear like a massive rock wall, and are from three to five hundred feet high, extending along the western side of the river for a distance of nearly twenty miles, very effectually protecting the beautiful stream from western storms. At second sight, or on a closer observation, the beholder receives a different impression than at first, for the strata of these rocks seem vertical,

thus presenting on their face the appearance of a long line of immense spikes, very compactly driven into a bed below the surface of the water and thus protecting the land from an invasion of the water. It is this spiked like appearance of the strata, which gives these rocks the name of Palisades. On the top of these numerous columns of strata stands a vast forest, whose giant trees, so far up in the air, seem to us on the boat, like shrubs gently swaying to and fro.

Huge masses of rock have frequently let go their hold toward the top of the cliff, and tumbled down until stayed by those which have preceded them, making the lower part of the wall jagged; and along this base are many sheltered nooks, giving variety to the picture and occasionally containing a single cottage with a little cultivated plateau, which fact plainly tells the passer-by that people, instead of elves, inhabit the nooks along our western Rhine.

Having ridden about seventeen miles in a slightly northeasterly direction from the Empire city, we find ourselves nearing Yonkers, a town of the 'long ago,' which is reputed to have been the birth-place of Mary Phillips, who was once the inamorata of our noble Washington, and after, became the wife of Colonel Morris.

Still 'onward and upward,' we arrive at Sing Sing, which is state-wide known for its prison, more than aught else; although the town itself is composed of truly elegant villas, erected on an acclivity of 200 feet elevation, commanding a wide-spread and beautifully picturesque view of the river and surrounding lands.

South of the village, about a mile, on the very bank of the river, stands an imposing edifice with iron latticed windows and heavy looking doors; its walls are strong and gray and its entire aspect dismal. Oh give me a life of freedom and honesty, with a trade outside, rather than within the dingy old walls of Sing Sing Prison.

About forty-six miles north of New York, on the east side of the river, built on the slope of a height, which has an elevation of 200 feet, is the town of Peekskill, named after its founder, John Peek, a dutchman.

Some distance south of Peekskill is a point rising gradually from the river and terminating in a bluff 40 or 50 feet in height; it is here, tradition says, Henry Hudson anchored his ship, the Half Moon. This point is called Verplank's Point, in memory of Philip Verplank; it is said his wife's grandfather purchased it of the Indians.

History tells us that in the vicinity of Peekskill, on a height known as Gallows Hill, (so called because the execution place of one Nathan Palmer, a British spy), General Putnam with his men, at one time encamped.

Caldwell's Landing is just opposite Peekskill, on the west side of the river, near the foot of Dunderberg, which is the dutch name, I suppose, for Thunder mountain. Tradition says search was once made here for Captain Kidd, who was supposed to have been hidden at the bottom of the river. (We get our information from the crew, who appear to know the traditions here along from A to Z; undoubtedly they tell the same rigmarole to each.)

Gliding round the mountain, we steam out into the 'Horse Race,' which is a narrow passage, and through which the water rushes with great rapidity.

This high walled channel forms the southern entrance of the river into the Highlands; at this point the river makes a decided 'a la mande left,' taking a direct westerly course for nearly a mile, having the wild rocky flanks of Dunderberg on the south and the bold 'Anthony's Nose,' on the north.

'Anthony's nose' is the name of a mountain situate at this bend of the river, and having connected with it a legend, for which I shall here leave space and copy at home, as given by Knickerbocker. 'It must be known that the nose of Anthony (Anthony Van Corlear, trumpeter to Governor Stuyvesant,) the trumpeter, was of a very lusty size, strutting boldly from his countenance, like a mountain of Golconda; being sumptuously bedecked with rubies and other precious stones—the true regalia of a king of good fellows, which jolly Bacchus grants to all who bouse it heartily at the flagon. Now thus it happened, that bright and early in the morning, the good Anthony, having washed his burly visage, was leaning over the quarter railing of the galley, contemplating it in the glassy waves below; just at this moment the illustrious sun, breaking in all his splendor from behind one of the high bluffs of the Highlands, did dart one of his most potent beams full upon the refulgent nose of the sounder of brass, the reflection of which shot straightway down, hissing hot, into the water, and killed a mighty sturgeon, that was sporting beside the vessel.

This huge monster, being with infinite labor hoisted on board, furnished a luxurious repast to all the crew; being accounted of excellent flavor, excepting about the wound, where it smacked a little of brimstone. And this, on my veracity, was the first time that ever sturgeon was eaten, in these parts, by Christian people.

When this astonishing miracle came to be made known to Peter Stuyvesant, and that he tasted of the unknown fish, he, as may well be supposed, marveled exceedingly; and as a monument thereof, he gave the name of *Anthony's Nose*, to a stout promontory in that neighborhood, and it has continued to be called Anthony's Nose ever since that time,' so says Knickerbocker.

In 1777 there were two forts standing opposite Anthony's Nose, and across the river were heavy chains and a strong boom to prevent boating; their names were Montgomery and Clinton, and to-day they are subjects of history.

While I have been beholding, and writing, our little steamer has been pushing her way onward among the Highland of eastern New York, and now we are at *West Point*.

This town is full, so to speak, of historical events. It was here that Arnold, the treacherous knave, planned, and for a few hundreds, sold his nation, and by his villainous scheming brought about, indirectly, the sad end of young Andre, who was executed as a British spy.

These are sad and evil records, but on the other hand it was at this same West Point, that La Fayette, a Frenchman,

and Kosciusko, a Pole, two true, bold, knights of freedom, and noble friends of our Revolutionary fathers, displayed their heroism and love of right. These two brave heroes rest, but the effect of their labor still lives. People may talk of Bonaparte, and sing his praises loud, but Americans will ever hold in sacred love the cherished memory of Kosciusko and La Fayette.

West Point is situate on a rocky point jutting out into the river, which, hereabouts, winds its way round mountains and through rocky gorges, making sudden turns, all of which necessitate a constantly varying and strikingly picturesque scenery, wild and beautiful to an admirer of nature's works.

Withal, the Hudson River scenery strikes me as partaking of sublimity, and my heart can but feel awe and reverence for the Artist, who could so effectually, and yet so harmoniously, blend together in one landscape view, that which should clearly portray to the observer, His own individual self. The mountains and river illustrating the heighth, depth and never-failing love of His heart; the massive rock walls, at once bespeaking the strength, boldness and firmness of His character; while the green, grassy slopes, moss covered nooks and little shady glens, remind one of nothing but the love, happiness and peace, which He so willingly and liberally bestows.

But here my thoughts are unceremoniously interrupted by the appearance of a fleet of twelve sloops, tacking round West Point, which they leave well at their right, flying like so many sea-gulls, towards Anthony's Nose, whence they will be whisked round the Dungerberg in a hurry, and sent on their straight course for the Metropolis.

Since we have started, we have met and passed many sloops, some floating gently, like swans, and others hurrying, but here, they fly; breezes, coming down the mountains through the gorges and ravines, seemanxious to hurry them from sight.

How characteristic of real life! some individuals floating down life's stream, apparently, all unconscious of the trials and triumphs of active life; others, conscious of duties and anxious to accomplish something, are hurrying about doing good to themselves and others; while still another class are driven, hither and thither, by the ill winds of temptation and adversity, as if the God of Destruction wished to hurl them from the river of Time, out and down, into the gulf of perdition for the gloating of his demons. But I am sailing out on the sea of comparison and aberration, and hence will return to West Point.

The mountains here rise to heights from five to fifteen hundred feet above the water, forming precipices through which the river flows in sullen majesty. (Our steamer is plying her way, but I shall continue to write of West Point.)

These mountains are covered from base to summit, with luxuriant autumnal foliage, and seem vieing with each other in the gayness of their dress.

At the southwest of the town, on a point of the Highlands, 598 feet in air, surrounded on three sides by steep ascents and deep ravines, are the ruins of Fort Putnam, one of the strongest of revolutionary fortreses; the natural surroundings forming the most effectual fortifications, and making it accessible only on one side. This Fort, together with the Point, jutting out into the river and partially debaring navigation, very naturally formed one of the strongholds for American soldiery. Crowning the West Point bluff stands a handsome marble column, erected to the memory of Kosciusko. It seems to me it should have a companion, to the memory of the equally brave and noble La Fayette.

Looking north and 180 feet above the river, back from the bluff overhanging it, extends a plateau nearly a mile square, forming a fine parade ground, on the side of which, next the mountain, stands West Point's Military Academy, which was established in the year 1802, by the United States Congress, and is supported by Uncle Sam. The view from the plateau must be magnificent, but we are homeward bound and cannot linger.

The northern passage of the river through the Highlands, from which our steamer has just emerged after a journey of ten or twelve miles, is a gorge, narrow and serpentine, making it necessary for the helmsmen of the numerous sailing craft to have a close eye to their work.

Upon emerging from this gorge we find ourselves on the bosom of a most lovely lake, some ten miles in length; at our left lies Newburg, and after a short stop we glide onward.

Here the scene is entirely different from that previously met on the river; sloping away from the shores of this lake, rise rich cultivated fields with fine buildings. As we are hurried along we catch glimpses of neat farm houses, with their accompanying orchards now laden with red and golden fruit; elegant villas peep out from amidst tufts of bright dyed foliage, which surrounds them; meadows are still green, but grain fields are reaped and cleared; occasionally a forest presents itself to view only to give place again to cultivated fields.

The water, so blue and still, seems like a bright polished floor, where one could walk at will, but at thought of the consequences of such a walk, we shudder and can scarcely refrain from exclaiming, Oh, treacherous, treacherous deeps! how soon would you swallow us from sight were the opportunity given.

Having sailed the length of the lake we arrive at Pough-keepsie, the largest town on the river between Albany and New York; it was named from the Indian word 'A-po-keep-sing,' signifying 'safe harbor.'

Poughkeepsie is the capital of old Dutchess county, and has a reputation as a manufacturing town; it is situated in fertile lands and has a very active trade, for which it is well located, having two immense thoroughfares, in the form of the Hudson River and the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad. This town was founded by the Dutch in 1735 and has a very pleasant out look.

Proceeding onward, after passing several small towns of less notoriety, we reach Catskill; here we are near the Catskill Mountains, and how I long to rest at the Mountain

House; stand on the summit of Round Top, which has an elevation of 3800 feet; and sit at the base of High Peak, whose elevation is some 80 feet less than that of Round Top. The latter named, is the highest of the Catskill group.

But while I have been longing, we have been borne along to Hudson City, named in honor of Henry Hudson, and one of the most important commercial towns on the river. They say it commands a fine view of the Catskill Mountains, or rather people can, from Prospect Hill, an elevation just at the rear of the city. The bank here juts out into the stream, forming a good promenade ground, especially pleasant if in company with an agreeable and handsome escort, such as—well, never mind who; how I wish he was here to enjoy this with me. But the day is drawing toward its close, as is also our pleasant ride.

Onward we glide o'er the clear rolling tide and by and by our little steamer, with a puff and a splash, will throw out her plank at Albany wharf.

Albany, the capital of New York state, is the oldest settlement in the Union, excepting Jamestown, Virginia, and was settled by the English in 1608. In 1623 the Dutch erected Fort Orange, on what is now a part of the present city site; A. D. 1664 it received the name of Albany, in honor of James, Duke of York and Albany.

It has been chartered as a city since 1684, and has flowing through it, two immense tides, one of humanity the other trade. But stop! the whistle screams and there is a commotion; book hie into my pocket and stay, until called thence. After much jogging, jaming, hurry and worry, we find ourselves on board a New York Central through express, whirling through the night and along the usually quiet Mohawk, between Herkimer hill, towards our destination. To-morrow, Providence permitting, we shall reach Fenton's Corners and be greeted by loved ones.

So little Centennial book good night and good by. 'Sleep little one sleep,' Rock a baby bye,' in a car seat."

CHAPTER XXIII.

A SKETCH FROM ANNIS' JOURNAL.—NOVEMBER — 1876.

VOU dear, old book, I have not come to you for a talk since my centennial trip; but I have a sketch of my trip and you may read it at leisure. You see my mind is more on Merton, and Maud's and Agnes's coming visit, and so on. I am perfectly happy in Merton's love, and his letters are punctual and delightful; not soft and trashy like some young people write. Our letters would not appear silly even to a third party; which little thing can not be said of every body's love letters. I suppose he thinks I know enough to know he is longing to "fold me in his strong embrace," without his writing such stuff; and if he did I should certainly sicken of him; for when young people get "so far gone" as to write a whole epistle of such nothings, it is enough to bring on nausea. He uses a few pet names to be sure, but his letters are about his business, his future prospects, about friends and news, as any friend's letters might be. He never forgets the spiritual part either, and that makes him dearer to me all the time; not much danger of my supplanting him with another. Neither do I have a doubt as to our future marriage, for I believe God designed us for each other.

Maud and Agnes will be with me at holiday times, and *Deo Volente*, we shall have a joyous season. I do so hope Maud may be converted to the Christian faith. Now, what is faith?

Paul says, "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," and we know it is one of the fruits of the spirit of God. I love Paul. There is a great sympathy existing between us. He is so philosophical, yet so clearly explaining himself. And I love John, the apostle of love; yes, God is love, and John was an apostle of God, hence an apostle of love. And he sees the love in Christ and preaches a gospel of love. But I am talking of faith, dear journal. My definition of faith is belief. The little child has faith in its parent. How do you know? Why, it believes its parent; and would always do so, if the parent gave no cause for doubt; made no shammings, used no deceit.

Faith is belief. We have faith in God, we believe in Him, trust Him, believe His words and expect Him to do as He says He will. When He says, "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find," we believe, and we ask, and expect to find and receive. Some say they believe God, yet they ask and then say they don't know whether they shall receive or not. How is that? Is there not an incongruity somewhere? Are they not deceived by thinking they are trusting, having faith or believing, when in reality they are

not? "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and all these thinks (worldly necessaries) shall be added unto you." Do you notice the promised blessings are always preceded by a command or condition; if we ask we shall receive, if we seek first and more than all the kingdom of God, then we are not only to receive it, but He will also aid us to provide for the necessaries of this life. Oh, it we would comply with His requests, behold the multitudinous blessings all ready to flow from His loving hand down upon us, for Jesus' sake; that His name might receive glory upon earth as well as in heaven.

It is the operation of the Holy Spirit upon us that gives us the inclination to believe or have faith in God; so let us pray for faith and we will receive, according to God's promise, "Ask and ye shall receive." Now, if God's word is true and he is not a liar, then we must believe or expect to receive. But if God is not true, then is all preaching and believing vain. But God is truth itself and cannot be false; henceforth all we need do is believe Him and comply with His loving requests. Our hearts, all nature, and God's blessed spirit all agree that God exists and is the very culmination of all that is pure, holy and true. Yea, He is the very essence of all that is best and purest. Let us praise Him now and evermore; for His mercies and goodness endureth forever and ever.

Some say that their faith is weak: dear ones, remember this; you have no faith except Jesus be in you; then, whose faith is it? Why, it is Jesus' faith. Can His faith be lack-

ing? Oh, no. You must exercise your will and ask Jesus to let you use His faith in asking the Father for anything. Then, it is Jesus' faith that makes the plea to the Father for us; and His faith is complete for all. If we have little faith it is because we only trust Jesus a little, for faith is but trusting; great faith is only trusting fully and that is really believing. O Lord, give us great faith.

Well, my little friend, I have made out quite a sermon, haven't I? Never mind, it is all for you and me. Now we will talk of old times. How those words open the doors of memory, and scene after scene passes before us, like phantom panoramas, bringing back our school days and even our early childhood's days, when we were ever busy with questions and mischief. Ah, yes! children will be children, they were not made old people. These thoughts bring back a few stanzas I wrote some time ago. I believe I will just jot them down here for reference, when I become Mama—Harwood, perhaps.

REVIEW THE PAST.

Blessed is the heart of treasures,
Which speaks in tenderest measures
Of things and years gone by;
Gladly we list, as you recall
Our pleasures past, both great and small,
When joy and mirth ran high.

Beginning back to childhood's days,
And viewing o'er our child-like ways;
And things that then were said:
How oft' we disobeyed Mama,

Who never failed to tell Papa The havoc we had made.

And Papa sat and heard it all,
How through the window went our ball
Shivering pane and sash:
And once, we were jumping nearer
When our skip-rope struck the mirror
And broke it all to smash.

And when Mama went out one day
We made a fire, to melt away
The ice on the doorstep.
But lo! the flames they leaped up high,
And in a terror we stood by,
While horror round us crept.

Just then Papa came down the street,
And saw; then ran, at rate so fleet,
And quenched the fire:
Then, turning round in anger white,
He soon made known the rule of might,
While we besought our sire.

But why recall these childlike tricks
Of love and mischief, such a mix,
What—what good can it do?
To make you lenient and mild
When speaking of that wilful child,
Who acts, as once did you.

I wonder if—they will ever do me any good when correcting some mischievous, little chick.

There are some other verses I wish to keep and probably I had better copy them here; for no one will ever dare to read this; so they will be safe.

The following drops from my pen, on the pleasant occasion of the marriage of cousin Nell.

Merrily O, Cheerily O. Rang the marriage bell For my Young cousin Nell. At the home of J. H. Y---'s, Some with jokes and some with sighs, Guests came from near and far. Came by stage, came by car. To see Miss Nell marry The U. T. K. Morning Herald's Harry. England, Scotland and America were all represented; And many beautiful presents to the bride presented. One elegant caster and fine, china tea set, A silver cake basket, and we would not forget— The gold jewelry, and two butter dishes of glass, Another of silver, and-take care, my young lass, Do you not see those salts, that pitcher, and those spreads, Enough to cover three of their very handsomest beds? Besides spoons, knives, lamps, pictures, stone china and money, (The latter to buy, I suppose, that wonderful moon-of-honey). There were tidies and linen, and others to numerous to mention; Suffice it to say, they were many and useful and worthy attention. Flowers were profuse, some from Batavia and Warrenville, Ill., And the wedding cake weighed forty pounds and stood up very high!! Rev. Scoular, of Hamilton, performed the marriage ceremony, And altogether, the wedding was very, very tony. The bridesmaid was Miss Lou Young, of this place, sister of the bride, And Mr. Mullock, of Toronto, was pleased to grace the other side. Their wedding day is over, and however strange to relate, They now dwell in Utica, in a doubly United State.

Wishing them to best success and happiness without alloy, I'll close by saying—I trust the first two'll be a handsome girl and boy.

A TRIBUTE.

Silent are these little lips,
And closed the sweet, blue eyes;
For our darling, little Ruby
Sees and talks in Paradise.

Folded are these dimpled hands,
And quiet these little feet,
For our precious, little Ruby
Skips along the Golden Street.

Placid is this marble brow,
And deaf these little ears;
For our dearest, little Ruby
Lists to songs of other spheres.

Stilled is this little heart,
Once with love so rife;
But we know our little Ruby
Glories in eternal life.

In short, this little house of clay
Lies resting neath the sod;
But our darling, precious Ruby
Dwells in heaven with our God.

She will not return to us,

But to follow her, we'll try;

That together we may dwell

Thro' the long, sweet by and by.

Two friends of mine corresponded through the press and I wish to keep their rhymes. They will be pleasant for them and me to read in the future.

TO JOLLY BESS OF S. C. NEWS.

(By Mrs. W. H. Munroe.)

Good "Jolly Bess" your query came,
Thro' the columns of the "News!"
You wish to know my real name;
That boon I'll not refuse.

I'm just the same old, real self—
Though '' time," I'm often told,
With fingers rude hath touched my brows
And streaked the locks of gold.

Within this breast ever beats

The same heart, warm and true;
And now, may I not in return

Ask, Bessie, who are you?

Or, is your name just "Jolly,"
Your mother's name, Mrs. Bess?
And are you Miss or Mr.? say:
The truth I cannot guess.

Are you not some kind maiden fair,
Who shared my every joy—
When, in girlhood days, our pleasures
Were unmingled with alloy?

Perhaps you were some sweetheart bold, Who sought 'mid hopes and fears To win my love! those days have fled! I'm a bride of twenty years!

But even that don't ravel

The mystery, no, not any!

By this I could not know your name,

For oh! they were so many.

But now, please step out boldly,

The truth you must confess;

Pray, where are Far View Corners,

And who is "Jolly Bess?"

TO MRS. W. H. MUNROE, LOVELAND, COL.

Madam:-

My name and sex you wish to know,
And the truth I will confess;
Changeable I, names come and go,
There are more than—Jolly Bess.

In the winter of 18'1,
Clarence, then a little lad,
Told me his lessons, one by one,
And at parting we were sad.

My initials were then but three, J. J. F., all in a row; No, I am not a girlhood friend, Nor yet, a sad, cast off beau.

A lady, now of Carthage town,
S. A. F., is now her sign,
Answers to the same cognomen,
Which was once known to be mine.

But of late I bear another,

The which you may surely find,

If you'll follow my directions,

Using care to bear in mind—

I'm a "tormentor" and a tease; Supplant the syllable "lock," In the place of ze, in wheeze, And its perfect as a clock. Now, Far View Corners is a place, And I am still yours to guess; We report from near and from far, While I remain your Jolly Bess.

REPLY TO JOLLY BESS.

A thousand thanks! dear "Jolly Bess," It seems a thing quite common
That you should mislead me,—but now,

Ich kenne deine Namen.

Mystery no longer hides the truth,

Though in rebus you confessed it;

For when I saw your J. J. F.,

How easily I guessed it.

Though you are not our "girlhood friend,"

Nor yet a "cast off lover,"

May heaven's blessings, rich and pure,

Around your pathway hover.

Those lessons you so nobly taught,
Rays from your gentle spirit,
Within the breast of that dear boy
Have never lost their merit.

But on and on, they will ever live,
His noble powers controlling;
While time, with stern, relentless hand,
His ceaseless round is rolling.

-Mrs. W. H. M.

OUR ABSENT FATHER.

Oh, how lonely is our fireside!
Since our father sits not there;
And how cheerless is the window
Where stands the vacant chair.

Then the couch and pillows yonder, Where he sat many a weary day, Now look so very sad and dreary Since our father's gone away.

But his sufferings now are ended,
And he has found a home above;
With God's redeemed he's dwelling
In a land of peace and love.

"I hope we may meet in heaven,"
Were the words so often said,
And we will strive to heed them;
Now on memory's tablet laid.

"It is not works alone, my son,
But faith and trust we need;"
To this add *love*, and then, dear one,
His worthy admonition heed.

In the casket his loved form rests,

Bedewed by tears and decked with flowers;
His spirit soars above this realm,

Yet, mingles here with ours.

We cannot see the treasured form,
Yet feel his presence very near;
We cannot hear those much loved lips,
Yet do hear those accents dear.

He may not come the same to us,
But we may surely go to him;
Then "we shall know as we are known,"
And see clearly, what now is dim.

"Death is the door of heaven,"
So do not weep for friends who die,

But say, Oh, God, abide with me, And to Jesus arms I'll fly.

God loved this world of sinners lost
And gave for us His only son;
Lo! we will try and bear each cross,
And humbly say, "Thy will be done."

Mercy me! I have spent so much time copying these. But then, perhaps I may take comfort reading them by and by. How I do hope I may not have to give up my father and mother yet for many years. However, I believe that is selfishness on my part, for certainly Christians must be happier, by far, in the heavenly home; for just think of what a beautiful description the bible gives of that New Jerusalem. Besides, what peace and joy to ever be with God and his dear redeemed. Oh, yes, it certainly must be better to go, when He wants us. "O Lord, thy will be done." My only brother is there these many years; and many others precious to me, and when we are there all will be precious to us, for they are precious to Christ.

Now I must stop writing for to-day, after copying my

TOKEN.

May she to you a blessing prove,
Of heaven's divinest pleasure;
Causing your heart to grow in love,
As you guard and guide your treasure.
God's blessing attend your efforts
To make her gentle, good and pure,
To be noble in thought and action,
And for truth's sake, all things endure.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT.

"Over the mountains, and under the waves,
Over the fountains, and under the graves,
Under floods that are deepest,
Which Neptune obey;
Over rocks that are steepest,
Love will find out the way.

-Old Song.

THE year had rolled away; a year fraught with joys and sorrows, pleasures and disappointments, much the same as other years, but to Annis and Harwood it had brought more of happiness than sorrow.

As stated in a previous chapter, a few days after the anniversary excursion to Chickadee Lake, Harwood departed for Colorado, where he again assumed the duties of his business much to the delight of Robert Hastings, who had begun to chafe at Harwood's protracted absence.

"Well," exclaimed Hastings, "what of your New York bird, will she consent to live in your cage and sing you her songs?"

Merton explained how matters were arranged between himself and Annis, to which recital Robert listened, much amused, and when he had finished Robert made a heel and toe movement, waltzed around the room and came down with a balance step, exclaiming, "Rather eccentric little puss, by jove! Well, I'll be bound! Mert, you are almost as good as married, for I tell you what, you two, after drooping and pining all these years, never will leave each other now, and take to somebody else, no never!"

Then assuming more gravity of manner, he walked up to Harwood, extended his hand and said, "Mr. Harwood, allow me to congratulate you upon the apparent success of your enterprise, and also to invite you, most emphatically, to be present at the ceremonial climax of mine."

"Thank you, Hastings, for your kind interest and congratulations, also for your invitation, which I shall, if possible, accept with pleasure; however, I shall miss you much, after you are married, nevertheless, I most sincerely wish you true felicity, happiness and prosperity, during your coming life," replied Harwood.

In due time Hastings was married, and after the honeymoon settled down in the place where Harwood resided.

After Harwood's return to Colorado, letters had passed between him and Annis frequently; letters much cherished and valued for their true ring, and not for mere clatter; thus the year had passed, and now in Mr. Warden's drawing-room are seated a lady and gentleman, whom we recognize as Annis Warden and Merton Harwood.

"Annis, my dear," Harwood is saying, "the year of probation is ended, and now are you willing to make our engagement?" "Yes, Merton, perfectly willing." "That is just the answer I had expected, Annis, yet it is profoundly satisfying to hear you say it," said Harwood, drawing Annis a little closer and raising her happy face; I guess he stamped the agreement again, you know it would need to be newly stamped after a lapse of a year.

"Now then," continued Harwood, "when can we have the wedding day?" "I have been thinking," said Annis, "that June is the pleasantest month in the year, and as we renewed our friendship in that month, why not have our wedding next June, two years from the renewal of our old love?"

"That is just the thing," exclaimed Harwood; "say we have it on the nineteenth, that will be the anniversary to a day." "Very well," we will, if we can conveniently," said she. "By that time I shall have my business in Colorado either sold out or so arranged that it can be done by my overseer. Robert Hastings is desirous of buying me out, entering into partnership, or being hired as overseer; he likes the business much, so I presume some such arrangement will be made, as we are both desirous of remaining here, at least for a few years," remarked Harwood.

Other plans, of no interest to us, were discussed until it was decided to give a small party, in honor of their engagement, which was no longer to be kept a secret.

None but their most intimate friends were to be invited; accordingly a list of names was made out, including Dr. Wade, Maud Squires, Agnes and Rollin Welch.

The day chosen for the party was the fifth of September, that being the anniversary of Harwood's departure, after their partial engagement.

The day proved propitious for the entertainment and the young people decided to make an excursion to Chickadee Lake, which they did to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Maud Squires, Agnes and Rollin Welch had arrived the day before; Agnes and Annis had continued as in their earlier days, perfect confidants, hence it was, that Agnes was well acquainted with all the shadows and sunshine of Annis' and Harwood's friendship; therefore it was with the utmost sincerity that she entered in Annis' joyous and happy anticipations.

Maud Squires was hardly second to Agnes; and Rollin Welch having long ago given Annis over and found another, whom he some day expected to call wife, very heartily joined his congratulations with those of the others.

So it was that a very happy party entered the grove at Chickadee Lake, on this bright autumn day; it was composed of young people, with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. Warden, and Mr. and Mrs. Harwood, the parents of the betrothed pair.

When assembled at the dinner table, before partaking, Dr. Wade in a few appropriate remarks, announced the betrothal of Miss Annis Warden to Mr. Merton Harwood, at the close of which Harwood placed upon Annis' finger the betrothal ring, consisting of a gold band set with a single sapphire.

Thanks were offered, after which the company partook of the refreshments, and after which many toasts were offered to the newly affianced pair.

The afternoon was spent as the different ones felt inclined, and twilight found the company wending its way homeward.

Annis' three guests remained three weeks, during which time many picnics, excursions, et caetera, were participated in, much to the delight of both Harwood and Wade; the latter of whom had become thoroughly enamored of Miss Squires.

According to an agreement made in childhood, Annis arranged with Agnes that she should be her bridesmaid to stand with a groomsman, whom Harwood should select.

At the end of three weeks Annis' guests took their departure, leaving her somewhat lonely, although Harwood, who remained until the last of October, engaged as much of her time as possible.

It was the last of October, and the trees wore a garb of russet brown, relieved with bright tinted hues; the afternoon was warm and hazy, birds twittered, and chipmunks and squirrels hopped about rustling the leaves that already lay upon the moss and fern in the wood.

Annis and Harwood were taking their farewell stroll, and to-morrow, Providence permitting, he would again start for Colorado, to superintend his prolific herds.

"Annis," said he "I wish you would send a token of some kind to Mrs. Robert Hastings, they would so appreciate it, coming from you for whom they seem to have the most kindly concern, and besides, they have been so unmistakably kind to me."

"And so I will," she replied, "but what shall it be?"
"Oh, anything you choose," said Merton. "Well then,"
said Annis, after a moment's thought, "I think I will send
a nice photograph album with our pictures in it, to Mr. and
Mrs. Robert Hastings, and a book of Irish poems to Mr.
and Mrs. Patrick O'Brien."

"Those will be very acceptable; and I dare say nothing would more please Patrick and Bridget than songs of their own fairy isle of the sea, the emerald isle, which they adore,' said Harwood, pleasantly.

A few moments later Harwood again spoke; "Annis, do you remember that little old rhyme, that runs something after this fashion?

''Tis hard to part with those we love,
'Tis hard to bid adieu;
But its not so hard to part with others,
As 'tis to part with you.'

I never felt the force of that, as I do to-day; and were it not that duty must come before pleasure, I should feel inclined to linger, which would after all, only prolong the misery of an inevitable separation, for go I must, sometime, and now as well as ever; but darling, how much different will be my going now than when first I started for Colorado.

Then, I had no anticipations that in the future you would lovingly confide yourself to me; no loving farewell and cheerful words to buoy me up; only the feeling of icy coldness—, worse to me than an iceberg, to goad me farther on; now the sweet assurance of your love—the bright anticipa-

tion of a happy future, and the knowledge that with God's permission, I shall return at the end of seven months, to call you mine, are all joys to cheer me on in duty's path."

When he ceased speaking Annis looked very sober and said, "Yes, Merton, our future bids very fair and we should be very thankful to our Heavenly Father for His many blessings, and we must be sure to ask His care and protection over us in the future.

There will be one consolation while you are absent, that the same sun which shines on you, the same moon that smiles at night while the stars watch your slumbers, are the same which gladden my heart with their kindly rays; this thought will always bring you nearer; while above all, the same God, who cares for you, will care for me."

"Thank you, Annis dear, for these thoughts, they will always remain with me, and as you say, make you seem nearer, and dearer, because we worship the same Jehovah."

"And I hope we may always worship Him in unity and purity," added Annis. "Merton," she continued, "how can anyone behold these beauties of nature and still claim there is no God?"

"I think they harden their hearts, close their eyes, and utter words contrary to their own convictions, either for the sake of opposition or argument; however, there may be those who sincerely disbelieve, but I cannot understand them," replied Harwood.

"For my part, I cannot comprehend, how some can attribute everything to chance, when to me, there seems to be a great plan, and the most absolute and profound forethought expressed throughout the entire creation," observed Annis, and thus they continued talking for some time.

After a very pleasant and interesting walk, our friends returned to the house, where Harwood remained during the evening. On his departure Annis accompanied him to the gate, where under the blinking stars they took their farewell, although Annis was to see him off the following day.

Harwood had taken his farewell leave of his parents, to be, that evening, and after having passed the trying ordeal of sweet-heart leave taking, passed on his homeward way with mixed feelings of joy and sorrow.

The next day was cooler; the sky gray and the wind went moaning through the trees, whose leaves fluttered to the ground, thus passing away and making room for the coming generation.

Annis drove to the station where she met her affianced, and, after a few moment's conversation, during which she gave him the presents for her western friends, with little messages for each, the whistle of the incoming train warned the would be passengers to make ready.

Our friends walked to the platform of the rear car, where with smiling faces, aching hearts and a pressure of the hands, which spoke volumes, the parting words were uttered.

"Toot! toot!" and the train moved onward; Harwood tipped his hat, she bowed and both waved their handker-chiefs until the train was lost to view, around a curve in the road.

Annis returned to her carriage and drove homeward with a sad heart and gloomy day for companions, but bright anticipations on in the future.

This is life; ever fleeting, ever changing, interspersed with joys and tears.

"Farewell! farewell is a mournful sound
And always brings a sigh;
But give to me that better word
That comes from the heart, good-bye."

"Adieu! adieu, we hear it oft',
With a tear, perhaps, with a sigh;
But the heart feels most when the lips move not,
And the eye speaks the gentle good-bye."

"Farewell, farewell is never heard When tears in the lover's eye, Adieu, adieu, we hear it not, But my love good-bye, good-bye."

CHAPTER XXV.

A WEDDING.

"Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship.
For what is wedlock, forced, but a hell,
An age of discord and continued strife!
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace."

-Shakespeare.

WINTER and spring had passed away and summer had come. Nature was sweet and fresh in her new emerald suit; the air was fragrant with newly blown roses and other early bloomers. The heavens were resonant with the merry songs of many birds, and all nature seemed joyous and happy.

It was now the nineteenth of June, eighteen hundred seventy eight; the day was perfectly cloudless, and, according to the old adage, none could have proven more propitious for the bride's day than this.

A little bustle at cottage de la Grove, indicated something unusual and the previous arrival of guests, among whom were Maud Squires and Agnes Welch, together with the fact, that Merton Harwood had returned from Colorado a few weeks before, led us to conclude the marriage day had arrived.

Occasionally, through the day, carriages reined up at the Grove, bringing arrivals from a distance; but about three in the afternoon, arrivals became more frequent and continued to come until nearly five o'clock.

At five, in the presence of a hundred invited guests, the marriage party appeared, headed by the Rev. J. H. Munroe, followed by Miss Agnes Welch and Dr. Arthur Wade, acting bridesmaid and groomsman; then came Merton Harwood, escorted by his father and mother, followed by Annis Warden, escorted by her father and mother.

The groom-elect was escorted to his place, then his parents retired and Mr. Warden proceeded to give away his daughter.

A few well chosen remarks preceded the real ceremony, which was brief and conclusive; a few brief moments sufficing to transform the Miss into Mrs. and the D. D. presented to the guests Mr. and Mrs. Merton Harwood.

Merton saluted his bride, which act was followed by the congratulations of the company, and while they are thus engaged, let us take a peep at the bridal party.

Naturally the first object is the bride, who, on this occasion, is attired in spotless white. Her dress is of some thin, airy like material, which, after fitting her slender waist most exquisitely, falls to the floor in cloud-like folds and puffs, forming a long train. Lace and white satin fill

their appointed places a la mode. One dainty foot is partly seen, encased in a white kid shoe.

Her well shaped head is crowned with a coronet of white, wild flowers, from which falls, in fleecy folds, the bridal veil.

The groom wears a suit of black with white vest and tie. The maid and groomsman are dressed similarly. White kid gloves encased the hands of each.

One fact attracts attention and that is the resemblance between the ladies. Agnes and Annis are both blondes, with gentle, blue eyes and features so much alike as to call forth comment; and it so happens that both gentlemen are brunettes, with dark hair and eyes, although dissimilar in other respects.

Congratulations being over, refreshments were served according to modern display and custom; after which the many beautiful gifts that loved ones had presented as mementoes of the happy event, were viewed by young Mr. and Mrs. Harwood.

These gifts were valued more by Annis and Merton for the kindly feeling which they expressed, than for their costliness, which was no mean trifle.

In a short time the guests, having paid their respects to Mr. and Mrs. Warden and the newly wedded pair, took their departure, save those who were to remain at the cottage for a time.

Quite a number of guests remained over night, and it was late at night or early the next morning when silence reigned and Morpheus cradled in his arms the inmates of Cherry Grove cottage.

The succeeding day some of the guests took their departure and others remained several days; Agnes being among the former and Maud among the latter.

Annis was sorry to have Agnes leave her so soon, but she had spent a week with her before the wedding and felt that duty called her home; so Annis could but say farewell to her loved friend and see her depart.

Maud, with her genial ways and sunny face, remained for nearly a week and then she, too, departed, leaving her friends at the Grove alone but happy.

A week after the wedding found all quiet at the Grove, and everything rolled along as before, save that one ray of sunshine was missing; the patter of feet that had, for nearly twenty-three years echoed along the halls of the Warden home, was now silent; the merry song, the gleeful laugh, the cheery words, the petit form were gone; the good night kiss that invariably rested so lovingly on the parent's lips was missed; in short, the light and joyousness of the household had disappeared; Annis was gone, and a gloom pervaded the cottage which time alone dissipated.

No wedding tour was taken by our young friends and none was desired. After the hurry and worry attending the final preparations, Annis felt that she would better enjoy herself by remaining at home, which they accordingly did, Harwood taking his bride to the home of his parents.

After a few weeks Annis divided her time between the Harwood cottage and her old home at the Grove.

Here for the present we will leave them, unincumbered by the cares of a home and free to enjoy themselves as of yore.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MRS. HARWOOD'S JOURNAL.

Rose Vine Cottage, June 19, 1881.

My dear, silent friend:—Do you remember this is our third wedding anniversary, and you and I must have a review of the past and a little chat of the present? But this afternoon we are to go to Cherry Grove and visit Grandma and Grandpa Warden; not Annis' Grandma and Grandpa, for they are in the eternal world, long years ago. Aye, some are going, some are coming, the former leaving to make room for the latter. Our new one is a fine little laddie eighteen months old; he looks much like his papa, has dark hair and very black eyes; yes, we think he is bright and so do his grandparents. Grandparents always do; besides most grandparents think the grandchildren are so nice and cunning that they ought to do as they please; now I think that is entirely wrong. Children who do as they please grow selfish, stubborn and disagreeable. We all like best those children who are governed; of course it is not pleasant to correct them, but it certainly is for their good. I do not suppose it is pleasant for our Heavenly Father to correct us, and sometimes severely; but it must be for our

good, although we cannot always see it at the time, perhaps never, in this life; yet He, in his infinite wisdom, knows to what our naughty ways are tending; perhaps we may not even realize we are naughty. So it is with us and our children, only in a very small way; we see germs developing in the child's character, which we know will bear evil fruit after a time, are we doing the child a real kindness to allow those little naughty habits to grow and multiply, and after a season spoil his beautiful life?

Would it not rather be a true kindness to uproot those evils, although, perhaps, sometimes we may have to dig deep and cause considerable suffering and many tears and heartaches? For you know some weeds root deeply, and will not die, although the tops are plucked off time and time again; but will ever and anon sprout out, sometimes quite unexpectedly, after you have thought them dead.

This sprouting is not only true of weeds but also of choice plants. Who has not given up some pet plant as dead, because it was so dilatory in donning its summer dress? but by and by are rejoiced to see it dressing itself and soon decked in gorgeous array; or who has not mourned some seed planted, as lost, because it did not appear on the surface as soon as was thought proper? But lo! unexpectedly it appears, grows quickly and blooms; the germinating process and rooting process were all going on, while we were mourning because it was invisible. But when it appears, we rejoice even more because of our grief; so our grief worked out a greater amount of joy.

Thus it is, very frequently, with good seed sown in the human heart. We sowers sometimes grieve because we see not the good plants growing, and we imagine the seeds were false or the ground stony and unfruitful. We think the tares are even multiplying faster than before we sowed the good seed; and in our distress we cry out, Oh, my Father, help Thou me and help me to do better work. After a season we are surprised to see the plants far up and maturing rapidly: yes, they were getting deeply rooted during the invisible period and are now so strong and full of life that they speed onward and upward by giant strides.

My dear friend, never despair in well doing; though you do not see results now, they are there, and some time will manifest themselves in such a manner as to cause rejoicing among the angels as well as upon earth. God's words cannot return void but must accomplish that whereunto it is appointed, and He promises to bless the sowers; so let us all be sowers as well as reapers, if we find reaping to do; we certainly can all be sowers.

Yes, it is a little sermon but I must preach to some one, and why not to you? Certainly you are sufficiently discreet not to be offended.

Most certainly you shall know our little boy's name; it is Clarence. He is a sturdy little fellow, brim full of love; oh, that I may guide him in the paths of righteousness, and teach him to love rather than fear God, and to make Jesus his bosom friend.

We were happy before he came, but no home is complete without these dear, little, troublesome joys and blessings. Yes they are troublesome, for just when you want to sleep they are sure to be wakeful; are you sick so are they; and they must be cared for; do you wish to visit and take baby, he is sure to be fretful and cry at table, so you feel your darling is making everyone else miserable; and you wish for the wings of a dove so you and baby could fly away and be at rest. You seldom wish to fly away without him. No matter if they all assure you he does not worry them, you are certain he does, but if he were some one else boy at your table you would scarcely realize the disturbance. But when he coos and laughs and begins to notice things, and do funny things, how smart he seems and how proud you feel of that child. No doubt he will turn out something noble and grand, who could picture him aught else? Surely not a fond, doting parent.

Oh yes, we love our children, and do not count the troubles and cares when caring for them; we realize most our pleasure in having the precious, little treasures, with their love and sweet companionship. God loves children and calls them a blessing.

We have been house-keeping for two years and it is pleasant to have a home of one's own; but it is not always practicable; sometimes circumstances seem to require young people to live with parents, but I think, as a rule, all parties enjoy themselves better if the young people can live by themselves.

But my friend, I think it very advisable to try and make the best of everything, and if possible to find the bright side of every picture and look at it; keeping your eyes as much as possible from the dark side.

I am striving to lead a Christian life and do a real work in the world; but sometimes I get so discouraged, it seems I never will outgrow some of my hasty ways. You know I am very sensitive on some points, and easily hurt or vexed, and when vexed, often say what I very soon repent of saying. This is not as it ought to be, for Paul says Charity suffereth long and is kind, and I am afraid sometimes I don't suffer very long before I say unkind things, more than I really mean. True, sometimes I can endure considerable; I ask God to forgive me, and often kneel before the injured one and ask forgiveness. Why kneel? To mortify the flesh or humble myself for wrong. It is no small thing to do and for fear any might think I considered them all right, I say I do this for Jesus' sake. He teaches humility, and because I have done wrong I will humble myself for His sake.

I find great happiness in visiting the poor, the mourning or the sick. I have learned that true happiness comes from striving to make others happy; especially those who do not have much happiness.

If you wish to be happy, truly so, go to some poor being, whose life is fraught with care, labor and sorrows; go to such, I say, and let the sunshine that is in you, shine out upon them, and soon you will see the reflection on their hearts, indicated by their faces. When you go from that

visit, there will be something in your heart not found when on your way home from selfish enjoyments. I often think of, and sing,

"Do your best for one another,
Making life a pleasant dream;
Help a worn and weary brother,
Pulling hard against the stream."

That is only the chorus, but the whole of it seems so significant of our duty to each other, I think I will just copy it entirely.

"In this world, I've gained my knowledge,
And for it I've had to pay;
Though I never went to college,
Yet I've heard the poets say,

'Life is like a mighty river,
Rolling on from day to day;
Men are vessels launched upon it,
Sometimes wrecked and cast away."

CHORUS.—So then, do your best for one another,
Making life a pleasant dream;
Help a worn and weary brother,
Pulling hard against the stream."

"Many a bright, good-hearted fellow,
Many a noble-minded man,
Finds himself in water shallow,
Then assist him, if y u can.
Some succeed at every turning,
Fortune favors every scheme;
Others, too, tho' more deserving,
Have to pull against the stream."

"If the wind is in your favor,
And you've weathered every squall,
Think of those, whose luckless labor
Never get fair winds at all.
Working hard, contented, willing,
Struggling thro' life's ocean wide;
Not a friend, and not a shilling,
Pulling hard against the tide."

"Don't give way to foolish sorrow;
Let this keep you in good cheer;
Brighter days may come to-morrow,
If you try and persevere;
Darkest nights will have a dawning,
Tho' the sky be over-cast;
Longest lanes will have a turning
And the tide will turn, at last."

Yes, sometime, if not till eternity. Eternity! when does that begin? why it begins with the beginning of time and continues on after what is known as time, is done away. It seems we might define eternity as never ending time; so I might better have omitted the last clause and said, yes, sometime. Subject for thought—Are we doing our best for one another, making life a pleasant dream, (so far as we can?) Are we helping our worn and weary brothers, (and sisters too), pulling hard against the stream of life? Think!

Now Annis Harwood, be zealous of good works; keep your eyes open and *see* where you may lend a helping hand; it may be just to speak a gentle, loving word or so. Mind, words sometimes cut deeper than blows; aye, how many times in life have I seen that truth verified.

I wish to learn to bear and forbear; to be charitable to all; to love everybody, whether agreeable or disagreeable; the more disagreeable, the more zealous I must be for their spiritual welfare; pray for them and try in all ways to do them good. I have tried this somewhat, and find it worth while to try it more; it helps remove the dislike.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A LETTER FROM BURMAH.

Zeegong, Burmah, September — 1883.

Dear, old Annis:—How I long to see you, but as I cannot I do my best in looking at your photo. How natural it looks and how much it reminds me of those dear, old days at Ricksport. In memory, I again walk the streets of Ricksport and see I. B. P. and Matilda, and dear, old Prof. S., with his smiling countenance. I am again sketching familiar faces and scenes; but, alas! those days are "lang syne," and I am getting to be an old maid, but not old in heart, and thank the Lord, I am happy even out here in Asia among the Indians and cobras. Do you know what the cobras are? They are large serpents, who inhabit this country and whose head at the top is something like a hood. They have a poisonous fang in the roof of the mouth, and when attacking, they rear up, raise the hood or open their mouth, which appears much like the open palm of a hand, from which protrudes the fang, which they strike into the object attacked and which is sure death. I think they are sometimes even more than four feet in length. They are known as the Hooded snake or Cobra de capella. The snake charmers go out and blow a pipe or horn of peculiar sound, when out pops the cobra from some hole in the ground and listens; while the charmer continues the sound and draws closer and closer to the snake. When sufficiently near, he, by a dexterous movement, catches the serpent by the tail and tosses it in air; when it strikes the ground it is somewhat stunned, and the charmer catches it, with a decidedly firm grip, by the back of the neck. This is the snake charmer's modus-operandi to capture his prize. If the fang is extracted the cobra is harmless, but whatever he strikes with his fang dies in a very few hours, after intense suffering.

Lions, tigers (the Royal Bengal inhabits these parts, you know,) scorpions and white ants are some of the drawbacks of this place; but beautiful native flowers and feathery palms and luxuriant vegetation lend a charm not to be considered of little importance. Besides, the loving demonstrations of the converted natives is an item which only a heartless creature could withstand, without a corresponding sympathy.

I love my work and we certainly are doing something for the Master. I wish you could see our school; it would please you to see the pupils sitting about on mats placed upon the floor. That is their custom and you can scarcely persuade them to sit in chairs. In fact, when the railway cars were first put in here, there were separate cars for the natives, who insisted on putting their luggage on the seats and rolling themselves on the floor; so the managers had the seats removed and racks put up for the luggage and hammocks hung in the middle of the car for infants and let the older natives sit on the floor.

You wish to know how our houses are built, and of what material. The material is wood, generally teek, as that is the hardest and the white ant does not like to work in it much. The white ant is very destructive, often destroying houses by working into the timbers and eating and eating until they are no better than rotten, being bored full of holes and dust. We always keep our trunks raised from the floors on account of them, for even one would destroy all there might be in a trunk if it set on the floor where it could eat a hole through it.

Our houses are built on posts several feet high, to prevent serpents and scorpions from getting inside, and even then, once in a while, a scorpion gets in, so we must look into everything we put on; but it soon becomes a custom and we think no more about it than taking our morning bath. The houses have steep roofs, gothic or somewhat so; and and very deep verandahs nearly around them.

Our furniture is heavy, of the English style, made also of teek, which somewhat resembles your black walnut or mahogany.

Society etiquette is also quite English as the English hold possession and government. But missionaries are recognized as good society and we try to conform to their customs. We are not, however, expected to follow their fine style of dress. Miles, here, are not much considered, as we often go twenty miles to an entertainment.

I have visited the place where the Judsons did such beautiful work for the Master. They were much beloved by the natives, who still care most lovingly for Mrs. Judson's grave, which I saw. He did not die at the same place.

Annis, pray for us that we may do much for the Lord among these poor, ignorant natives. The harvest is indeed white and ready for the reapers, but the reapers are still few, although steadily increasing. But there are vast fields at home and abroad, where the gleaners and reapers and sowers must need to work earnestly, perseveringly, carefully, prayerfully, in all places and at all times. "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters," Isa. 32:20, for "my word shall not return unto me void," Isa. 55:11.

Now, Annis Harwood, I must close, but before I sign my name I must ask for Mr. Harwood's and baby Lottie's photos; also Clarence's.

Love to each.

SARAH BARCLAY, Zeegong, British Burmah, Asia.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LETTERS.

What can better fill the place of a far-away loved one, than a letter penned by that same loved one's own hand, and sealed by his lips. The heart often speaks more eloquently by letter than the writer would dare, face to face.—The Author.

Rose Vine Cottage, August 28, 1886.

DEAR Sarah, my sister in Jesus:—May the Lord's richest blessings be upon you and your work. I most certainly wish I could step into your school-room, and remain with you a few days; but how can I, when there are four young Harwoods, who deem it their duty and privilege to monopolize their mamma?

There is studious Clarence, who was six last December, and who is a perfect marvel of intelligence; he reads readily in United States History, and is not behind in other corresponding studies. Of course, we cannot help being proud of him. He is no child in judgment nor desires; of all things he desires to be a man, and manly. I cannot begin to tell you how much of a companion he is to me, besides being a great help in caring for the others. Then comes frail, little Lottie, a very delicate, quiet child of four; and

then Wellington, a little man of two, and last, as a wedding anniversary present for our eighth, came a stout, little miss, whom we call Edna. I wish you could see them. Sarah, I feel I have a God given missionary work at home; I do hope I may always discharge the duty in accordance with His will.

Merton seems to require me more and more; do you know it is a pleasure to me, to feel that some one needs me, and really depends upon me. I now feel that I am really of some use in the world. I must just give you the lines which come to me as descriptive of our little babe.

Little precious fingers,
Little dimpled hand;
Fairy little maiden—
Sweetest in the land.

Little face all laughing,
Skin so olive white,
Little cheeks so rosy,
Little eyes so brown and bright.

Dearest little Edna,
Our darling and our pride;
May angels gently guide you,
"To a home beyond the Tide."

The Ricksport school is all changed, and none of the students we knew, are there now. I was in attendance upon their memorial exercises of H. W. Longfellow; they were very entertaining, but I felt homesick not to see a single familiar face among the students. I know you like to have my rhymes, so will insert the following:

IN MEMORY OF H. W. LONGFELLOW.

He sleeps, the honored poet sleeps;
No pain can reach him now;
Hushed are his heart's last throbbing beats,
And placid is his brow.

He sleeps, the honored poet sleeps,
His lips are white and still;
He rests, while angels vigil keep,
Obeying his Master's will.

He sleeps, the honored poet sleeps,
While friends are mute with grief;
He's climbed the heavenly, pearly steeps,
Where life no more is brief.

He sleeps, the honored poet sleeps, Who spoke, in life, so sweet; He dwells above the starry skies, And learns at Jesus' feet.

He sleeps, the honored poet sleeps,
And we will weep no more,
But strive to live, that when we die,
We'll meet on that blest shore.

I admire Mr. Longfellow's writings and wish I could have personally known him. He was such an admirer of nature, I think he must have been a good man. How truly he spoke when in his "Rainy Day" poem he said:

"Into each life some rain must fall, Some days must be dark and dreary."

Yes, I suppose we require the rain as well as sunshine, but we usually prefer the sunshine; or—sonshine. Do you? How is Mr. Aide?

My letters are so long they must last for a long time. Hoping to see you soon, and commending you to the care of the Great Spirit, with love, I close.

—— Annis Harwood,

"Mater familias."

Having finished her letter to her Burmah friend, Mrs. Annis donned her hat and made a call to a poor, sick lady, carrying her some delicacies, but best of all a heart full of Christlike love and sympathy.

The woman was not, at the beginning of her visits, a Christian, but gradually the icy like indifference and unreconciled heart began to thaw, and finally there was a great breaking up and a yielding up of self to the Maker. How rejoiced Annis was when she saw God's working upon this poor, dear friend, who suffered so long, yet tried to be patient, resting in Jesus. After her return Annis wrote to our friend Agnes as follows:

MRS. MARTIN, MADAM:-

How business-like that sounds; but now I must say, my dear Agnes, how I long to once more "behold your linament." Can you in no way leave the nest in care of your mate and flit awa' to me for a season? Aye, I could come to you; but its na easy thing wi' four, sma' bairns. Aye, four, the last arriving June 19, as an anniversary memorial. It's Edna. And a girl is a girl for a' that.

I have written my friend, Sarah Barclay; I wish you knew her. When two ocean currents of equal magnitude and and velocity oppose each other, neither can overpower, yet each forms a break to the other and of a necessity their waters mingle, spread out in various directions and soon form a smooth sea. And thus it is with the elements composing the character of my friend Sarah.

Love of adventure, daring, perseverance, buoyancy of spirit and determined will, met by a love for humanity and a desire to serve and be controlled by the Supreme Will, mingle their forces and blend into one harmonious whole; as we find in our missionary friend, at Zeegong.

"Our days are gliding swiftly by," and we are nearing life's zenith. Aggie, are you looking forward to that reunion of loved ones on the evergreen shore? How happy the thought that, in the "sweet by and by," there is to be a grand reunion of God's blessed redeemed; there to dwell with no dread of a separation. And then, all the beauties of that place is thought beyond our most sanguine conceptions; for it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive of those things which the Lord hath prepared for those who love Him. We do love Him, do we not? Do you know I think He blesses us every time we confess to our love for Him. Besides, I think He reveals Himself to us according to our efforts to please Him. He is certainly jealous of our love and service and He ought so to be, after the great cost of His love. Jesus loves a cheerful giver and the gift need not always be money—far from it. The gift of loving words, kind actions, loving service of any sort freely given. "Freely ye have received, freely give," "love ye one another, even as I have loved you." Not

some others but one another—general. Oh yes, His is a gospel of love, and those who serve Him must do a service of love. He made Himself a servant for all and and those, who would be greatest must be a servant for others. is always pleased, when he sees us trying to do others a loving service. Jesus is the son of a King and we are His brothers and sisters by adoption, so we are children of a king. Yes, we belong to the royal of all royal families; and so when we do a mean or disgraceful thing, it is really worse than if we only belonged to a low family. Let our conduct be in accord with our high station. He commands us to be good soldiers. Of what service would cowards be in the army? It would be useless to have soldiers if every time the enemy came they threw down their armor and surrendered or run. We are soldiers and are to be good soldiers; not run, but keep in our armor-Jesus Christ-and stand firm, using the sword if necessary. Our sword is to be the word of God. That is the very same sword Jesus, Himself, used when besieged by the adversary.

Aggie, I have a few thoughts copied in my journal for reference. They comfort me many times and encourage, I will just jot them down for you.

Trust not in self but in God.

Cast your soul's anchor firmly in the Rock-Christ.

Hope is the buoy of life. Never despond.

Patience and perseverance overcometh great difficulties.

"Every cloud has a silver lining."

[&]quot;Beyond the clouds the sun is always shining."

"Write your name by kindness on the hearts of the people with whom you daily come in contact, and you shall never be forgotten."

I desire my monument not to be of cold, unfeeling marble, but living, fleshy hearts of the people. Not an epitaph printed on the cold marble but stamped by loving acts, indellibly, on the hearts of those people. Yes, Agnes, that is my earnest, living desire.

Most assuredly you can have my tract on

OUTCRYINGS OF THE SOUL.

As I sit in the hush of a Sabbath day's twilight, looking westward, my gaze is fixed on the clouds, which blushingly receive the sun's goodnight kiss.

The sky is bounded by a belt of light gray at the horizon, above which rise heavy puffs of royal hues, purple and gold; then come puffs of softer shades, pink and cream; still further up they blend into one harmonious tint of mellow light, above which, hangs the new moon; so new and yet so old.

The earth is white in her snowy mantle and the bare twigs of apple and maple sway to and fro in the gentle breath of the south wind.

All at once I feel as if under a spell, caused by the touch of some magic wand; my whole being is infused with a strange, sweet feeling, and involuntarily my soul cries out, "Oh God, I thank Thee, I thank Thee for these precious moments which open the fount of better feelings and fill

me with love, godlike, and bring me nearer heaven. Which opens the well of charity and good will, which seemed so nearly hidden and overgrown by the cares and annoyances of every-day life."

Conscience then whispers, "What trifles are your trials; think of the trials Jesus bore." Then my soul again cries out, "O, Father, help me to be more and more like thy Son; Oh, Jesus, help me and let the Spirit rest upon me!" The prayer is answered and "peace, not as the world giveth," fills my soul.

Then I commune with myself and find the fount "of living water" has been opened by a communion with Nature, who loudly and plainly bespeaks her Nature's God.

Oh, infidel! how dare you, how dare you, I say, in the face of Nature and conscience and the stern realities of life, proclaim, "There is no God." Beware! Beware! lest you and your theories come to naught. I beseech of you not to say such things until you have at least sought earnestly for Christ, that you may know by experience; for He says, "Seek and ye shall find."

- The Infidel's Friend.

Now, Agnes, I will copy these verses for you. I do not know the author's name.

"I see on the hillside,
A grave that is new;
That reminds me to day
Of a mother so true;
Of a chair that is vacant,
Of a dear one at rest,

With hands meekly folded On a cold, silent breast."

"It is but a few weeks
Since her form was laid low:
The sorrows of this earth
Nevermore will she know;
The vision has vanished,
And all is now passed;
And our mother is safe
With her Savior at last."

"Yes, she has gone—has gone—A mother so true,
So loying and gentle,
Through heaven's bright blue;
We will cherish her memory,
And sometimes will weep,
For the one that so often,
Has rocked us to sleep."

"Yes, we'll meet that dear mother,
In heaven above,
Where there is no parting
From those whom we love.
Where circles now broken
Will gather once more,
And sing praises to God,
On that beautiful shore."

You see, dear, my letter is so long, I shall need to encase it in two envelopes; for you desired all these, so I must write them. The next is the tract on

SERVING JESUS BY WRITING.

Some dear Christians say, they cannot talk for Jesus. They are so nervous or timid, et caetera. Well, if you cannot talk (but ask God to talk, when necessary, through you: in other words to teach you when and how to talk) perhaps you can write for Him. We do not always have desirable opportunities to talk, but we can have opportunities to write. Suppose you know some one walking in the way of sin. Write him or her a letter, always asking God to dictate and let you write the letter. Pray God's blessing upon the work and continue to pray for the person to whom you write. Tell the person to whom you write that you are praying for him and beseech him to pray for himself. Place before him a God of Love. Yes, God is full of love, yet grieved by sin and carelessness. God is ever waiting to take us and bless us for Jesus' sake, if we will only "come" and "ask" we shall receive. Inclose a few tracts appropriate to that individual.

Ask God and if He wants you to, write more than once. Be sure to continue praying, and trusting God to do the good work. Now look about you for the back-slider, treat him the same way; not forgetting to pray for him. Must you stop now? Oh, no. The Christian likes your prayers and encouraging words and perhaps you can cheer him on, in "The Good, Old Way."

Are you too timid to have your name go about so much? Well, just sign "A Christian Friend," or "Yours in Prayer," or something appropriate. God knows whose work it is and

it really makes no difference to the receiver so long as the truth is presented to him.

Have you no money for stamps? Ask God, tell Him all about it, and if he see you are not selfish He will open the way for you. "Ask and ye shall receive."

Have you no time for such work? Read a little less in the newspapers, and in the latest book; make a few less calls, and though you are tired, do, please, write a few words for Jesus; dear Jesus, who did so much for you. It will rest you and make you happy. Remember Jesus is always at your side—ever present with you. For He says, "I will never leave you nor forsake you." He abides with you and knows the veriest trifle you do for Him, and is so pleased. Blessed be His Name evermore. "Bless the Lord, oh, my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

Oh, yes, this is a grand, a glorious work for Jesus! Aye, grand, *Eternally Grand!* And every little deed or word for Him, is like a stone cast into the water, making ripples which go rippling on over the great sea of Eternity.

Therefore, do something for Jesus; that the sweet words may echo and re-echo through all the eternal ages, and welcome you on the other shore.

You see, dear, I am not idle; I am engaged in letter writing, composing, or something for Jesus, when not engaged with home duties. Ladies often say, "I should think you would have lots of time for fancy work, or to practice music, or make calls;" when, to tell the truth, I do no fancy work unless it may be some little gift; scarcely practice

music at all; and make so few calls I sometimes think people will think me unsocial and self satisfied, when really I am not, but dearly love company, especially Christian company. But I have this comfort, "Man looketh on the outward appearances, but the Lord looketh on the heart." He knows I am really many times depriving myself of the pleasure of society, to accomplish some little work I think may be productive of good.

"Little drops of water,

Little grains of sand,

Make a mighty ocean

And the beauteous land."

The sculpture never brings out his designs by one, great, mighty effort; but with chisel and hammer he chips the block, again and again, until at last the design stands out beautifully complete. So we cannot build our edifice for the Master by one, great effort, but must be content to lay a stone now and again, and, by His loving, finishing touches, the work will be completed at last; and His name glorified by our continued constancy and loving perseverance. But to do this we must continually ask Him to give us this constancy and perseverance and a desire for His service. For, except we *abide* in Him and He in us we can in no way build or bear fruit to His glory. Yes, He is the Vine, we are the branches and must draw our life current directly from Him

Agnes, this is the thirty-first anniversary of my birthday. How years roll by! Ten years to-day since that pleasant occasion at Chickadee Lake, when I was one and twenty.

When Merton asked me to become his wife. Do I regret it? No, indeed. He is a kind, loving husband, who endeavors to aid me in the Christian life and make my life as agreeable and happy as possible. He considers me his equal and treats me as such. I could not be happy if he did not, for I cannot endure men who are so self conceited and treat their wives as slaves. Do you know I once wrote an article on that subject? Yes, I did long ago; and here it is for your entertainment.

DOMESTIC SLAVES.

"Well! It kindah seems to me that these 'cruel, slavery days,' that we hear so much prate about, haint entirely things of the past, although generally considered so. Fur my part I know of a good many who're pinned down to a dog's life and in many respects have very little more enjoyment or liberty than the darkies of years ago. Unless they fight for it, ur, what aint much better, have a reg'lar old jaw over it. Cause somebody else happens to think they no business to do anything 'nless its somethin' 'that'll pay,' or to wait on them or some of their relations. And as fur havin' anything more than the bare necessities of life; its a thing beyond the bounds of jurisprudence and never to be tolerated."

The above words were uttered in no gentle manner by by uncle Kenneth, whose generally, gracious spirit was kindled in anger by the continued unkind treatment of his daughter, whose husband, although known to the world as a fine man, was, in reality, a petty tyrant. The entire family felt that Sarah Jane (that being her name) was little less than a drudge; and no sooner had uncle Kenneth ceased speaking, than aunt Priscilla, his maiden sister of fifty summers, felt it her bounden duty to fire her shot at the masculine gender, and accordingly, piped out:

"'Them is my sentiments, tew;' we hear a tremendeous lot about the poor slaves of the seouth an' of course they wur poor an' fur my part, I'm glad they're free. But why don't we hear suth'in sed about the poor wimmen slaves of the north; an' as fur that inatter, all over christendom an' part ov Canada, as the ole sayin' is. Now there's Sarah Jane: how much better off is she 'n the wenches of the seouth. Of course she has a comfertable-no not that either; but one might say she has a comfertable, uncomfertable home. Fur the home would be comfertable 'nough if 'twasn't made so tarnal uncomfertable by the inmates. Thare she works day arfter day with three younguns tied to her heels 'n what dus she git fur pay? Kind words? No, sir-ee; not a bit ov it; ur if they be, they're as few an' fur between as hen's teeth. And generally ur used to git some new waitin' on an' ur soon followed by a good blast, so that her poor heart nigh breaks, that she ever knew what kind words wur; fur if she hadn't she wouldn't feel the difference so much between what she hears an' what she might 'ave hearn.

Rile, could make her perfectly happy if he had a mindter, but he won't, the miserable dog. Then he twits her if any ov her frens go ter see her an' treats 'em so carelesslike, they don't care ter go again, an' wouldn't if twant fur Sarah Jane, poor child. An' he calls her folks by all the mean names he can think uv, an' her tew as fur that matter, an' when there's any one else round he'll pertend to be so awful nice, you'd think him a perfect pattern of goodness itself. O, I detest such hypochricy.

An jus' think how he treats her about money matters; blows her up like Cain if she furnishes for church parties, when its her turn; and never 'lows her to sign anything fur any purpose, what-so-ever; an' never 'lows her more'n a dime or nickle to drop inter the conter-bushen box ov a Sunday.

Beside, look at her clo'es, think ov what she had when she was married an' now she's only got one suit to wear fur real dress up; and he even carries the purse when she occasionally goes tew the store tew buy the cottons, she must hev.

She seldom goes inter society now an' what's the consequences? Why she's just loosin' all her eddication an' polish, that you worked so hard to give her. She wus fitted to shine in company, but she's jist rustin' all over, and not shinin a bit; so now where's the good ov your eddicatin' her? Not a bit ov it, an' I told you so in the time ov it."

At which ejaculation Pricilla gave her head a yank, as if to say, what can you say to that, and rested.

"O well," replied Uncle Kenneth, "Sarah Jane may grow rusty but the gold is thare jist the same; and if she's ever thrown on her own resources, after some scrubbin' up, she'll be able tew make use of it, tew." "Well, well! fur my part I consider it foolishness tew lay so much by an eddication; girl's will marry, that's all they know, when they could live like queens at home an' be free from cares if they'd stay in single blessedniss; but now-a-days they must marry an' be drudges, an' the money spent fur to eddicate 'em is wasted," replied Pricilla, with much assumed dignity.

"To be sure she married when she thought she had a good chance, und all the girls ud do that if they got the chance; but that don't signify, a man needn't be a tyrant when he can jist as well be a man, und make himself und family happy."

Pricilla, thinking herself slurred by Uncle Kenneth's last speech, did not deign a reply, and both relapsed into silence. So will I dear Aggie, with much love.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SKETCHES.—DECEMBER 31, 1887.

MY dear, long neglected journal. My last entry was made last April 23d, and reads, "Our dear, little Clarence is very, very ill." So he was, but not now; our darling is now where pain and sickness never come; aye, in the beautiful Eden of rest—how sweet that word sounds. But, oh, how we miss him; it all seems so strange, so strange. We have our friends, but in a moment they are gone, gone, GONE.

At first it seemed as if my heart was torn asunder; how could the Lord afflict so, when we loved Him and tried to do His service. But soon the Comforter came and I saw it was no worse for me to lose my darling's comely presence, than for other mothers. No need to spare my heart this trial, which should teach it to yield in all things, more than other hearts. My heart is no better than others, that it should not suffer all that others suffer. For if we are not chastened we are none of His, "For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth; and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth."

So, by this we shall know we are His children. No chastisement is pleasant, but worketh out the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto those who are rightly exercised thereby.

So, God helping me, I will try to be rightly exercised by this trial, that I may run with patience the race that is set before me. God never corrects nor afflicts except in love. Besides He did not remove my darling and pride without a purpose, and a wise one to. Probably he had need for him up there in the new Jerusalem. That brings to mind one of Longfellow's poems.

"' My Lord hath need of these flowerets gay,"
The Reaper said and smiled;
Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child."

"' They shall bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints upon their garments white
These sacred blossoms wear."

"And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light, above."

"O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
"Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away."

Yes, it was in tears and pain I gave the treasure back to Him who gave it me seven years before. It was April 24th he slipped through the gate so quickly, so silently, just giving a little, tiny sigh as he left me at the gate; for I went with him to the very gate, and then he just slipped through, and I was left with my dear ones here. Death just seems to me like a portal of heaven, and all that separates us from

those in heaven is the vail that covers the portal. Oh, they are so near, so very near to me, and I think they are with us; only not visible to mortal eyes. For they are to be similar to God and He is a Spirit and everywhere; with us and everywhere else; not limited to localities, like mortals. So, why are not our departed friends with us even as He is. This thought is a great comfort to me. How calmly I write now; then it seemed as if I never could act reasonably about it. But the storm passed and the calm has come as it always does; and now I am resting, quietly resting; and Jesus, who says, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," holds me close to His own loving heart.

Merton was terribly shaken, as was I. It was so sudden; he only complained three short weeks and did not seem very ill until the day before he left us. But our comfort and joy comes from the same source, and that is a great comfort to me.

Perhaps, unconsciously, we were letting our pride, our dear boy, come between us and Jesus. He was so bright and we planned so much for him in the future; but "God's ways are not our ways, nor his thoughts our thoughts." He is wisdom, we are feebleness. As the eagle stirs up her young, destroys the nest, crowds her young off the ledges and lets them drop down in the abyss, then swoops under them, catches them on her broad wings and bears them up again; repeating the action to teach them to fly; so, the Father sometimes lets us down into the abyss; but if we, like the young eagles, will rest on our Parent's strength, we shall come up again and be all the stronger for the exercise.

One thing helped me much; it was in the beautiful spring and nature spoke so cheerfully of the new life, the resurrection from decay; and kept me reminded of his new life, with all its beauty, fragrance, buoyancy; charming, gloriously so, and everything fairer and more fully complete than anything which I could conceive; that it seems to soften the barb, and the Oil of Life healed and soothed the wound.

Human friends may be kind, lovingly so; but at such times the greatest comfort comes from being alone with nature and Jesus. Our dear parents were sorely afflicted with us, for it was their loss too; yet they tried to help us bear the trial like submissive children, saying, "Thy Will, O Lord, be done." How sweet it was to have an earthly father and mother to condole with, to unburden the heart to. During the funeral these words came to me, "O, God, my faith looks up to Thee and there our darling stands;" and from them I afterward wrote the following:

OUR BUD OF PROMISE.

Oh, God! my faith looks up to Thee And there our darling stands; He has gone to dwell with Jesus, And joined the angel bands.

Our bud of hope, so early blown
Into a rose of purer dye;
Transplanted from its earthly home
To be matured on high.

Now rescued from the chilling blasts Of sorrow, sin and pain; Our hearts sorest, severest loss, Is his eternal gain.

Let me feel his presence near me,
And see his shining face;
Let him guide me thro' life's journey
Imparting heavenly grace.

Let him walk beside his mother,
Filling her heart with joy;
May she feel, although in heaven,
He is still, my darling boy.

May he hover near his father,
And comfort sweet impart;
May he lead him ever nearer,
To that rest of mind and heart.

Be thou near us little Clarence,
Fill our hearts with peace and love;
Guide us to the loving Father—
To the Eden bright above.

Then when earthly cares are ended And life's trials all are o'er, We shall rest, so sweetly happy, On that endless, golden shore.

Now forgive us Holy Father,
And heal our heart's great woe;
Help us to bow humbly, before
The God, who willed it so.

Three precious children He has still left us, and I do so hope to lead them in the path of righteousness, and teach them to love Him, who first loved them and whose love exceeds even that of a mother. Only to think of that—exceeds even that of a mother—why it seems almost impossible to us feeble minded. Yea, His children are to Him as the apple of his eye, so precious, so tender, and so much to be cared for and guarded.

What could I do, how could I endure, were it not for the gracious promises and tender messages contained in His word? They are many, upon many, and so gracious, so sweet and restful. If I could only persuade all, to try this dear Saviour of mine.

"Come to the Saviour, make no delay,
Here in His word He's shown us the way;
Here in our midst He's standing to-day,
Tenderly saving, 'Come!'

Joyful, joyful will the meeting be,
When from sin our hearts are pure and free;
And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee
In our eternal Home."

I love to sing that, for I am often thinking of that happy re-union, when we shall be free from all the fetters of sin and sorrow, and be gathered in that beautiful home of rest and happiness with all of God's redeemed. Sometimes I almost long to fly away to that other and more perfect home, but my loved ones seem to need me here a little longer.

To-day is the last of the year of 1887; like all of its predecessors, it has been fraught with pain and happiness. How little, a year ago this time, did we expect one of our birdies to be in paradise to-day. We do not know, and how well it is we do not know, the future. I would not for any-

thing know it, if I could, not do anything to change it. And then who would wish to manage things in that way; it would wear us finites out in a short time, if we had such terrible strain as would come with trying to bring about events as we deemed best; besides, with our judgement what extreme failures; oh, how much easier and better to consign everything to the care of the All Wise and Infinite Father, resting assured all things work together for good to those who love God.

To-night, as I write for the last time in my journal in the year 1887, I would consecrate myself anew to Jesus; all that I am or hope to be and all I have. Lord Jesus, I thank Thee for the blessed, abiding presence of Thyself with me. For months now, I feel Thee always present at my side and no more feel that I am alone; oh, the love that burns in my inmost heart for Thee—Thou blessed of all blessed friends. Well may the bible call Thee—Friend, Brother, Husband, Father, and best of all Saviour. Truly Thou art all that is precious, truest, sweetest; ah! I cannot begin to find words to express my feelings and can only add: Thou art my All in All, my Alpha and Omega, and the One I desire more than all others. Once more I thank Thee for all Thy precious promises and Thy letter to us—the bible.

Keep us evermore in the path of righteousness, and by and by gather us with Thine own redeemed, and Thy name shall be praised ever more.

After Mrs. Harwood finished her journal, she wrote several letters, from which we have the following extract:

* * Yes, Sarah, I will try and interest my friends in your missionary work. I attended one of the Baptist Missionary Societies recently and interested them by reading some of your letters. They will be delighted to meet with you when you visit me. I also told their pastor of your desire for a preacher, and do hope they will, at least, aid in the support of such a helper to your field. I have sent some of your letters to Ricksport to some of the friends there; I really think so long as you joined the church there, they ought to lend you a helping hand.

I think you said anything sent to you for the work should be sent with your address, to the Woman's Baptist Missionary Bureau, of Boston; that they would forward it safely to you, as you worked under their direction. I suppose every little would be welcome, if it was no more than a dollar, or even a fraction of it; neither do I suppose a hundred would come amiss. But prayers should accompany every mite, as also the larger sums.

How unfortunate that some think if they have no money to give, they can give nothing. Prayers are quite as essential, and God alone knows the many blessings granted in answer to the prayers of the poor; poor in worldly goods, but rich in God's kingdom, rich in faith. Oh yes, money is necessary, (and some have it to give), but so also is prayer in faith—believing, not doubting. We are commanded to pray.

How strange, some think they cannot pray. Praying is only talking earnestly, reverently with God, as you would with a respectable, human being. It is not necessary to use certain words and get into some particular attitude.

God can hear as well if you are standing, sitting or even lying, as if kneeling; of course it is respectful to God to kneel sometimes, but it is not necessary to do so in order to obtain His hearing.

Do, Sarah, teach these things to your pupils and get that idea of formalism out of their heads as soon as possible. Oh, dear, what a pity more in our country can not get only so far, but are continually bound by some forms or other. God does not want great ceremonies, but wants spiritual, truly heartfelt worship; He wishes to be social, intimately so. Having us unburden our hearts to Him as we would to our most confidential friend; aye, even more, for He sympathizes with us in every detail of life. God is not above the littlest things that concern us, but is really interested in every thing which influences us in any way, and will aid us in doing the smallest item of duty.

Another thing in which we often fail, is in thankfulness, or praising God for the blessings bestowed; we would consider it rude in the extreme, if an earthly friend bestowed favors upon us and we did not acknowledge them by even a "thank you." But many favors and great blessings are often received from God, without as much as a "thank you," in return.

Again, we are very apt to decide matters of importance without asking our Father's advice or guidance. How unwise this is, when He is All Wise and knows just what is for the very best, and we know so little. We ought always to ask His direction and then not willfully set to have our own

way, but be led by circumstances, for He will guide the circumstances, if we trust Him, for the best results, although not always in the way we may think best at the time; perhaps we may not think they seem the best, but we know they must be best when all things have been considered as He considers them; and we should rest content, although we seem to be at a disadvantage for the present.

Oh, if we could only remember that all things work together for good to those who love the Lord, how much fretting we would save ourselves.

I will send those lines you wished for that departed friend.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

It was in the bright month of October, 1887, Tnat our dearest Clara passed from earth to heaven; She departed on the ninth, and on the eleventh day We laid her loved tenement in Maplewood, away To rest—so sweetly—until the resurrection morn, When free from pain and sorrow, among the heavenly born It shall awaken, as Gabriel calls the quickened dead to rise And come forth to meet Jesus, triumphant in the skies. And why should we not lay the clayey house away When its loved occupant has flitted thro' the pearly gate, to stay? It was, oh so precious to us, because she once dwelt there, But now she does not need it, "She has climbed the golden stair;" She has passed beyond the portal, to the streets of golden pave, She still lives the life immortal, which her Saviour freely gave. What mean these sobs, these sighings, these cheeks, with tears a' wet? She is not dead—she's living—the sun for her shall never set. She has done the labor, borne the cross, and laid the burden down, She has won the victory, found a rest and wears a starry crown. Here the sky is dark, rain is falling, the day is drear and cold;

There the sky is clear, the sun is shining, the day is bright as gold. Here leaves are dropping, flowers dying, we see naught but decay; There life is springing, flowers blooming, 'tis the resurrection day. Now we cannot understand, life seems fraught with gloom, By and by we shall know, when we have passed beyond the tomb. 'For weary feet await the street of wondrous pave and golden; For hearts that ache, the angels wake the story sweet 'olden.'" So listen, my friend, oh, listen! 'Tis the voice of thy God, ''I love thee, I love thee, pass under the Rod."

Now dear friend I will finish this epistle; it is the last I shall write in the year eighteen hundred eighty-seven. Hoping some of the thoughts may aid you, and trusting the Lord to bless my feeble efforts for my fellow creatures, and desiring the prayers of yourself and Christian friends, I will bid you a loving good night, and give you my best wishes for the now near, New Year's, richest blessings and successful endeavors. God keep and sustain us all evermore. Amen.

A. W. H.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE CONCLUSION.

WHEN I have read a story, I always like to know at its conclusion, what has become of its principal characters. Judging my readers have the same curiosity, I will endeavor to inform them, according to the best of my ability.

It is now about ten years since the Harwood wedding took place, and it will be necessary for us to travel somewhat, in our fancy, that we may find the friends whom we have met in this narrative.

To find that fun loving Sarah Barclay, with her odd jokes, it will be necessary to cross the sea, to Zeegong, British Burmah, India; here we find her engaged in missionary work; she is somewhat changed, commanding much more dignity of manner, although the same vein of fun infuses her very being.

Mary De Lion, a friend met at Ricksport, is the wife of a merchant of Fenton's Corners.

Now we hie away to the "American Italy," and here we find Leon Ashley, retired from mercantile life, living on a beautiful farm, and that lady you see through the window,

with a baby in her arms, is his wife, holding their little Gracie.

George Blaine is still single, but Bert Wilder is married, and a little girl, scarcely two years old, is prattling about his door.

St. Albertson, like most of Annis' other friends, is married, and resides at H——, Ontario, where the natives sing, "God save the Queen," with as much enthusiasm as we sing "God save the State."

Fannie Loomis, Annis' centennial friend, has gone to the world beyond.

Maud Squires is single and still lives to be blessed by her many appreciative friends, Dr. Wade not excepted.

Aunt Sophia Lee continues to give her annual parties, which Annis and Merton rigidly patronize.

To catch a glimpse of Agnes Welch it will be necessary to make a trip to L——. We will call at this rather ancient, although still stately, domicile. Allow me to introduce Mrs. Agnes Martin,—ah! but what does this downy crib with its snowy coverings contain?

Oh! I see, a plump little girl hard twelve months old. What a handsome child! aye, handsome indeed, as she smiles in her sleep; must be angels hover near her in dreamland.

Pink cheeks, rosy lips, and shining brown hair; Forehead white as marble, not a shadow is there; Sleep little one, sleep. The Mr. Wardens' and senior Harwoods' reside as before; while last, but not least, Mr. and Mrs. Merton Harwood must be called upon.

We will find them in a handsome villa in the suburbs of a large town in northwestern New York. Their surroundings are very agreeable; on entering the house you are ushered into the drawing-room, which is of medium size, and whose furnishing exhibits culture and refined taste; the entire house is in harmony with this room.

The mistress enters, and we easily recognize our friend Annis, although she is somewhat more staid in her demeanor, and the freshness of youth is partly faded from her face; but the eyes are the same expressive ones of yore.

Mrs. Harwood greets you in a warm and courteous manner, and after a few moment's conversation, you discover that her intelligence and culture have not diminished, but rather improved, as she devotes her spare time to study and literary pursuits.

Four bright children are brought in for you to see, and you find them neatly dressed and well behaved; two boys and two girls, the last a tiny boy, yet in long robes, who is a perfect image of his mamma.

After a pleasant call we take our departure, and as we leave the Harwood villa, we bid adieu to Annis and Merton Harwood, leaving them to pursue their future, without publicity; wishing them well, and commending them to the care of an All Wise and loving Father.

Dear reader, before withdrawing from your presence, allow me to say a few words in my own behalf. I most sincerely thank you for accompanying me through the various labyrinths of this story, and if by its recital, I have aided you in gaining a new thought, to indulge in serious reflection, to exert your never dying influence for good, to raise your motto higher and strive with energy to obtain eternal truths, while beguiling your moments of leisure, my object is fully attained.

THE END.

